



Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

"Children on the Seashore" by Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)

Richards Topical Encyclopedia

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RETROCONVERTED
B. C. S. C. L.

VOLUME ELEVEN

REFERENCE

NEW YORK
THE RICHARDS COMPANY, INC.

**PRINTED AND BOUND IN THE U. S. A. BY
KINGSPORT PRESS, INC., KINGSPORT, TENN.**

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ä, as in mate	oi, as in toil
â, as in scâte	oo, as in soon
â, as in hâr	öo, as in book
ă, as in hăt	ou, as in shout
f, as in father	s, as in so
a, a sound between a and ă, as in castle	sh, as in ship
ch, as in chest	th, as in thumb
ē, as in eve	th, as in thus
ĉ, as in rĉlate	ū, as in cure
ĕ, as in bĕnd	û, as in accurate
ē, as in readĕr	û, as in fûr
g, as in go	Û, as in ũs
ī, as in bīte	u, a sound formed by pronouncing ē with the lips in the position for ōō as in the German <i>über</i> and the French <i>une</i>
ĭ, as in ĭnn	zh, as in azure
k, as in key	', an indication that a vowel sound occurs, but that it is elided and cannot be identified, as in apple (ăp'1)
K, the guttural sound of ch, as in the German <i>ach</i> , or the Scotch <i>loch</i>	^ heavy accent (') follows a syllable receiving the principal stress, and a lighter accent (˘) follows a syllable receiving a secondary stress
n, as in not	
N, the French nasal sound, as in <i>bon</i>	
ng, the English nasal sound, as in strong	
ō, as in bōne	
ô, as in Chrĭstôpher	
ô, as in lôrd	
ö, as in hôt	

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit No. 1

MAN'S FIRST PICTURES

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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The tools of the Old and the New Stone Ages compared, 11-2
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Why drawing was a feat of memory, 11-4
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Things to Think About

What kind of people were the first known artists?
What did the climate of 16,000 years ago have to do with their lives? With their art?
Why did they draw animals

mainly?
What happened to the cave man's art in the New Stone Age?
What is the effect of our mode of life to-day upon our art?

Picture Hunt

Why did the cave man artist know his animals well? 11-1
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The cave man who hunted woolly mammoths and fierce bison in

the Ice Age 16,000 years ago could also be a delicate artist.

Summary Statement

The earliest known art of man—that found in the Spanish caves—indicates that much had gone before. Man has probably recorded his life in art from the

beginning of time. The cave man who hunted fierce bison 16,000 years ago could also create fine art

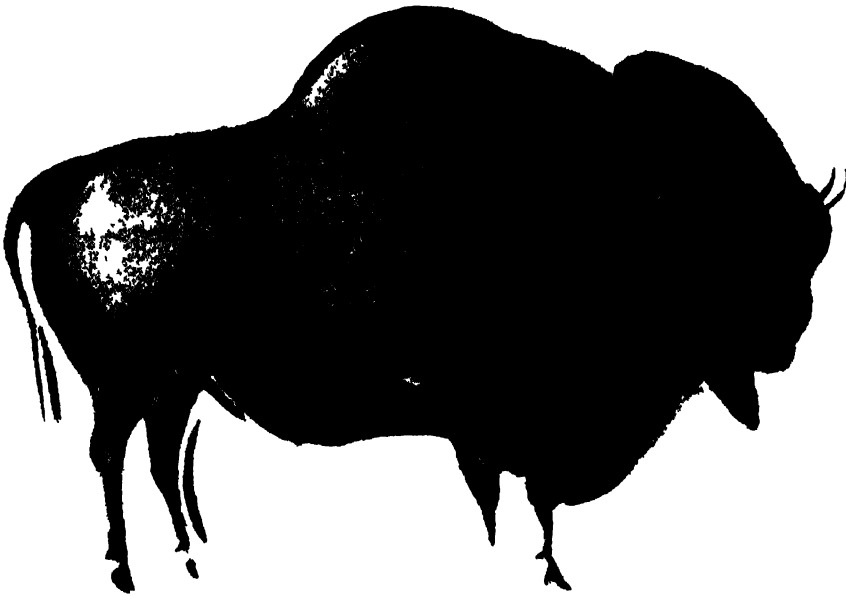


Photo by American Museum of Natural History

Thousands of years ago a cave man of the Old Stone Age painted this bison in the depths of a dark cave in Southern France. He had had no training as an artist, but he had seen the works his cave-man ancestors had left there before him, and best of all, he knew animals as only a man whose life depended upon them could. He had seen them start and run or lower their horns and charge as he attacked them; or, coming

upon them unawares, he had seen them grazing peacefully. He knew where rolls of fat or strong muscles swelled their thick hides. He had followed for many weary miles the imprint made by slender or massive hoofs of deer or elephant. He had listened for the soft, terrifying tread of padded feet of lion or bear. And he could paint all these creatures on a wall as clearly as they were engraved on his memory.

MAN'S FIRST PICTURES

How a Little Girl Discovered the Oldest Paintings in the World

IN SPAIN not so very long ago a little girl was clambering about a cave with her father. The light he carried made queer long shadows as he bent over the floor, looking for chipped pieces of stone which he said were old, old hatchets. They had worked their way well back underground and the ceiling was getting lower and lower over their heads. It was rather uncomfortable work, and the little girl was probably somewhat bored. Anyway, she stopped looking at the floor and fell to watching the light flicker along the walls and ceiling, brightening first one spot and then another. All of a sudden she jumped. "Bulls, father, bulls," she cried, and made her father jump too, for

any kind of bull was an odd enough thing to find in a cave. These were only pictures that she saw, but they turned out to be a very surprising discovery. They are, in fact, some sixteen thousand years old, and it is quite possible that no one else had looked at them in all the long time since the men who drew them ceased living in the cave.

Anyway, no one had done any drawing there since. So it was many thousand years ago that someone in that cave—someone, perhaps, who was rather bored, like the little girl—had drawn those lifelike animals. It was very cold outside, so cold that no one went out at all except to hunt for food. There was nothing much to do except to sit

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around; and so this bored person fell to scratching idly with a sharp stone. The marks amused him and he tried experiments. He made the outline of a bison he had been hunting; he scratched a few lines for the eyes and mouth and the bushy hair on the neck. It looked very lifelike, even though so carelessly done. It was worth making into a really good picture. So he got his palette of reindeer horn and his brush of animal hair and mixed some paint to draw a strong black line around his bison. Then he filled in the shading with red and brown or yellow. The result was so fine that his friends in the cave decided to draw too. And they all set to work, making bison and bear and reindeer gallop all over that ceiling.

Sixteen thousand years is a long time for any information to come down to us about the people who did these drawings; but scientists all over the world have pieced together bits of information they have found by digging in the ground, until they have been able to form some notion of what life was like in those old days. To begin with, the climate was very different from what it now is. Several times Europe and America have been covered with ice and snow that came down from the north. The great hairy mammoth and the swift and hardy reindeer lived in those cold times. Between these cold periods were ages when

it was warm and balmy and great jungles grew up where the elephant and hippopotamus roamed. Of course these changes came about very slowly, going on through so many thousands of years that no one at the time ever lived long enough to notice them at all. These thousands of years of change are usu-

ally all lumped together under the title of Old Stone Age, because the making of stone weapons was one of the things man learned at that time. That alone probably took him several thousand years.

Those are the earliest days that we know about, it was the time when man was just beginning to think. He did not find out many things in all that time, but what he did find out was important. Somehow he learned how to use fire to keep himself warm and to cook with, and he learned how to chip a stone

into a sharp hatchet to kill animals for food—and he or his women folk learned to sew. That seems unimportant until one remembers that when ice and snow were over the land warm clothes would be badly needed. The sewing together of the skins of animals must have marked a long step in advance.

If we look carefully at the cave of Altamira (äl'tá-mě'rà), where the little girl made her discovery, we shall find out two important things about these early people. First of all, we know they could draw because here is the evidence. And then it is safe to guess



Photo by British Museum

Artist though he was, our cave man had no better weapons or tools than the ones you see in the upper part of this picture. As the Reindeer Age passed, the clever cave artist passed with it. The climate settled down to very much what it is to-day, and we find another people who lived more as we do. Although they could find no better material for their implements than stone, they learned to polish and grind their axes instead of merely chipping them. We call them the people of the New Stone Age; they fashioned the stones you see in the lower part of this picture.

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Photos by American Museum of Natural History and British Museum

Paintings and carvings of the cave man: 1, early outline of elephant; 2, crouching bison; 5, horse; 6, reindeer and fish carved on ivory; 8, ivory bird; 9, ox; 10, two reindeer. Works of the New Stone Age: 3 and 7, well-polished stone implements; 4, clay bowl. The people of the New Stone Age learned to build themselves houses set upon stilts above the shallow water on the edge of a lake. There they were pro-

tected from wild animals. They learned to sow seeds and grow grain and to tame animals for their own use. They were not artistic as the cave men had been, but they had learned how to make pottery which, centuries later, other peoples were to turn into something very beautiful. Their own pots and jars, however, were very crude, with simple designs, such as zigzags and spirals, scratched or painted on them.



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

These handsome animals are mammoths, bison, reindeer, and horses, from a cavern in France. However well the cave man could draw and model, he never learned to compose a picture, that is, to group his ani-

from what they drew that they were hunters. It probably would not have occurred to them to paint these particular animals unless they were used to thinking about them a good deal, and only a hunter whose dinner depended upon his quick eye would have noticed what these artists noticed. They could not have had any models before them; one could scarcely get a live bison or reindeer into a cave only four feet high! Yet they remembered how a reindeer lay down—in what order he lifted his feet when he ran, and where the great swelling muscles came in a bison's neck and legs. They must even have admired these animals as they hunted. They have made a sort of design of the bison lying down, and have drawn the lovely curve of a reindeer's antlers as if they found them beautiful.

Old as these pictures are, they are probably not the first that were drawn. These people are too clever to be beginners. So far as we know, these drawings were done in the fourth glacial period, called the Reindeer Age. Sometime in all the ages before, man had started scratching. Perhaps the elephant which is just a bare outline with only two legs is one of the earliest attempts. Somehow in a moment of boredom man had hit upon drawing as an amusement, and after

mals in a balanced design. And he seems to have had no respect for the work of earlier artists. His animals are scattered helter-skelter over walls and ceilings often painted right on top of earlier paintings.

that he drew whenever he could. Sometimes he made such animals as you see—sometimes he just put his hand up against the wall and colored around it. There is a cave all full of such hands in Castilla in Spain. Occasionally he tried human beings, but they were harder to do. Man's first drawings must always have been from memory and there is a great deal to remember about how a man is put together. The cave painters never did succeed very well. They could not get the outlines right—though it is true that one fellow in a cave in Spain managed to make funny little figures that jump and lunge at each other most amazingly, even if they are hardly more than animated straight lines.

The habit of making pictures men carried into carving, too. The tools they used were shaped into horses' heads or carved with reindeer. Some scientists believe that these simple early people came to regard their pictures as a sort of magic—that to draw a bison and make a mark over the heart at the point where the weapon should hit would somehow make a hunter throw more surely at a real bison's heart when he met it by the river. Whether or not this belief made good hunters, we cannot tell; but at least it made good artists.

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Reading Unit No. 2

THE BIRTH OF FINE ART IN OLD EGYPT

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

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What the use of bronze meant, 11-8
The fact that the dead were held sacred affected all Egyptian art, 11-10
How art was made "to last for-

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Which of the dynasties were famous for this art? 11-16
How an entire city was dedicated to the Sun God, 11-16
What the rule of the priests meant, 11-14
What Egypt is like to-day, 11-20

Things to Think About

Why are not pyramids built to-day?
Why did the Egyptians work with great care?
Why did their art go unchanged

for thousands of years?
Is art used for the same purpose to-day as it was at the time of the pharaohs? What is the difference?

Picture Hunt

What were the principal animals drawn and sculptured by the Egyptians? 11-12, 15, 19
How did they make their sculpture seem almost alive? 11-10, 18

What kind of figures and utensils were placed in the tombs? 11-11, 12, 13
Were the tombs designed to be pleasant or unpleasant places? 11-10

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Make a model of an Egyptian sailing boat, 11-13
Egyptians revealed their daily life on the walls of their tombs.
Draw a group of pictures show-

ing your own daily activities.
Visit a museum if you can, and study the sculpture, pottery, jewelry, and models of Egyptian tombs that you will find there.

Summary Statement

No civilization has ever left quite so lasting and complete a record of its daily life and aspira-

tions as has that of the ancient Egyptians.

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Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The tiny tomb of the townsman Nakht is crowded with paintings meant to keep him happy and occupied in after life. To the left are figures of Nakht and his wife. His skin is dark and hers is light—a convention which the Egyptians invented and passed on to Crete and Greece. Behind him, workers gather blue grapes and trample them in wine vats, while holding to straps

till the muddy brown soil, sinking to their ankles in the soft earth. Others, armed with hoes and axes, sow the grain and cut down mimosa trees. Many-colored birds, some with rainbow-tinted feathers, are trapped in large nets. Red and white and brown spotted cattle appear here and there. Even Nakht's pet cat is shown, happily enjoying a fish. On one wall an old blind harper plays at the banquet for the dead.

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Photo by Olivier, Paris

In the rich valley of the Nile there grew up an art so splendid that thousands of years have not dimmed it. Time has plucked many a huge stone block from the pyramids, but their majesty remains untouched by the

passing centuries. Vandals and earthquakes have done their best to destroy temples and tombs, but more than enough is left to tell us how these artistic people searched their souls to make beautiful things.

The BIRTH of FINE ART in OLD EGYPT

Here Is the Story of a Barbarian Boy Who Found His Way Down into Egypt Long Ago and Became an Artist There

THE first time that any man ever gave some little touch of beauty to something that he was making for his use, he started the first bit of art in the world. He made something that was meant to be good to look at as well as good to use. Just when this happened we do not know, of course, and the name of the first artist is forever lost. But it must have happened very long ago. Even as far back as the Stone Age some of the men in Europe had already come to be such good artists that they painted the walls of their caves with pictures which we still admire to this day. We have told about their pictures in a former story in these pages. Now we are going on to tell about how art grew and spread in the

world many years later, after history began in Egypt.

We ought to say that for some time most of the world did not do any better than the artists in the Stone Age. In fact, some of the people in the world have never yet gone beyond those artists. To this day some of the natives in Australia are still using stone weapons, and are not even so civilized as the Swiss lake dwellers of thousands of years ago. But certain of the other peoples had taken the next steps forward in art at least six thousand years ago. Among these peoples the Egyptians were the leaders.

Now the one best way to find out about Egyptian art, if only it were possible, would be to go back for a visit to Egypt about 1,400

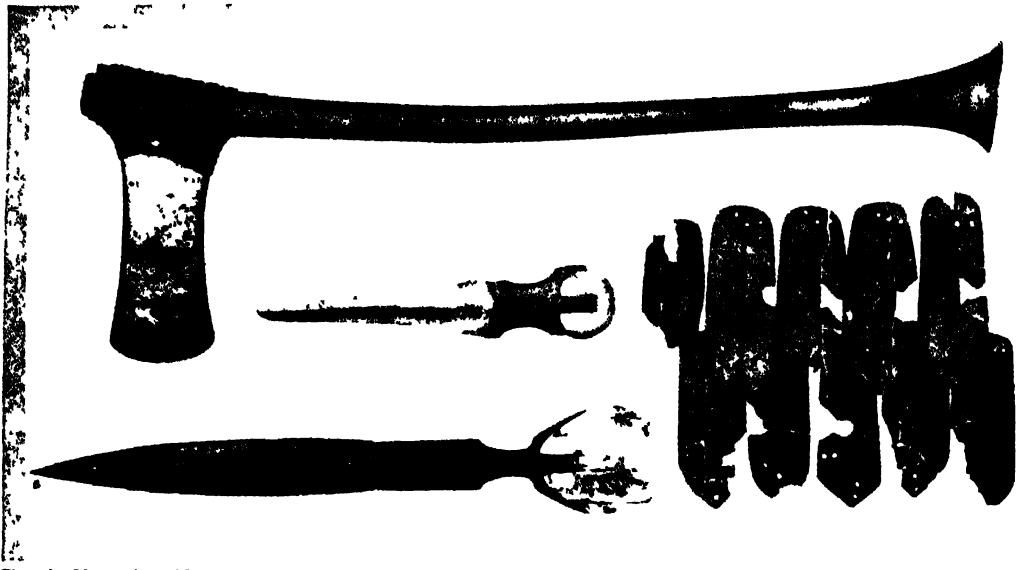


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here you see part of the war harness of an Egyptian of the Old Kingdom. At the top is a battle-axe.

Below it are two daggers and a fragment of the scale armor which protected the warrior's body.

years before the time of Christ and look at all the treasures of art in the land. Of course we cannot do that. But luckily we can come very near to doing it. Let us imagine that there was a boy from far up in barbarous Europe who *did* go down to Egypt, following some Egyptian travelers to his distant land, and who became an artist there; and let us imagine that we have found out the whole story of this boy. So we are now going to Egypt with the boy, and see what he saw.

First among the Artists

It was in the Mediterranean hills that this boy had the great luck to come face to face with the great Egyptian general who had traveled into his far land. The boy must have thought the Egyptian very wonderful, in his fine linen and with his great necklace of blue, green, and gold. But of all the wonderful things about the man, perhaps the most marvelous to the boy who had never seen any tool better than a stone hatchet, was the long bronze sword that the Egyptian carried.

This sword was one of the main things that made all the difference between the shining Egyptian and the Stone Age boy. It was a metal sword, and knowing how to use metal makes all sorts of things possible

that are not possible with stone. The sword itself might be used only for killing, but other metal knives and tools would be good for many other purposes.

It is the other things that one can cut with a bronze knife that are so important. One can cut blocks of stone to make great buildings; one can hew wood to make a mighty ship. In fact, one can carve wood and stone into any shape at all -- into statues and vases, for instance. In other words, there is far more that one can do in the arts. The Egyptians found out the use of metal very early, and we put them first among the artists because they used their knowledge so well.

A Visit to Ancient Egypt

The boy had plenty of chance to think of these things as he sailed away with his new friend. He could not explain why he had come along, because he could neither speak nor understand the Egyptian language. But the man had given him one of the bronze swords, and after that his mind was made up. He stole away at night and swam out to the ship on which the stranger and his followers had come.

The trip back to Egypt was a fairly long one, and very thrilling for the boy who had never been on a great ship before. The men

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gave him the name of Nept in their own language, and by the time they were nearing home Nept was beginning to understand a little of what they said. He learned that his friend Haremhab (hä-rēm'hāb) was a great lord in his own land and general of the armies.

Then one day they came to the flat delta at the mouth of the Nile, and next morning Nept woke up to see three "mountains," all smooth and sharp and pink in the sun's first rays. Around them a mass of small buildings, half hidden by palm trees, seemed to float on the water. Nept and his new friend took a small boat and were rowed over toward the three dazzling mountains, which Haremhab called "pyramids" (pīr'ā-mīd). The bright sun was reflected so fiercely from their polished sides that Nept could hardly bear to keep his eyes on them. They shone like mirrors.

The boat landed Nept and Haremhab before a great stone temple that stood in a pleasant grove of palm trees. They entered the door and passed through a cool, dark vestibule into the most wonderful place that Nept had ever seen. Oil lamps burning here and there gave a dim soft light; the whole hall—walls, ceiling, and floor—glowed with a wonderful deep pink color. Everything was pink granite, polished till it shone like a mirror. Even the floor reflected every image

like a pool of water. As the boy walked along, he could watch the dim shadows of his feet moving up and down in its surface.

Many great square pillars ran down the length of the hall. Farther on Nept could

see lights flickering before some great figures seated against the wall. He found his hand resting on the pedestal of one of these figures, and looked up to see the statue gazing down at him just as if it were about to speak to him. The features had been modeled with marvelous skill, and had been painted to look like a living person. In fact, the figure looked so real and stately as it sat at ease on its throne that Nept almost felt he should bow low and salute it. He was sure this person must be the king about whom he had heard Haremhab speak. He noticed that the others had

moved off toward the end of the hall with offerings in their hands. Somehow he knew it would not do to scuttle across that shining floor to join them; so instead, he walked slowly around the kingly statue. At the side he found that a bird was embracing the king's head with its wings, and that a lotus flower had been carved and painted on the throne.

When the general returned Nept asked who this might be. The answer was, "The great king Khafre," and Nept was satisfied. This was indeed a king.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This stern, majestic figure is Khafre, a king who ruled in Egypt five thousand years ago. He built the second pyramid at Gizeh. All the strength and power of the art of the Old Kingdom has gone into this fine portrait carved out of hard stone. Even if we had no history books to tell us so, this statue would reveal the fact that the people of ancient Egypt thought of their king as more than king, and as more than human. He was a god, and, as such, must be given the calm power, dignity, and splendor of something divine.

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Photo by Olivier, Paris

These are the great pyramids of Khafre and Khufu. In front of them lies the mysterious sphinx, whose

battered head was once the portrait of a pharaoh perhaps, as some think, of Khafre himself.

Out they went again and walked along a wall connecting the temple with one of the pyramids. In front of two enormous stone paws spread out in the sand, they stopped. Nept's eye traveled back along the two great legs and up and up until his neck would not bend back any further. Then he saw that a mighty human head was looming over him, far up in the air. The painted face was of such a giant size that Nept ran out from under it. A long, crouching animal body sprawled back along the sand. Of course Nept thought this would be a glorious thing to climb. He could get a foothold on the giant paws. He had just put one knee between the toes and reached his hands over



Photo by British Museum

The Egyptian love for vivid color is clearly shown in the statue of Princess Nofert, a royal lady of nearly five thousand years ago. Her skin is yellow, her hair is a blue-black, and her collar and the band around her hair are touched with vivid splashes of red, green, blue, white, and black. Balls of crystal set into white eyeballs and capped with metal lids make her eyes almost alive.

the curve of the foot when a hand fell on his shoulder and pulled him away. His companion was shocked at the boy's

innocent trilling with the sacred object.

Nept followed with a sigh down one of the

aisles of mastabas (mäs'tä-bä), or stone tombs. Entering the door of a very large and imposing one, he found himself in a room much smaller than the king's hall, but very gay, with many pictures on the walls--pictures of people busy at all sorts of things. There were paintings of men harvesting grain in the fields, of men driving cattle, of geese feeding, and of tall storks with their feet in the water. In one spot some sailors were having just such a quarrel as Nept had once had himself. He laughed as he remembered jerking up an oar and striking out with it just as one of these fellows was doing. He even found a picture

that might have been one of himself driving the cows home to be milked, back in his own land. It was all so brightly

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painted and so real that Nept could not stop staring. Never, never had he imagined that there could be such things in the world as he was seeing this day.

Suddenly he was startled to see that there were some strange people in the room. They were sitting in a sort of niche—a man and a woman side by side—and

they gazed out eagerly at the painted pictures he had been admiring. But they were very still, so still that Nept was forced to decide that they too must be only statues. Yet the color on their faces was very life-like, and their eyes even had bright stones set in them to make them look real; their clothes and jewelry were just like the clothes and jewelry of living persons. "They must be the lord and lady of the place," thought Nept. He turned to the general and asked, "Is this their house?"

"Yes," said the general.

"And where are they?"

"They are dead," came the answer. "Dead a thousand years or more."

"Dead!" echoed Nept. "And is the great king dead, too?"

Again the general nodded. "But there is another king now," he added. "You shall see him, but he does not live here."

Nept was a bright boy, and as he learned more of his new language he began to understand many strange things about this great land and its marvelous art.

Haremhab was reviewing army maneuvers in the neighborhood. He said with a sigh that the King took more interest in art than government, and that the soldiers had little to do these days. So he often had time to take Nept across the river, where they would sit and look at the three mighty pyramids

while he told the boy stories of the people who had built them.

It seemed that these vast buildings were tombs, though the Egyptians thought of them more as pleasant houses where they

could live forever. To them death meant only going on living somewhere else; and so the dead person's friends were very careful to arrange everything so that he would be comfortable and happy in the other life. They learned to preserve his body with spices and wrap it in linen bandages in order that it might always remain to house his spirit. Then for fear that something might happen to the body—and in order that the god of the dead might be quite sure to whom he was talking when he judged the soul—they had portrait statues made to look exactly like the people themselves.

Nept wanted to know how they remembered exactly what a person looked like after he was dead.

"Ah," said Haremhab, "the statues are made long before, while he is still living. That is one of the important things you do as you get older. You have your statue made just as you want it. Mine is newly finished. You shall see it when we go up to the city. And my tomb is ready as well. The great king himself had it made for me,

Several portraits of Egyptian scribes—whose duty it was to write out business documents and treasury records—have come down to us from the Old Kingdom. One of them is shown at the left.



Statues of the people of Egypt were more or less regulated by the worldly station of the persons shown. The artist could make the statue of a middle-class person much more intimate and personal than he could have made the statue of a pharaoh. People were often shown in groups. The wife might be seated beside her husband, with her arm around him, as is shown above; or—since after all she was not the head of the household—she might be standing beside him, a very tiny figure as compared with her seated lord. The lowest statue is the portrait of a shipbuilder of about 3000 B.C. The center picture shows a priest and his wife; they lived in about 2800 B.C.



Phot. by Metropolitan Museum of Art and British Museum

and he consented to have himself pictured on the walls. There are pictures of all my doings as general of the army and lord of my estates. They stand for all the things I wish to have with me in the afterlife. We expect to go on doing just what we do here."

It sounded to Nept like a pleasant, friendly

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Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The artist who painted these geese has caught the sedate and amusing walk of the foolish birds, and the graceful curves they make as they crane their necks to feed. The green, blue, and brown of their plumage

stands out against a background of gray. This composition, which comes from a tomb five thousand years old, is one of the few paintings which have come down to us from the Old Kingdom of Egypt.

way to look at death. Haremhab showed him how all these pictures were made to last forever, so that the soul should never lack provisions. The statues that looked so lifelike were really made of the hardest stone or wood, and even the paintings on the walls were first carved, and then painted—so that they might not wear off.

"I think," said Nept suddenly, "that I should like to be an artist."

"This is certainly the time to be one," said Haremhab, smiling. "In the old days it was not so much fun. Then you had to do everything in precisely the same way, precisely as you were told. You see, these statues had to last forever, and with the least possible damage. It would be very sad for a soul to have to get along with a maimed and broken portrait. So the priests decided there were really only two ways that were safe and right in statues. In one way the statue is sitting, like Khafre, both feet together and the arms close to the sides. In the other way, it is standing with one foot forward. The sculptors often used very, very hard stone that took a great deal of chipping and polishing, first with iron and finally with stone instruments. That took great time and patience."

"Oh, but I should be a painter!" objected Nept.

"There too you would have found very hard and fast rules. In the old days paintings all had to be cut out in the rock first.

There were models for every kind of thing that you carved out, and you had to follow them very precisely. It was only in the face itself and in a few finishing touches that you could show your originality and that part was always reserved for the master artist."

Haremhab pointed to one of the reliefs.

"It is rather complicated, you see. The face is carved in profile, with the shoulders facing forward; and then the body twists again at the waist, so that the legs are in profile."

"True enough," agreed Nept. "It all looked so lifelike that I hadn't noticed. Why do they do it all that way?"

"Well, the priests said that these were to be memory pictures of the whole person—a sort of combination of front and side views. They said the statues were not meant just to look real, but to show the complete person. And of course the priests know best how we should bury our dead. So we have always done as they said—until now. Now the King has a new religion and a new art."

Nept wondered what you did if you



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

These Egyptian girls are carrying live ducks and baskets of wine and meat as offerings to the dead. They are models found in a Theban tomb of about 2000 B.C.

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British Museum, London

Brightly painted and very lifelike little figures were put in Egyptian tombs to work for the dead man and keep him from starvation and a second death. Above

is a model of a funeral boat. Below is a group of servants bringing offerings to the dead. Both groups were found in tombs of about 2000 B.C.



were poor and could not have a great tomb.

"Then it is harder," said his friend. "Poor men must build of brick and must be satisfied with statues of wood. Instead of paintings, they buy little models of the things they wish to have with them. But of course their tombs are easier for thieves to break into."

The two walked over toward one of the poorer tombs and into the chapel. There

they found a gaping hole in the wall, and looked through into an empty tomb chamber beyond. Nept bent down to look at a beautiful model ship all rigged with sails—which the thieves had overlooked. Near it was a whole column of miniature soldiers, complete with swords and spears. For a moment Nept's fingers itched to pick them up; but then he thought of the poor soul with nothing

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else left to console it in the other world, and he drew back with a sigh.

"I wish I could make soldiers like that!"

"Perhaps you can," said Haremhab. "They say there is plenty of work for artists. I might get you into the King's workshop."

Our own Christian era is a little less than two thousand years old. We think of that as a very long time. We have certainly changed our ways a great deal in those twenty centuries. When we look at art we see that almost all the changes that fill the long books on its history have happened in this period. But Nept and Haremhab were looking back on fourteen hundred years of such slight change that the earliest works were almost exactly like the latest around them. People were still doing the same sort of statues and paintings in 1400 B.C. as they had done in 2800 B.C.; and if Haremhab and Nept could have looked forward another thousand years, they would have seen Egyptians still doing those same statues and paintings.

The set ways of making their memory pictures and their blocklike statues were exactly what the Egyptians wanted in their art, and so people were quite content without any change at all. They wanted things that would last forever, and surely they chose the best way of making

them. When you look at some of their things that did not have to last forever, jewelry and lamps and vases, you will find these as familiar and lovely as the best things we do to-day.

Yet as a matter of fact, the more you look at Egyptian art, the more you see that there were a few very little changes which mark the different periods of it.

The Old Kingdom, when the pyramids had been built and the statue of Khafre (kā'frē') carved, is perhaps the most friendly of all. The people were so eager to make a beautiful life for their dead that their statues really seem alive. In later years the carving may be more exquisite, but the faces do not seem so full of life.

After the days of the pyramid builders, the pharaohs—or kings—were not always so powerful, and they did not have so much money to spend in making large

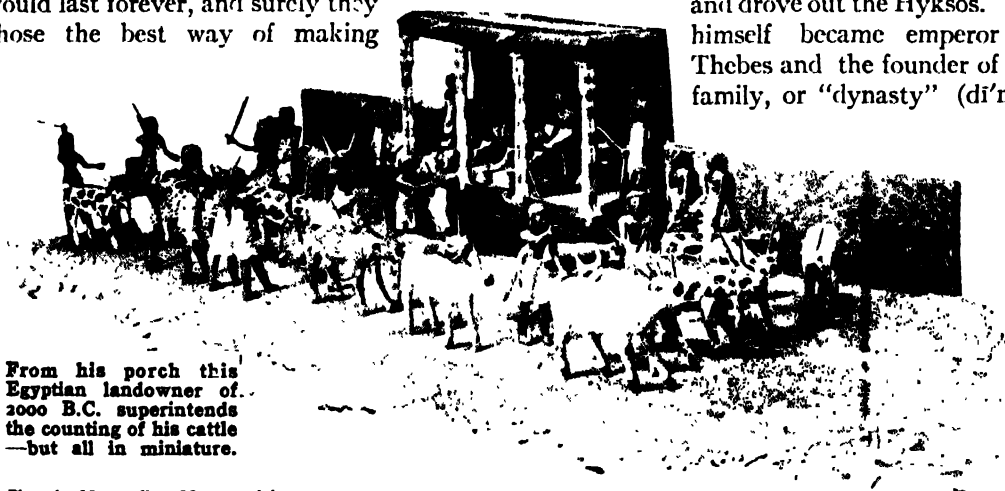
and grand things. Instead of that, they made their smaller things more finished and exquisite than ever.

Then came the rule of the foreign Hyksos (hīk'sōs), or Shepherd Kings, when there is almost no art at all.

But about 1600 B.C. a certain Thutmose (thōōt-mō'sē) rallied the people around him and drove out the Hyksos. He himself became emperor at Thebes and the founder of the family, or "dynasty" (dī'nās-



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art
This painted limestone statue of an Egyptian woman was made in about 2900 B.C.



From his porch this Egyptian landowner of 2000 B.C. superintends the counting of his cattle—but all in miniature.

Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

All the things shown above were made in ancient Egypt. No. 1 is a piece of inlaid jewelry which gleamed on the breast of an Egyptian of about 1900 B.C. No. 2, a magic wand decorated with fanciful animals and signs. No. 3, statuette of a pharaoh. No. 4, a hippopotamus of bright blue faience. The artist, who lived nearly 4000 years ago, wanted to make the animal look real, so he painted upon its back the reeds and

flowers of the creature's swampy home along the lowlands of the Nile. No. 5, a gazelle carved out of ivory. The base he stands on is painted with plants from the desert, where he lived. No. 6, a game of ivory and ebony veneer, made nearly four thousand years ago. No. 7, a portrait of Queen Hatshepsut, the first great woman in history. You may read about her in the pages where we tell the story of Egypt.

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ti), of emperors that we call the eighteenth dynasty in Egyptian history. If you go about looking at Egyptian things in museums, you find that many of the finest are marked "eighteenth dynasty." For Thutmose and his descendants founded the great and powerful empire which ruled from Lybia in Northern Africa to Mesopotamia just east of Asia Minor, and produced the fine flower of Egyptian art. They were a glorious family. You can see their portrait statues in museums to-day: Thutmose I, II, III, and IV; Hatshepsut (hăt-shěp'sōōt), the beautiful queen who was a mighty builder and who appeared at court ceremonies dressed as a man to show that she represented the sun god quite as much as did any man king; and Amenhotep (a'měn-hō'těp) I, II, and III.

Right in the middle of their glory came the only real break in Egyptian art. One man did it - Amenhotep IV. who swept away all the old gods and proclaimed that there was only one god, Aton (a'tōn), the sun. This king closed all the temples of the other gods, until the glorious city of Thebes became a place full of silent buildings.

As a radiant morning was breaking in the year 1375 B.C., Amenhotep IV went out alone from Thebes in a small chariot of gold and silver drawn by two white Syrian mares. Until dusk he drove

madly over the sand all by himself, going down the river bank. At last he came to the spot where he felt he ought to build his new city. The boundary stone reads thus:

"East of the Nile, Aton, my father, in the place which thou has chosen, I shall raise up thy capital for thee . . . all the races of man shall come there to worship thee. There the house of Aton shall be in its illustrious glory to rejoice thy heart, Aton my father, and not far off I shall raise up my pharaoh's palace and the palace of the great royal wife. In the sides of the mountain I shall dig a tomb by the side of that of the great royal wife and my daughter Meritaton."

This new city was called Akhetaton (a'kět-a'tōn), or "Horizon of Aton," and Amenhotep changed his own name to Ikhnaton (ik-na'ton), or "Spirit of Aton." With his new name and his new city Ikhnaton broke completely with the old ways in art. It is strange to find this one restless soul in the midst of three thousand years of sameness. Or perhaps it is stranger to us, who love change, that there had not been others like him. If there were others they all failed. Ikhnaton was the only one who succeeded in carrying out his idea. Since the

sun whom he worshiped loved all living things, he proclaimed that all things in nature were beautiful and

A sphinx carved out of rose granite some 3,500 years ago.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is a portrait of Hatshepsut, Egypt's capable queen and the first woman to sit upon the throne of the pharaohs. It was placed in the beautiful temple she had built against the cliffs that face the Nile.

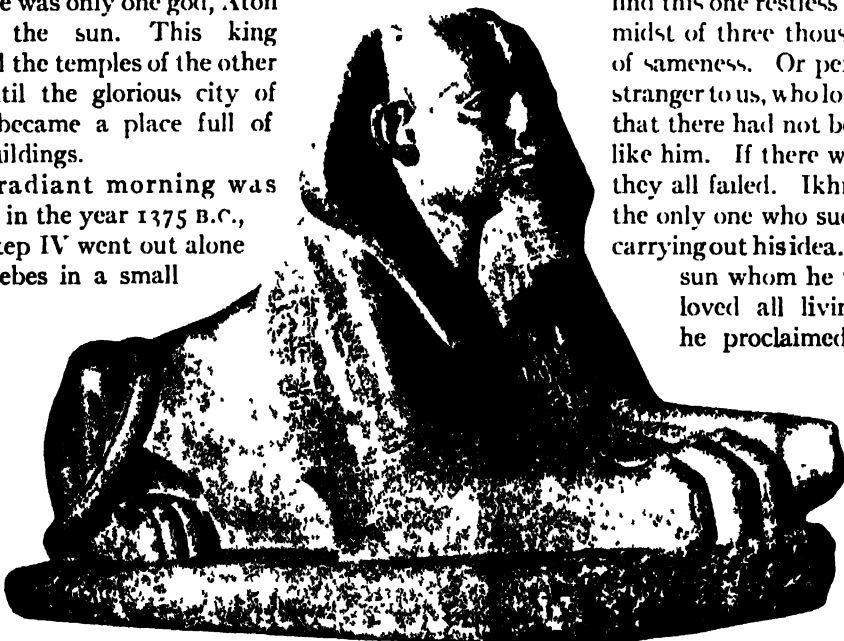


Photo by Alinari

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Pl. 1. Egyptian Museum, Cairo and The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Egyptian reliefs, while very flat—almost paper-thin at times—are more lifelike than Egyptian paintings for lights and shadows play about the modeled outlines of the figures, making them look more solid and real than the painted figures, which are nothing but out-

lines filled in with unshaded masses of color. In making a relief, the sculptor first drew his design upon the wall in red paint. Often he used a system of horizontal and vertical guiding lines to help him. Then he cut away the background.

precious. So his artists must forget the mere memory pictures of old, and instead must carve and paint things just as they looked. Nothing in nature was stiff and formal like the old art, and the new art must be as free as nature. He even made his life at court much freer and simpler than life had ever been there before, and he let his subjects look upon him as a man instead of as a god.

All this happened in 1375 B.C., and it was just a few years later that Haremhab and

Below is a carving in relief of two of the creatures that dwelt in the land of Egypt.



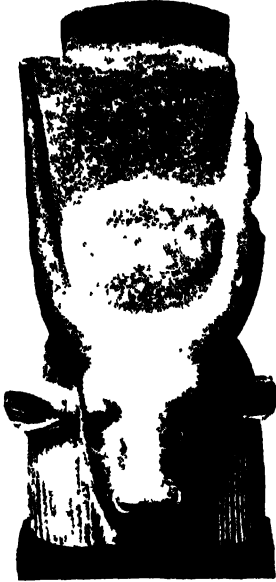
Nept landed in Egypt. It was this pharaoh that Haremhab had promised Nept he should see.

They went up the Nile by boat. The valley narrowed as they sailed south. Then as the sun declined toward its setting, they saw the valley broaden out on one side ahead of them, till it formed a great semicircle, and there they saw in the

distance what looked like the walls and towers of a city. It was Ikhnaton's beautiful city of Akhetaton.

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The next morning they stood in the courtyard of the palace. It was shaded by trees in which hundreds of bright birds twittered. Before them, on the high white wall of the palace, enormous figures had been carved and painted with brilliant glazes. Silver masts rose above, with red streamers upon



them, fluttering in the wind.

Haremhab was evidently well known at court, for everyone made way for him. He took Nept into the palace door at once. They went through whole forests of columns and many corridors, and finally stopped before a curtained door. Another moment and they stood inside—or were they outside again? No, there was a roof, though it seemed to be held up by the trunks of trees entwined with growing vines. In a moment Nept saw that these were carved and painted vines. All around the walls he saw painted trees and flowers, and under his feet were painted marsh grasses full of birds and animals. In the center of the room was painted a fish pond, with gay fish in it. These animals were by no means like the ones that Nept had seen painted elsewhere in stately rows. The birds here were flying in every direction, and a lamb and a kid were actually leaping up into the air.

On the edge of the fish pond sat two beautiful little girls. After all his experiences Nept was almost ready to think these were painted, too; but suddenly they jumped up and ran to a man and a woman sitting at the end of the room.

The man looked up, and Nept saw two burning eyes in a thin face. The face lighted with a bright smile, and an arm was held out to greet Haremhab affectionately. Then as Nept looked upon the woman he forgot everything else. He had never seen anyone so beautiful and so gracious, and when she spoke her voice was low and very sweet. Somehow Nept knew that this was the queen and that the man was the king. She asked Haremhab of his travels, and seemed as much concerned as the king at his report of an



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art and British Museum

At the top is the cow-headed goddess Hathor, whom the Egyptians were fond of carving in stone. The lowest picture shows portraits of an eighteenth-dynasty official and his wife. In the center is one of the most beautiful portraits the Egyptians ever made, a bust of Queen Nefertiti, who lived about 1400 B.C. Grace and elegance and truth to life are shown in this lovely head of painted limestone. Her crown is of blue and gold, her necklace is rich with color; her eyes of black and white stone are covered with rock crystal to make them clear and luminous.



uprising among the Hittites. A bearded, foreign-looking man was called, and they became engrossed in some clay tablets with odd marks on them, which the King spoke of as "letters from Mitanni." Nept and the little princesses were rather bored at that, and the youngest reached a small arm across the table for a lovely cup shaped like a lotus flower. Her hand slipped, and there was a clatter and a smash as the vase fell to the floor.

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The Queen looked severe. "I forbade you to touch—" she began.

Nept was on his knees.

"Oh, Your Majesty! Permit me I could make you another. I have made pottery at home."

The Queen smiled. "That vase, my child, was a special treasure from the island of Crete. It would take a sure hand and eye to make another." She turned to Haremhab. "Who is the lad?"

"A boy I picked up on my trip, Your Majesty. He has his heart set on becoming an artist."

"Bravo! He shall replace our vase for us." Then she turned with a smile to her dismayed little daughter. "This is a lucky arrival for you. He has saved you a punishment. Come, children, we will send our new artist to the royal workshop."

Then began great days for Nept. He learned to carve and polish the hard stone that the Egyptians used.

First he fashioned it into vases and small bowls. Then gradually he was allowed to work on statues. The Egyptians used stones that we nowadays think are much too hard for carving diorite (di'ô-rit) and strange speckled granite that makes some of the statues you see in museums to-day look as if they had a rash. These were covered with stucco and then painted, like the beautiful bust of Nefertiti (něf'ēr-tē'tē), the queen, that Nept was allowed to work on. That was what he liked best to do.

This sculptured lion bears the name of King Tutankhamon, who lived about 3,300 years ago.

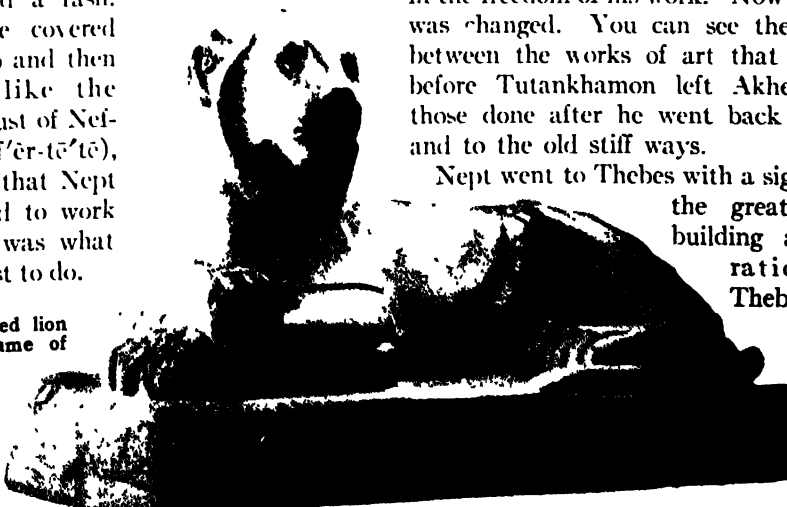


Photo by British Museum

He never tired of admiring the way in which the master artist had caught the proud pose of her head and the look in her great eyes, and he was willing to polish the stone for hours just to have a share in the work.

Gradually Nept came to be a master artist himself, and when the princess was married to Prince Tutankhamon (tōt'āngk-ä'mōn) he made many of the beautiful things for their new palace.

Some of the treasures he made were later put into Tutankhamon's wonderful tomb where we found them ourselves just a few years ago, when we discovered the tomb and opened it.

Later came sad days when the king died and the people lost their faith in the new religion. The young Tutankhamon became emperor. He had not the great vision of his father-in-law, and a day came when he left the beautiful city of gardens, just as Ikhnaton had left Thebes, and went back to the old capital

and the old gods. Haremhab and most of the other nobles were glad to go. The old ties at Thebes were very strong, and now that Ikhnaton was dead the people had forgotten the enthusiasm he had inspired. But Nept, who was a newcomer, had been very happy at Akhetaton, and especially so in the freedom of his work. Now everything was changed. You can see the difference between the works of art that were done before Tutankhamon left Akhetaton and those done after he went back to Thebes and to the old stiff ways.

Nept went to Thebes with a sigh, and saw the great work of building and restoration go on. Thebes became

more glorious than ever, and money was



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is a portrait of Thutmose III, a king of about 1500 B.C. It is modeled in relief in a block of limestone.

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spent lavishly on great works of art. But the style was set again in the old fashion; and for another thousand years, until the coming of the Greeks and Romans, art in Egypt followed its old course. It became wonderfully delicate and finished, but no longer spontaneous and personal. There were no more informal pictures like that of the Queen giving a rose to her royal husband. The King must sit again stiffly on his royal throne, or stand with one foot forward. Nept realized the majesty of the old art, but he missed the intimacy of the new. He decided to take ship to Crete, where Ikhnaton's artists had always been welcome among the artistic Cretans.

So he sat at the edge of the temple lake and said farewell to Egypt. Over in front of the great temple of Amon stood Hatshepsut's obelisks, with the inscription telling of the great labor of setting them up, and how rapidly it had been completed. And all this work had been done in order "that my name may remain forever in this temple," read the inscription.

"Forever!" Nept looked ahead and dreamed of the glory of Egypt to come.

You may go to Egypt to-day and find a little naked boy turning a water wheel to raise water to irrigate the fields, just as it was done in ancient days. As he turns, he sings an old, old song. And an old, old story is all that is left of the ancient Egyptians

themselves. The race is gone; their power is gone. But there are the pyramids and the temples at Thebes, and all the host of stone kings and nobles who people our museums. Five thousand years they have lived. It seen like a glimpse of Hatshepsut's *forever*. And beyond a doubt they will live on for many a century to come. For strange as the art of Egypt may look in many ways to us

to-day, it is nevertheless very beautiful, and has been a source of inspiration to countless artists since. Its influence has flowed in a steady stream down through the ages, and even now, in our pushing, tumultuous twentieth century, artists study the vigorous wall paintings that the Egyptians made, and try to reproduce the bright, calm beauty of many other Egyptian works of art. It is indeed like Hatshepsut's *forever*.



These are side and back views of a painted and gilded mask that once ornamented the head of a tightly-wrapped mummy. Masks of this kind, made of wood, plaster, or canvas, belong to the Egypt of Roman times. They were used by the Greeks and Romans who lived in Egypt and had learned to mummify their dead as the Egyptians did. Some preferred flat paintings to sculptured masks such as this one, and from them have come down to us a whole series of panel-portraits that are remarkably vivid and lifelike. They are portraits of Greek and Roman maids and matrons, youths and older men. Evidently most of these portraits were painted while the people were still alive, and they must have been hung about the house just as portraits are hung to-day. Then, when a person died, his portrait was taken down from the wall and fastened to the wrappings of his mummy. It must have been a little odd to see your portrait hanging on the wall and know that one day it would be fastened to your mummy!

Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art



The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 3

THE STRANGE ARTS OF BABYLON THE GREAT

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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At the height of its power, Babylon falls to the Assyrians, **11** 26

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A second Babylon arises: the splendor of its hanging gardens, **11** 28

Why the Persians loved bright colors, **11** 28

How the art of the Mesopotamian valley has influenced later civilizations, **11** 29

Things to Think About

Why does so little remain of Babylonian splendor?

Why were their palaces lined with colored tiles?

Why has the Mesopotamian val-

ley been constantly fought over?

Compare the gracious dignity of Egypt with the fierce splendor of Babylonia and Assyria.

Picture Hunt

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How has the artist indicated the triumph of King Naram-Sin?

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Summary Statement

The Babylonians, Assyrians, and Persians, living in splendor, produced a majestic art. They have taught us how to draw su-

perb animals and landscapes in bright colors and to show them on tiles.



Photo by the Louvre

This is the stele of King Naram-Sin of Akkad. At the head of his army, the King climbs a mountain to receive the submission of his enemy, a people of the hills. The artist of this remarkable relief knew how

to group his figures into a pyramidal design to give a feeling of height; and with few figures cleverly arranged, he has been able to give the impression of large numbers of men who seem actually to be moving!



Photo by Pennsylvania University Museum

The Sumerians were amazingly skilled in the working of metals. Their weapons and utensils were so beautifully made that they are genuine works of art. But

most striking of all are the Sumerian sculptures of animals, in gold, silver, or copper. Above is a copper bull from al 'Ubaid, near ancient Ur.

The STRANGE ARTS of BABYLON the GREAT

This Is the Tale of What Was Done for the Sake of Beauty in the Cradle of Civilization between the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates

FAR away to the east, in the storied lands beyond the Mediterranean, there stretches a smiling valley watered by two great rivers. There men have lived and died for so many centuries that no one can count the years, and there have happened so many great events that the famous valley with its peaceful rivers seems almost like a stage on which one can see the drama of our race unfold. For like the Nile, the Tigris and the Euphrates saw man's first blind gropings upward out of savagery. And like the Nile Valley, this valley which we call Mesopotamia (mēs'ô-pô-tā'nī-à) hides in its fertile soil some of the oldest relics of our race. Scholars have been busy, of late, digging for this treasure. They have turned

up the remains of a civilization as old as the one in Egypt. And many of the things they find are very beautiful.

When the curtain of history first rises on the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, we find it occupied by a stirring race of men called the Sumerians (sū-mē'rī-ăn). But even those early people were immigrants from somewhere else! Where they had come from, no one knows, but we think it must have been from a land of mountains, for they were called "mountain men," and when we find them they were still homesick, on their level plains, for the hills and valleys that their ancestors had known. So they built themselves mountains out of brick --not pyramids, such as the Egyptians built, but temple

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towers rising from the valley in four broad steps. On top of each brick mountain stood a shrine in which the god was worshiped; in fact, it was his home.

Now Sumeria never became a single great empire, as Egypt did. It was a land of city-states. Each city was a little kingdom by itself, though sometimes one would get control of all the rest.

The city of Ur, the birthplace of Abraham, at one time had the upper hand in the great days of Sumeria, some 2,300 years before the birth of Christ. There the great temple mound, or ziggurat (zīg'ū-rāt), as it was called, was two miles and a half around. A mountain, indeed! You may read all about it in our story of architecture.

Its lowest terrace was white; the one above it, black; and the topmost one was red. The temple shrine, on top of them all, was made of blue glazed bricks and had a golden dome, so that the ziggurat must have been a very gay and beautiful mountain. Up the long flights of stairs that led from the ground to the summit would go processions of priests, harpers with beautiful harps all carved and inlaid with bright stones, court ladies in gay red dresses and golden headdresses, and the king himself in his royal robes—wearing, perhaps, a helmet that was all of beaten gold.

How Sumerians Were Buried

The Sumerians did not care so much about their tombs as the Egyptians did. And more than that, they had no stone in their valley with which to build. Any piece of stone they might use had to be carried all the way from the mountains near the coast. So they used stone very rarely—for kingly statues and carvings, and not for making tombs.

But they did bury their kings and queens

with some of the beautiful possessions that the monarchs had loved in life. In one royal grave was found a wonderful dagger with a blade of gold and a hilt of the bright blue stone we know as lapis lazuli (lā'pīs lāz'ŭl:). And it was in a tomb that we found a fascinating little silver goat that people must have loved to finger five thousand years ago. They admired him so much that we find

To the left is one of the fascinating animal heads which the Sumerians made of gleaming metal to ornament their harps. Below is an ostrich egg which a craftsman of Sumeria has skillfully inlaid with shell.

copies of him made by other artists in the country round about. He even was copied in Persia for three thousand years or so. His dainty horns are all set with bright-colored enamel. His front feet are caught in a tangle of thorns made of silver and bright stones. He is a very gay little animal. Someone who copied him thought of making him serve as the handle for a vase.

It was this sort of thing that the Sumerians did best. Before 3000 B.C. they were making vases and cups for the table and ladies' hair ornaments, all of gold. Either they did not care so much about making beautiful statues, or else they were

not so very clever at carving stone, for their statues seem clumsy beside those of the Egyptians, though they could make animals look very fierce and lifelike.

But they knew how to make things gay with color. We find little plaques (plāk), or thin plates, made of bright pieces of tile, which show that the Sumerians loved color as much as the Egyptians did. Their temples and palaces must have been very gay with the bright tiles that decorated the surfaces of the high brick walls. These tiles were so shaped that they fitted together to form a picture, just as a picture puzzle does. Out of these fascinating pieces they made a lion, a man, or a duck. All along the lower walls of their temples and gates ran



Photos by Pennsylvania University Museum and British Museum

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rows of these bright-colored tile pictures.

But the things we connect most of all with Sumeria are their seals. Little rollers of stone, they were, carved with a design that stamped itself on soft clay when the stone was rolled over the clay surface. It was with these neat devices that the Sumerians signed their letters; and the useful little affairs were pierced at one end so that they could be strung on a cord and worn around the neck. Other peoples, conquerors of the Sumerians, took over this little invention. A Greek traveler reports that in Babylon "every man carries a seal and a walking stick."

The Sumerians ruled in their beautiful valley for a long, long time. Their ziggurats gave them a great advantage over other peoples round about; for when a great flood descended upon the valley of the two great rivers as often happened the Sumerians could stay high and dry in their temple towers while the houses of the conquered peoples round them were washed away. The great Flood that we read of in the Bible was one of these great valley floods along the Tigris and Euphrates.

But gradually other, more powerful people whom we call Semites (sēm'it), began to turn envious eyes upon this fertile plain where life was so comfortable; and the Sumerians had hard work to keep their thriving cities. These desert tribes kept edging in until at last they had taken over pretty much all Sumeria. They learned what the clever Sumerians knew of writing and building and banking and trade, and gradually mingled with the earlier race until they became one people.

Perhaps the finest thing they have left us is a carving of one of their kings leading his warriors up a mountain. He is shown in the thick of the fight, with his followers surging behind him. His foot is placed triumphantly upon two of the fallen foe, and with his spear he has pierced another through.

The very pattern of the carving seems to be pushing him up the hill to victory. We call this beautiful relief the stele (stē'lē) of Naram-Sin (nā-rām'sin), for that was the name of the king whose figure it shows. It was carved about 2700 B.C., and is the earliest great work of art that we have from the Semitic race.

It is a pity that we have so few things from these days of early Semitic art. It was then that artists, for the first time, began to have a feeling for landscape, something the Egyptians had never shown. And of course they had fine representations of real or mythical beasts. They had learned how to look at animals, to admire their graceful strength and beautiful proportions; and in later

centuries their descendants are going to follow this habit of their ancestors in the forming of very handsome and imposing beasts.

Of early Babylonian statues very few remain. There is one massive figure of a king named Gudea; he is a squat little fellow, who seems almost to be a part of his chair. But he has his arms crossed in a powerful, self-contained fashion, and his body has a roundness which is very different from the angular strength of Egyptian statues. It is interesting to note that this figure is carved in the hard diorite (dī'ō-rīt) stone used in



Photo by British Museum

Although the people of ancient Sumeria knew how to make many beautiful things of metal and inlay, and remarkably lifelike sculptures of animals, they never could make figures of men seem very much alive. In the early Sumerian statue above, you may see some of the things which make the sculpture of the lands of Mesopotamia so different from the sculptures you will find in Egypt or later Greece. This figure is round, massive, and stocky. The neck is short, the face large, and the head flat-topped. The plump arms and hands are so tightly clasped to the body that they seem moulded into it. Even when the sculptors of Mesopotamia had acquired a good deal more skill, they kept on making statues of much this shape.



Photo by British Museum

Most famous of all the works of Assyrian sculptors are the reliefs that show King Ashur-bani-pal hunting. Here lithe wild horses flee for their lives, and majestic lions fight a hopeless battle against men armed with arrows and spears. And here we see

something that the cave man, with all his cleverness at making animals look real, had never shown: the pathetic suffering of a dying beast. Above is the famous relief of a wounded lioness who, disabled by many arrows, struggles bravely against death.

Egypt. Someone had to make a trip far inland to bring the artist that lasting material.

Of the new country Babylon became the chief city. On other pages of these books you may read the story of how it spread its power far and wide until it touched the borders of the Egyptian empire, which was then at the height of its grandeur. In fact, these people who lived along the two great rivers may even have taught the Egyptians something about how to make beautiful things; we know that they had many such things at home in Babylon. Unhappily, not very many of their treasures have lasted through the centuries. Those we have, come from palaces and not from tombs; and since the lack of stone forced them to build their palaces of brick, not much of their grandeur is left to-day except a heap of dust. But we do have some of their cylindrical seals and their boundary stones, and a few of their reliefs. The seals they had learned to make from the Sumerians, and very beautiful they were, for they were cut in stone with exquisite care. Every bit of stone was precious in that stoneless land.

Now just as the people of Babylon had

conquered earlier peoples, they in their turn had to bend the knee before another people who lived in the northern part of the valley of the two great rivers. These were the Assyrians, who ever since 3000 B.C. had lived in their little city of Assur, and had gradually increased in strength until, in about 800 B.C., they were able to conquer the ancient kingdom of Babylonia and plant their own rule in its place.

The Art of a Warlike People

They were a warlike race, bent upon wealth and conquest. From their capital city of Nineveh they terrorized all the countries round about the Fertile Crescent. Their religion was hard and cruel, and one of their favorite sports was the lion hunt. They have left us a carving of a lioness dying after many arrows have pierced her sides. One of the arrows has broken her back and paralyzed her hind legs. But with her last strength she drags herself proudly along to face her enemy. The artist who did this relief had looked long at animals before he carved his wounded lioness.

The Assyrians were lucky in having more stone than their neighbors to the south had



Photo by the Louvre

In this relief from the palace of Ashur-nazir-pal, you see the pompous and heavy figures of the Assyrian

king and his retinue. With the aid of a battering ram, they are attacking an enemy city.



Photo by British Museum

This relief of enameled brick, showing a procession of archers, may once have brightened the walls of the throne room of King Darius, at Susa. These soldiers

belonged to a dark-skinned race of Persia. Their black skin and dark hair contrasts sharply with their bright clothes and turquoise-blue background.

had, and they used it for lining the walls of their palaces with miles of carved reliefs showing the deeds of their kings. The stone they used was alabaster; and they employed it for carving massive statues, too. For instance, they made some very strange animals to stand guard at the entrance of their king's palace. Each of these animals had the head of a man, the wings of an eagle, the mane of a lion, and the hoofs and tail of a bull. The Children of Israel saw these animals during their captivity in Babylon, and you will find

the creatures in the visions of the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel. From those visions the later Christian writers separated the four beings—man, eagle, lion, and ox—and used them as the symbols of the four evangelists. We shall meet them again, therefore, when we come to the story of early Christian art.

This notion of putting animals to guard a gate the Assyrians got from the Hittites, another ancient people who had built up an empire in Asia Minor a few centuries before. From them, too, the Assyrians learned to

cover the lower part of their walls with carvings.

Strange as it may seem to us to-day, the Assyrians had almost no separate paintings. But that does not mean that they had no color. They loved to paint the carvings that ran around a wall, and they had gorgeous tiles and glazed bricks.

At last Nineveh, too, went the way of Ur and early Babylon. About 600 B. C. she fell, and strangely enough, passed under the sway of Babylon again. But it was not the old Babylonians who had once more come to power; this was a new race who had rebuilt an empire on the ruins of the

old one—a desert people whom we shall refer to as the Chaldeans. Now was the time of the city's greatest glory, the time of the famous Nebuchadnezzar (něb'û-kād-něž'ār), of Bible fame. His were the Hanging Gardens; his, the magnificent city with its mighty walls.

The Splendor of the Ishtar Gate

Splendid indeed it must have been. As you walked up the Procession Street to the famous Ishtar Gate, a long row of lions in bright glazed tiles escorted you—bright yellow lions against a background of blue, with a row of flowers above them. And on the gate were rows of gay animals, rising story above story, forty feet into the air. Gorgeous tiles like these decorated the outside walls of Nebuchadnezzar's palace. For in Babylon, as in Assyria and Sumeria as well, bright tiles and glazes had to take the place of paintings on the walls.

And then Babylon fell again (539 B.C.). This time it was the Persians, under their emperor Cyrus, who overthrew the ancient city. Theirs was to be the greatest empire of the ancient world before the coming of the conquering Alexander. The names of their kings—Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes (zûrk'sěz)—are famous to this day, and famous to-day is the splendor of their reigns, when their

archers spread the Persian power over all of Asia Minor, and even tried to conquer the distant land of Greece. You may see a row of those very archers as they marched, with their spears and bows and quivers, in a bright procession of glazed tiles around the walls of Darius' palace

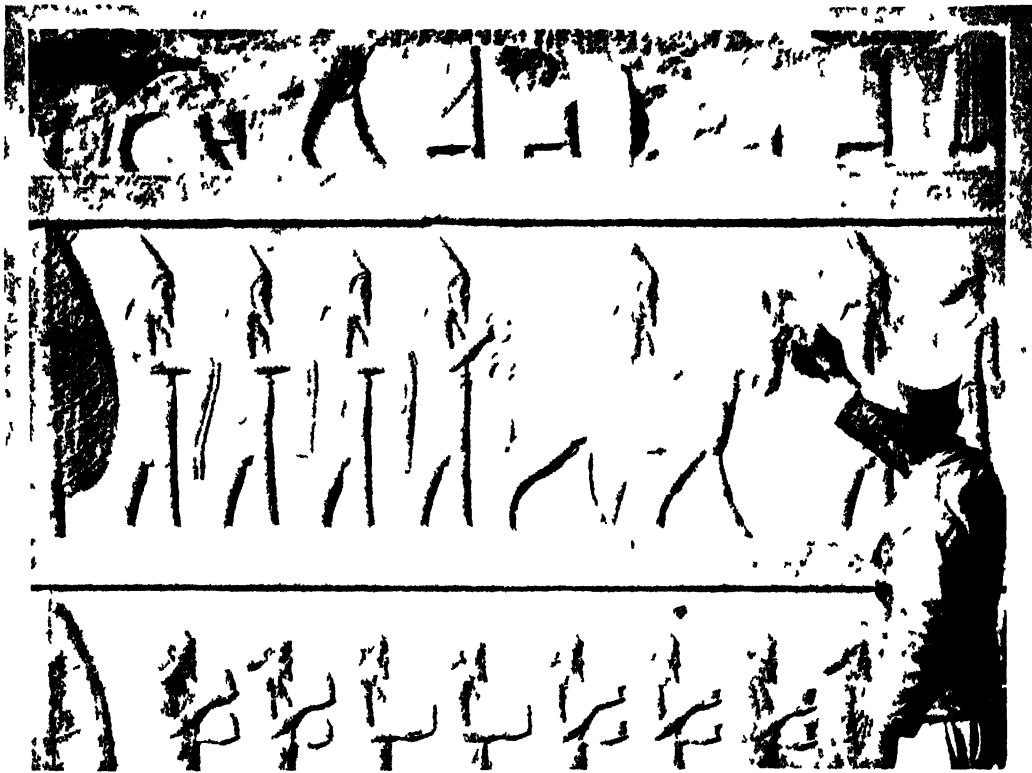


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Two bulls back to back make this capital from a column in an ancient Persian palace. The charming animals are made of white alabaster and bright gold.

at Susa (söö'sá). Their robes of bright yellow and purple or of white and purple are covered with elaborate embroidery, and their hair and beards are curled, as they would have been in the days of old Babylon.

The art of making these bright glazes the Persians must have learned from the Babylonians whom they conquered. For the Persians had been shepherds in the early days, and had wandered about with their flocks in search of grass; they had little need of fine buildings or of things to put in them. Then suddenly, under their conquering rulers, they found themselves with an empire on their hands and great cities to build. They had never had to build cities before, and really had very little idea as to how to go about it. So they studied and learned from the countries they had conquered and from those they tried to conquer. Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, all taught them something. Their art is very colorful, and



Phot. by Herbert C. Brown

This fine carving is part of a long sculptured relief which flanks the monumental stairway of the great palace of King Xerxes at Persepolis. In this majestic relief are row on row of marching men. Some of them are soldiers of the King's guard and some are

tribute bearers from subject states. All walk in solemn and stately procession toward the great palace, just as they must have done when they were alive and when the palace, now in ruin, stood in all its glory of tall columns and rich ornament.

must have been gorgeous in its day, but it is not very new. Glazed tiles from Babylonia, winged bulls from Assyria, columns from Egypt, all of them find their way into Persian art. We have a beautiful capital from one of their columns: two bulls back to back, magnificently fashioned of white alabaster and bright gold, with an ornamentation of elaborate scrolls. But to the gracious dignity of Egypt and the fierce splendor of Babylonia and Assyria, the Persians brought their own fine gift for color. We see it later in their rugs and pottery and books. They are masters of it even to day.

With the passing of the Persian empire—and of course it had to pass, as every empire must—we bid farewell to the art of the fertile valley through which the two great rivers flowed. It had been a massive and majestic art, full of bright colors and of strength and

power, but it had mostly been used to help out the architect, and not to give people a joy in beautiful things for their own sake. We may be grateful to those Eastern artists, however, for teaching the world how to do superb and lifelike animals and for discovering the beauty of landscapes. And we may be glad that living as they did in a dull-toned dusty land they learned to harmonize vivid and beautiful colors. We do not greatly value this Eastern art to-day, we understand the Greeks and Romans better. But it was from Western Asia that the Greeks, when they began to make beautiful things, found that they could learn the most, and it was there that they took many models to study from. The work of the Greeks might well have been very different if it had not been for the peoples who lived between those two great rivers.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit No. 4

SUPREME MASTERS OF FINE ART

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
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| How Troy and Cnossos were dug out of the ground, 11-31 | The great Greek sculptors of 500-400 B.C., 11-43 |
| How the shaggy Northerners came to Greece, 11-34 | The Acropolis stood for the glory of all Athens, 11-44 |
| What makes the "red-figured ware" so famous, 11-36 | Final perfection is reached in the frieze of the Parthenon, 11-46 |
| Why "The Discus Thrower" is so fine a piece of sculpture, 11-37 | How Aristotle defined art, 11-46 |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|--|---|
| What happened to the uncivilized Northerners when they went south? | Why is Greek sculpture so restful, yet so full of life? |
| Why did the Greek artist put such good work on his vases? | What did the Greek way of life have to do with Greek art? |

Related Material

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| Archaeological discoveries, 5-16-20 | Philosophers and scientists, 13-1-12 |
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Leisure-time Activities

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| Make a vase of modeling clay in imitation of a Greek amphora, 11-35 | 11-39 |
| Draw a copy of a Greek statue, | Make a model of the front of the Parthenon, 11-43 |

Summary Statement

- | | |
|--|---|
| The Greeks have given us an art, and especially in sculpture, which is still used as the basis for | the teaching of art in every art school in the world. |
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Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

These daring young Cretans are doing circus "stunts" over the back of a very active bull. Possibly such feats as these were in honor of the Cretan bull god, and were performed before a gallery of interested spectators. The white-skinned girls have exchanged their many-flounced skirts for men's loin cloths—a

more fitting costume for acrobatics. The "Toreador Fresco," as this painting has been called, is considered one of the finest of Cretan works of art, because the design is so perfectly balanced. The bull is dappled brown and white, the loin cloths are yellow, and the background is blue.

SUPREME MASTERS of FINE ART

In All the World No Men Have Surpassed the Ancient Greeks as Creators of Ideal Grace and Beauty

ONE stormy night about a century ago a sailor jumped into the sea just off the coast of Norway and brought a drowning man to shore. It was a momentous act, for if that man had drowned, many discoveries might have gone unmade for hundreds of years. His name was Heinrich Schliemann (shlē'män). He had grown up as a poor grocer's boy, but he happened to have heard the story of the Trojan War and of the great walls of Troy. Somehow he felt sure that those walls were still there. Schliemann was very poor at that time, but he never lost his dream. Finally, when he was a man of middle age, he made money enough to play with his hobby. He went to the place where Homer had situated Troy in his story, and insisted upon digging. Everybody laughed at him and said he might as well dig for fairy land.

But he found a real Troy after all, buried in the ground. In fact, he found nine Troys, one on top of the other. The sixth one really had the walls of Schliemann's dreams. It was the Troy of Homer.

Of course that does not mean that Schliemann found the walls and houses standing up. The city had been built of mud brick, and it was now hardly more than a pile of rubbish. But the fact that there was anything there at all was highly exciting. If there was a real Troy, there must be a real city of Mycenae (mī-sē'nē), from which Homer's chieftains had set out to win back the lost Helen. So Schliemann hastened to Mycenae, and there he did find great things—walls of stone, a gateway carved with lions, beautiful crowns and jewels, and tableware of gold. Here was a whole new civilization that nobody had suspected, going back almost as far as that of Sumeria or Egypt.

But Mycenae did not seem to be the center of it. Another man, following Schliemann, turned to Crete, both because the old Greek story of the Minotaur put a proud king there, and because Crete was a sunny, fertile island, easy to protect, and a likely place for early men to settle. Sure enough, Sir Arthur Evans uncovered Cnossos (nös'üs), the center of what we call the Cretan Age. There

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at Cnossos, sometime between 3000 B.C. and 1500 B.C., lived great kings with a vast palace of many courts, like Ikhnaton's palace in Egypt. The walls were gaily painted with flowers and birds that were so much like the work of Akhetaton that we suppose some artists must have come from Egypt to Crete or gone from Crete to Egypt. Perhaps the kings exchanged artists as a friendly gesture. The palace at Cnossos was very modern in its equipment. It even had a bathroom. In fact it had an enormous number of rooms of all sorts. It was called the Labyrinth (lăb'ī-rīnth).

Probably the story of Ariadne's thread—which you will find on another page of these books grew out of the fact that so many people really did get lost in the numberless halls of the palace. You remember that Ariadne gave Theseus a spool of thread of which she held one end. He unwound it as he went. To find his way back, all he had to do was to wind up his spool again and follow where the thread took him.

Sir Arthur Evans found many of the paintings and vases and jewelry that had been used in the great days of which the legend tells us. He found many little statues, too, of the Cretan snake goddess, with her tight waist like those of the ladies in 1890.

Art the Cretans Liked

The Cretans were very fond of pictures of bulls. We are showing a picture of a boy and two girls doing "stunts" with a wild bull. It is very lively, and it may tell us something of the story about the Minotaur to whom seven youths and seven maidens from Athens were sacrificed every year. In the pictures the youths are always darker than the

maidens, for the Cretans, like the Egyptians, always painted women with white skin and men with deep red skin. The boy has just turned a somersault over the back of the bull, and the girl has her hands under its horns and is about to make her leap into the arms of the girl on the other side.

The Cretans were fond of sea creatures, too, as a seafaring race would be likely to be. They loved to paint dolphins and flying fishes, and other animals and plants of the sea.

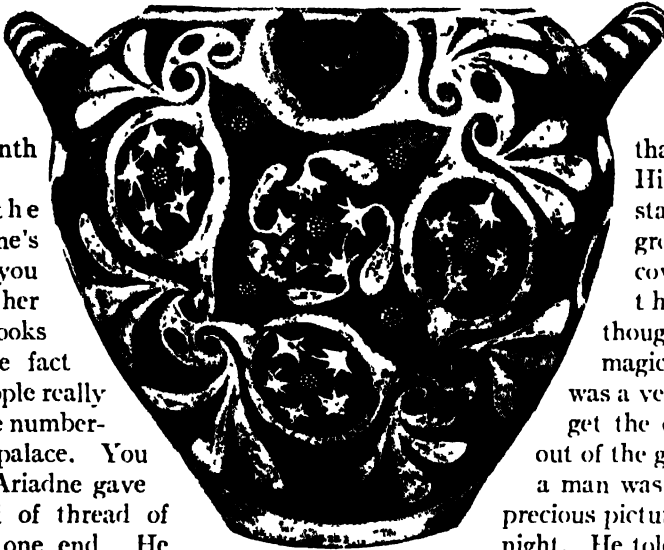


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is one of the bright-colored jars the Cretans made before they turned to more sober tones and patterns more nearly like Nature's own. The curving designs are painted in orange, crimson, and cream against a background of shining black.

The figure of the "Cupbearer" is the first painting that was dug up. His large bright eye stared out of the ground as they uncovered him, and the workmen

thought there must be magic about him. It was a very slow process to get the crumbling plaster out of the ground whole, and a man was set to watch the precious picture all through the night. He told a vivid story in the morning of how he had gone to sleep in spite of himself, and how the angry Cupbearer had appeared to him in a dream; at this he had waked with a start, feeling that there were ghosts about. It is certainly a very

striking figure, with its dark brown body and slim waist. There are a whole row of these figures, making a design of long cups and long bodies against a bright blue wall.

When Cnossos was destroyed about 1100 B.C., the stronghold of Cretan civilization passed over to the mainland. Perhaps the most famous and beautiful things that these people made are the Vaphio (vā'fī-ō) gold cups. They are of solid gold and are shaped like teacups, with very beautiful designs beaten out of the gold sides. They show us again how early in history man learned to make pictures of animals. The human figure was a harder problem, and it took the later

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Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art and British Museum

No. 1, a frieze of partridges found in the house—perhaps in the dining room—of a townsman of Crete. No. 2, a priestess who once walked in religious procession about the walls of a palace at Tiryns. She wears the tight Cretan bodice—painted a brilliant red—and the long skirt of many flounces and many colors that was the fashion in Crete. No. 3 is the "Cupbearer." He wears a richly embroidered loin cloth, silver anklets, a bracelet, necklace, and earrings. His skin is tanned,

his hair is dark and wavy, and, like all Cretans, he has an extremely narrow waist. No. 4, Mycenaean vase. No. 5, part of a fresco from Tiryns, showing a boar hunt. No. 6, a small frieze of flying fish painted in lovely shades of yellow and blue. Often the frescoes of Crete are nothing but scattered fragments which scholars must restore by studying other frescoes. Nos. 8, 9, and 10, Minoan vases.

Greeks to solve that. Not only do these cups have wonderfully lifelike pictures of bulls, but the designs have been cunningly made to fit the shape of the cup. Such treasures as these, all in bright gold, tell their own story of a rich, gifted people, and suggest that when Homer talked of a famous palace where the walls were of bronze with a blue frieze around them, and where the doors were of gold, he was simply looking at what he saw about him and not making up a fantastic dream in his head.

Several times in the history of the world men from the north, far less civilized than the southerners around the Mediterranean but bold and hardy, have come down toward the warm south where life is easy. As they traveled down from their cold homes, they would be tempted onward by the warm weather; and perhaps they would meet traders with fine things to sell who would tell glowing tales about life in the south. So one day the shaggy northerners would appear over the mountains. Because they were a strong, young race, and because the southerners had grown a little soft with all their wealth and ease, the Northmen would conquer the south and settle down in the cities of their captives. Then a new civilization would begin, and a new art.

Some people talk of fair-haired northerners even down in Egypt, but there is no proof of their ever having seen that land. It may be more likely that they came to Greece. No one knows where the Dorians in Greece came from. Certainly they poured down from somewhere to the north, and took the country for their own. Some centuries after Homer's civilization had died out, we find the Dorians and other tribes of uncivilized barbarians settled in Greece and fashioning a civilization of their own—the civilization that was to be in many ways the greatest that the world has seen.

You can see what savages these Dorians were in their early days from the kind of art they favored. About 800 B.C. or 600 B.C. they were making only crude pottery that was hardly better than that of the Stone Age.

Homer is the link between these men and the civilized Cretans, who had been in Greece before them. The Dorians liked the stories of Homer, and they liked to claim his warriors as their own ancestors. Some of the earliest pictures that they made are illustrations of Homer's "Iliad." In the seventh century B.C. they were making pictures on their pottery with figures that begin to look like human beings.



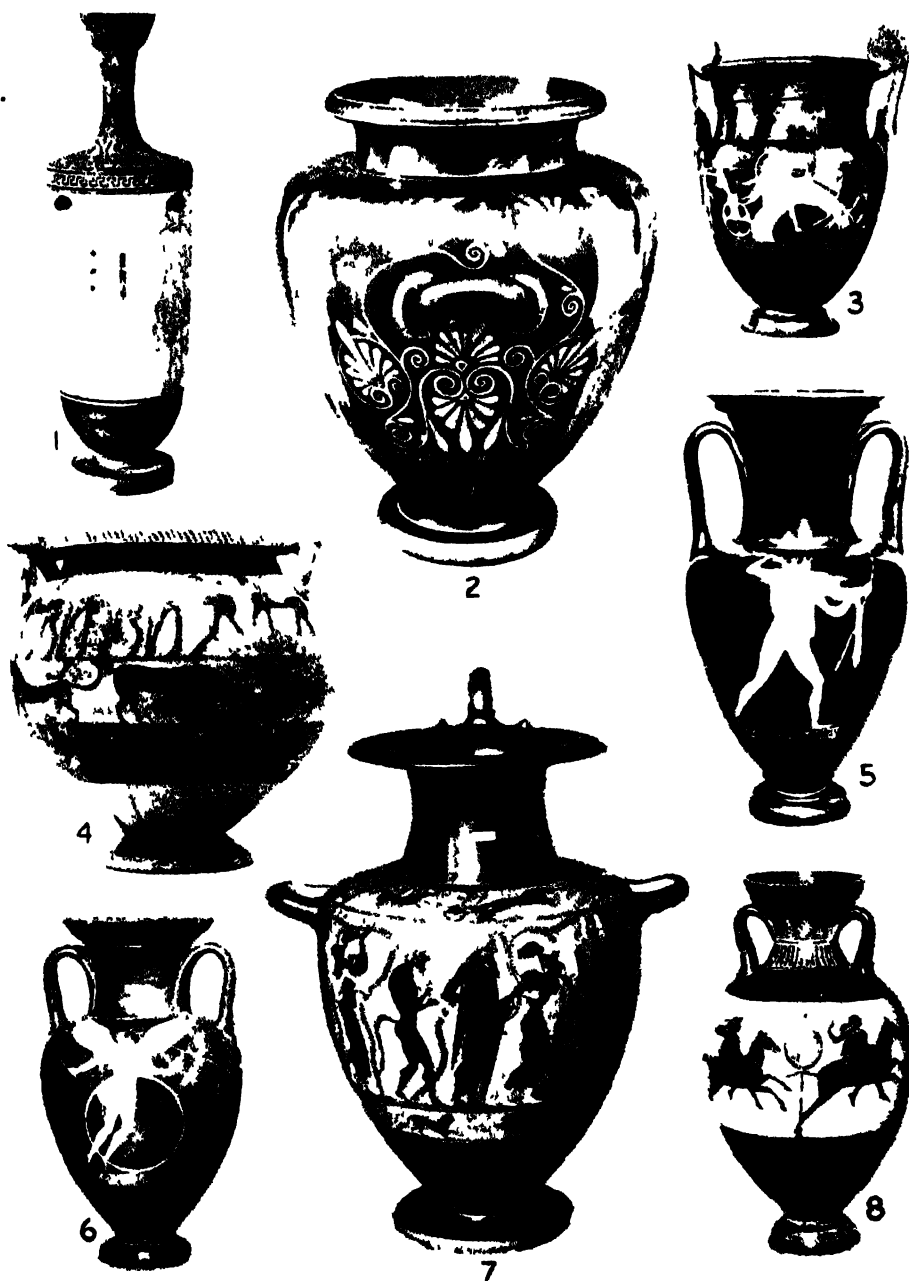
Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Among the treasures found in the rich graves of Mycenae were several masks like the one above—made of thin sheets of beaten gold. They are all different, and evidently were meant to be portraits. They probably covered the faces of the dead.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

A tiny room—scarcely larger than a cupboard—in the palace of Knossos was the shrine of the Cretan "goddess of wild things." Here shining falience statuettes of the "snake goddess" and her priestesses were set up, and about the shrine were strewn doves and small animals of the sea. One such statuette is shown above.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art and British Museum

From the beautiful vases above, you may see how completely the Greeks were masters in the art of drawing human figures and of posing them to fit perfectly into a given space. No. 1, a white oil jar made in about 450 B.C. No. 2, a fifth century "amphora." No. 3, a red-figured amphora decorated with scenes of the battle of the centaurs and men and the battle of Greeks and Amazons. No. 4, a sixth century

"krater" from Corinth. No. 5, a tall red-figured amphora of the fifth century B.C. The striding figure is Zeus. No. 6, a red-figured amphora decorated with a charming picture of the little god of love. He carries a dove and is gracefully rolling a hoop. No. 7, a vase showing Bacchus and his wild and merry retinue. No. 8, an amphora. It was filled with wine and presented to a winner at the great athletic games.

From this time, for instance, we have a plate painted in black and purple which shows the fight between Hector and Menelaus (mĕn'ĕ-lă'ŭs). Everyone knows how the Trojan Hector had slain the great Greek warrior Patroclus (pă-trō'klŭs), and how Menelaus "of the loud war cry" came out into the battle to avenge him. The two fighters fell on each other like ravening lions. And thus we see them in the picture. It is all filled up with other designs, but we can make out the two great warriors with their long spears, and with their large oval eyes shaped in the style of the Cretans.

A hundred years later the Greeks have become really clever with their brush of black paint, and we can but wonder at their speed in learning how to draw so well. We can see their skill in such a picture as that of Achilles (ă-kil'ĕz) and Ajax playing a game of dice. The two heroes are very intent as they bend over the table. We can tell them apart because Ajax has taken off his helmet and set it on his shield. The writing says that Ajax calls "3" and Achilles "4." This is no such cluttered design as the earlier one; the artist has thought it out with great care.

The Greek Art of Vase Painting

Another fifty years, and the Greeks are doing the kind of vase painting for which they are famous. It is a harder thing than simply painting a black figure on the clay of the vase. In the celebrated "red-figured ware" the artist had to make delicate outlines for his figures and then fill in all his background with black. Then with a very sure hand he had to make tiny, very thin lines for hair, eyes, drapery, and muscles.

There is a vase painting of the strife between Ajax and Odysseus (ō-dĭs'ŭs), or

Ulysses, over the armor of Achilles. The Greek chiefs are voting to see who shall have the famous armor. The votes are falling for Odysseus. He is standing on the left, holding up his hands in delight over his victory. Over on the right Ajax bows his head sadly. Athena stands in the center as judge. How

very cleverly and delicately the outstretched arms are drawn, and the tiny lines of the drapery! The whole picture makes a fine pattern against the black background. It is an astonishing piece of art when you think of all it means. For vase painting was only a humble profession, almost like that of carpentry to-day, and it was only humble craftsmen who did this fine art. This picture

is signed by a man named Duris. And yet no one of the writers of the time ever thought of mentioning Duris as an artist. He was just a workman! But in Greece even such a workman was expected to be clever in his art. That is why the Greeks were by far the greatest artists of ancient times, and the beginners of nearly all the art in the world to our day.

To see this spirit of art among the Greeks we might just glance at one of their mirrors. What is a Greek mirror like? It has a circle to reflect the face, a handle to hold it by, and a stand to set it up by in case you do not want to hold it. A mirror is just a thing for everyday use; all the more reason, said the Greeks, for making it beautiful if you are going to look at it all the time! And how to make it beautiful? Surely in some way that will not be wasteful, but will suit the way a mirror must be made. And how is a mirror made? With a handle that must hold the circle of the mirror. So let us show the handle doing that. If we shape the handle into a human figure holding the disk



Photo by Alinari

We know that this famous vase is by Exekias (ĕk-sĕ'ki-as), a master of the sixth century B.C. Several of his delightful vase paintings have come down to us. It shows Ajax and Achilles playing a game of dice. With infinite care the artist cut many, many tiny lines to make the details of the picture—hair, patterns of clothes, and so on—stand out in white line.

of the mirror on his head, we shall surely have hit upon a good way. So the Greek workman makes a figure to hold the mirror, and puts two little winged cupids on each side to strengthen the fastening and to connect the straight handle with the round mirror. It is all perfectly clear and logical — and very beautiful.

It is the same way with all the little things that make up what we call the "minor arts" among the Greeks. The coins are lovely things. Of course they were mere money to be passed around, and the only thing that really mattered was that they should be full weight. But the Greeks must have them beautiful. So a given coin will have a whole tiny chariot with horses on one side, and a lovely head of Arethusa

(är'ê-thû'sá), goddess of the sea, on the other side.

In every branch of art it is the same story—a story of great cleverness to begin with, and then of long, hard work. For it takes the hardest kind of work to be an artist.

And certainly the famous artists—the ones that the Greeks did talk about—had worked very hard to master their art. The famous statue of the "Discus Thrower," of Myron, shows that already in 450 B.C. the Greeks knew all about how the human body

is put together, and what happens to all the bones and muscles when the body twists around. That is something that students spend years learning in the art schools to-day. The Greeks had learned how to make a

statue stand on its feet, and not seem to be toppling over. Besides, as you gaze upon the discus thrower, you see that they had found out a wonderful way of making a man look calm in the midst of a great muscular strain—so that his statue would be pleasant to look at. Otherwise you would be wishing that he would put his discus down and rest a bit. The sculptor has caught him in the moment of rest just before he throws. Thousands of later sculptors have tried in vain to do that. Above all, as you walk around the

thrower you find that he is just as good to look at from one point as from any other. He is a beautiful figure no matter where you stand, and each view leads you around to the next. Nothing has escaped the sculptor, not even the way the man's toes grip the ground so that he may keep his balance.

In these ways Greek art was a thing of wisdom. The discus thrower, made about 450 B.C., comes from what is called the "Transitional Period," between the earlier beginnings and the great days of Greek art. It was only about five hundred years since

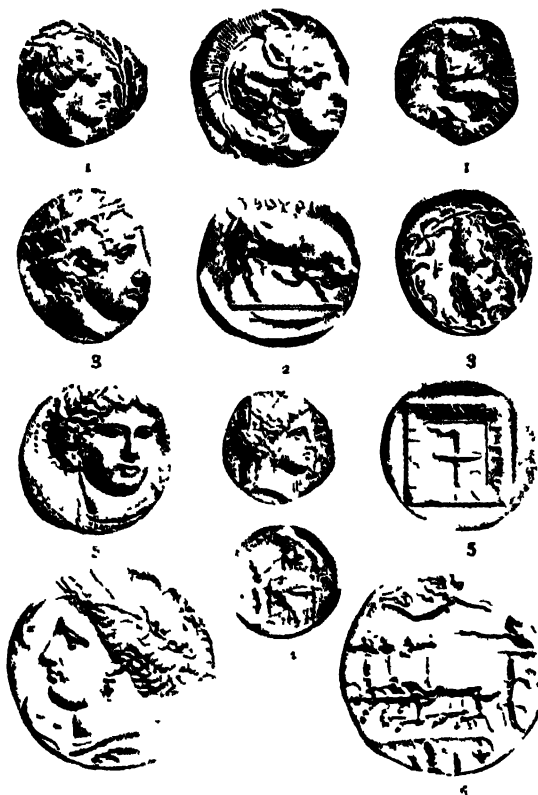


Photo by British Museum

Take plenty of time to look at these Greek coins, and notice their exquisite detail. They belong to the best period—from 480 to 400 B. C. No. 1 is from Terina; 2, Thurium; 3, Elis; 4, Tarentum; 5, Amphipolis; 6, Syracuse. All are of silver except No. 4, which is of gold.

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these men had arrived in Greece, and that is not very long for wild men from the north to learn so much of beauty.

Of course Greece is a very unusual country. It is a mountainous land, with small fertile valleys between the ridges. The sea cuts it up into all sorts of bays and islands along the shore. There is a great deal of coast line for the size of the country. The Greeks were familiar with the sight of the sea stretching out endlessly to the horizon. And when they looked back at their hill-sides they saw them bright with flowers.

Two things about the land of Greece left a strong mark on the ways of her people. First of all is the kind of air they lived in; you can never know what this means till you go to Greece. The air is extraordinarily clear and extraordinarily soft.

When the director of the Pergamon Museum in Berlin tried to produce the effect of that air indoors, as a setting for the great altar of Pergamon, he spent ten years working on the problem. He tried many a mixture of tints on the wall and many a skylight and a rose-colored floor. But he got the effect at last, and his museum is a proof of all the difference that light and air can make. The statues and carvings in Berlin are not so wonderful, for instance, as those in the British Museum in London; and yet there is more magic in the way things look in Berlin.

That was the kind of air the Greeks lived in all the time. It made everything stand out so that they could not miss any beautiful outline. Any picture of the temple of Nike

Apteros (nī'kē āp'tē-rōs), or the Wingless Victory, hanging upon the edge of the Acropolis at Athens, will give an idea of how that wonderful air set things off.

The second thing about the land of Greece which helped to form the people was the

little valleys that divided the country up into small communities where everybody knew everybody else, and where all the citizens were very proud of their own towns. Every single person seemed a larger and more important creature than in some vaster land. Each town was spurred on to do new and better things in rivalry with other towns. This kept all minds alert. Our notions of democracy and of individual rights are an old story to us now, but the Greeks seem to have been the first people who really thought about them. No land had been democratic before, and nobody had had any particular rights—and that is one of the reasons why the Greeks were so different from other people of the ancient world.

To these Greeks, above all the rest, "the proper study of mankind was man." First and last they were interested in people—in men and women. They would have been amazed to see so many of our scientists spending their lives in the study of insects and snakes and fishes. To be sure, they liked the animals and trees and flowers well enough, but they found people far more interesting. So it was human beings that they drew and carved over and over for a thousand years. That is one reason why they did the human figure so much better than anybody else. They gave their thoughts to that one



Photo by Alinari

Above is one of several Roman copies of the "Discus Thrower," the beautiful statue by Myron. From this and other copies, scholars have been able to reconstruct the famous statue as it must have looked.

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1 quotes by Alinari

Do not fail to look carefully at these Greek statues. No. 5 is an ancient statue from the island of Samos. It was made in about the middle of the sixth century B.C., and has been called the "Hera of Samos." Even though it is stiff and unnaturally round, this figure has charm, the charm of simplicity. In its many tiny folds we can see—even thus early—a certain grace of arrangement. No. 4, one of the "Acropolis Maidens," from the middle of the sixth century B.C. The artist had not learned how to make the figure of a human being look real, and so he turned what he saw into a pattern. He made a pattern of the face, of the curling

locks, and of the folds of the drapery. From the result we can learn that to be artistic, a thing does not have to be true to life. No. 6 is the famous "Charioteer" of Delphi, made in about 470 B.C., at a time when the Greeks were combining the patterns of their early period with a greater truth to nature. The simple folds of the drapery may seem to be all alike, but really they all hang differently. That is why the folds are so beautiful. No. 1, an Amazon, a Roman copy of a Greek statue. No. 2, Roman copy of the "Youth Binding His Hair" by Polyclitus. No. 3, Roman copy of the "Spear Bearer" by Polyclitus.

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On the Greek island of Aegina stands a lovely temple of the early fifth century B.C. The statues of its pediments are famous for their careful grouping and for their strong and truthful modeling.

In both of the pediments Athena stands in the center, quietly dominating a scene of violent action. On either side are the twisted figures of fighting or fallen warriors—all beautifully fitted into the triangular frame.

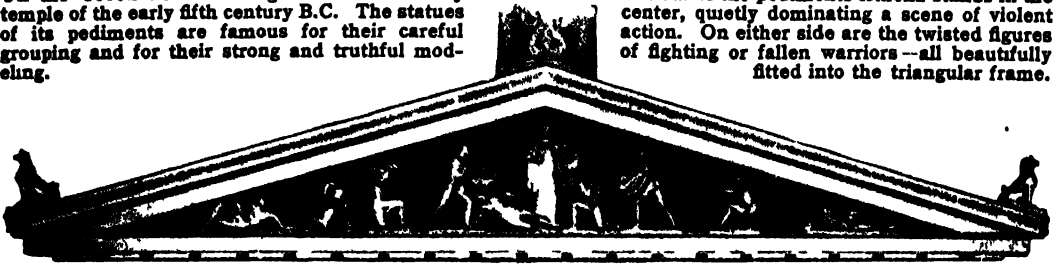


Photo by British Museum

problem all the time. We can see this in the earliest things they did.

They could do very little at the start in sculpture. Their first statues are not very much more than blocks of stone. After a while they cut out the two legs and made them stand apart. Then they had their troubles with the faces. The curious "archaic smile" of their early statues may not have been meant to be a smile at all. It is a rather difficult thing, when you are carving a block of stone, to make the mouth join the cheeks in the right way. The earlier sculptors may have made a smile merely because they could do no better. In the statue of a maiden which was made about 580 B.C. we have something that looks a good deal like a wooden doll with wide, staring eyes and a stiff figure.

Perhaps the most famous early Greek statues belong to a group carved on a temple at Aegina (è-jí'ná). It

is a battle scene. The Greeks had been having plenty of battles themselves at the time when the temple was built, between 490 and 480 B.C. But as a rule they did not care to picture actual battles. These seemed too near and too real. Instead they usually commemorated their victories with a story-book combat—such as the

stirring ones in Homer.

A Greek temple usually had a triangular pediment above the columns at each end, and it was in this pediment that the artists put the largest of their carvings. The triangle made a queer frame for the sculptures, but the artists found that a battle could be fitted into it very well. They could put the wounded lying down in the low corners, with kneeling archers or struggling fighters next them, while in the center they could

place Athena standing and watching for the outcome of the struggle. Only a hundred years after the

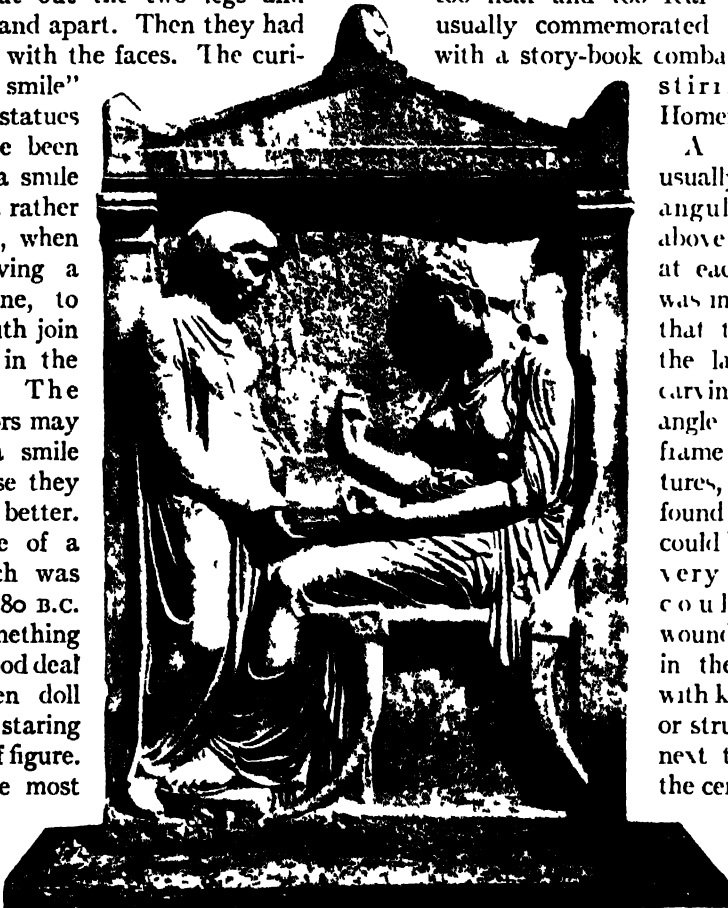


Photo by Alinari

The Egyptians and Assyrians made beautiful reliefs, but they did not know how to give a flat stone depth or how to lift the figure from its background and make it look solid and lifelike. The lovely Hegeso relief, above, shows how well the sculptors of Greece had solved the problem by the end of the fifth century B.C. Instead of just two levels—the level of the figure and the lower level of the background—there are many levels, each leading us further back into the stone and giving us a feeling of space and distance.



Photo by Alinari

With their delicate, transparent draperies clinging to their graceful forms, the Seasons help Aphrodite to rise from the foamy sea. The intertwining of their

arms and the lovely curves of their bodies make a perfect pattern. This is the famous "Ludovisi (lōd'-dō-vē'zē) relief"; it is now in Rome.

Acropolis maiden took her place like a stiff ramrod, a Greek sculptor could do a pediment with many figures in all sorts of natural attitudes.

When Figures Became Lifelike

By the time of the temple of Zeus at Olympia the artists have learned how to make even the figures lying down in the corners of the pediment look altogether life-like. The west pediment of this temple shows a picture of battle between the Lapithae (lāp'y-thē), a tribe of men, and the centaurs (sēn'tor). These mythical creatures are struggling, while the god Apollo stands serenely watching. This is another picture full of struggle which is still calm and peaceful to look at.

A great many Greek statues were carved to go on pediments or in other special places in the Greek temples. Others were set up to celebrate a great victory or to honor some great deed. The figure of the charioteer of Delphi (dēl'fī) must have been made to honor the winner of a chariot race. This mighty driver is very sure of himself as he

grips the floor of the chariot with his toes to keep his balance. He stands very tall, and his tunic falls very straight from the belt, which he has fastened high to keep his clothes from getting in the way of his arms. He looks altogether real, though he is almost too proud and handsome to be an ordinary mortal.

The Relief Carving of Aphrodite

From about the same time—that is, from the early part of the fifth century B.C.—we have the relief carving of Aphrodite (āf'rō-dī'tē) rising from the sea. It is carved on a flat slab, with only the front rounded, after the fashion favored by the Egyptians and Assyrians. The three pairs of arms make a lovely pattern of curves, and the marble has been wonderfully carved to show the little folds of the wet clothes. Just as the charioteer's tunic looks dry, heavy, and substantial, these gowns are thin and wet, and plastered to the body.

From the later days of the fifth century we have a fine piece of work in the gravestone of Hegeso (hē-jē'sō). It is a gracious and

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The Ludovisi relief is three-sided. In the center is the lovely "Birth of Venus," and on either side, the two fine reliefs shown above.



See how carefully the sculptor has arranged his figures so that they will fit into the odd shape of the stone. He could not have done it better.



Photos by Allinari

In this beautiful relief from the balustrade of the temple of Athena Nike we see how artfully the Greek sculptor could assist Nature in making beautifully patterned folds to mould the form.

even cheerful carving of the dead woman. The family evidently wanted to remember her just as she looked in everyday life. She is sitting in a chair, perhaps in the act of



The most famous of all statues by Phidias was a bronze statue of the Athena of Lemnos. The unusually beautiful Roman head above may well be a copy of Phidias' noble and lovely goddess.

dressing, and her maid is holding out a jewel box for her to choose a necklace. How wonderfully the flat stone of the carving has been turned into a room with people in it!

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This is a reconstruction of the Parthenon as it may have looked in the days of Greece's glory. Its bright colors were softened and mellowed by the strong sunlight.

Perhaps the most famous sculptures in the world are the fragments of the marble statues that filled the pediments of the Parthenon. Below is a reconstruction of the eastern pediment.

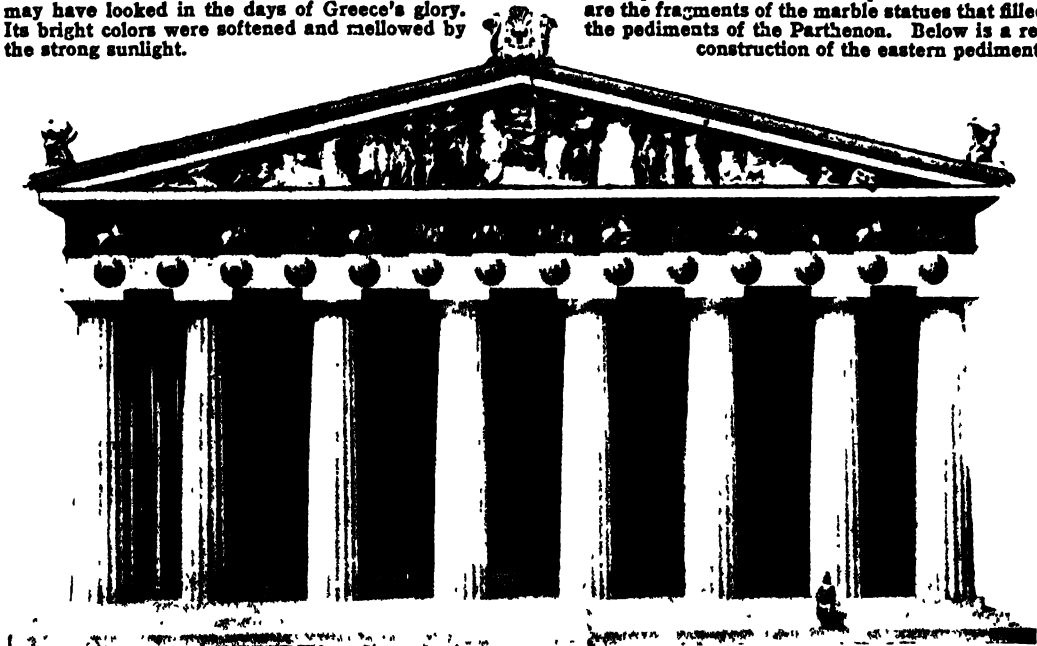


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

We do not know the names of the sculptors who carved these things. We do not even know whether they were *all* great and famous in their day. To the Greeks there were three great names in sculpture during the period from 500 to 400 B.C.—Myron (mī'rŏn), Polyclitus (pŏl'y-klī'tŭs), and Phidias (fīd'y-ās). But there are very few statues now left of which we can say "Polyclitus did this," or "Phidias did that." These men were so very famous, however, that many copies were made of their statues, especially later in the Roman days. Even these copies, with the few precious original carvings we have, are enough to tell us of the greatness of the three artists.

The Maker of the "Discus Thrower"

Myron, the oldest of the three, we know already from the famous "Discus Thrower." Myron was illustrious as a sculptor of athletes, and must have made many statues to honor victors in the Olympic games.

Polyclitus was the man who made a statue that was considered perfect in all its proportions. Many a person in Greece had been wondering just what the ideal man should look like. When the Greeks saw the "Spear

Bearer" of Polyclitus they decided that the head was just the right size for the body, the legs exactly the right length, the hands of just the right dimensions, and that everything else was of the proper size and shape for the perfect man. So the statue was called the "canon," or "measuring stick," for other statues.

The Great Days of Greek Art

There is a story that the people of Ephesus (ĕf'ĕ-sŭs) once held a competition for a statue of an Amazon to be placed in the temple of Artemis (ār'tĕ-mīs). When all the statues were ready, it was decided that the artists themselves should vote for the best one. Each artist voted for his own statue first, but every one of them put that of Polyclitus second; so it was decided that Polyclitus was the winner. No one could surpass him in picturing ideal men and women, though he could not put the majesty of the gods into marble quite so well.

In that same contest Phidias took second place. It was Phidias who carved the greatest statues of the gods.

Phidias lived in the great days of Greek art—in those years after the Greeks had



Photo by the Louvre

Phidias could never have made all the sculptures of the Parthenon himself, for it must have taken an army of artists to complete so gigantic a task in so short a time. We do know, however, that he was director of the work, and that he must have been responsible for

the uniform beauty of all the sculptures. It was he who planned the beautiful grouping of figures in the pediments, and the rhythmical arrangement of the frieze, with its figures marching in quiet procession. Part of the frieze is shown above



Photo by British Museum

This famous group—sometimes called the "Three Fates"—comes from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon. These are the majestic, idealized figures of Phidias and the other artists of the fifth century, when gods were made to look like gods and not like men. From these draperies we can see one reason

why Greek art is such a great art. Natural as the drapery may look, we know that the heavy wool and linen that the Athenians wore could not have been so sheer nor have moulded the form so beautifully. The artist also improved on nature in arranging his folds; he turned them into an artistic pattern.

beaten back the Persians, and when the city of Athens was the proudest place in the world. The people turned joyously to the building and decoration of Athena's great temple on the Acropolis (â-krôp'ô-lîs), that beautiful hilltop where the Athenians put

the buildings that belonged to all the people. The Acropolis stood for the glory of all Athens, and the eyes of the people looked lovingly up at the magnificent buildings and statues crowning it in sharp outline against the clear sky. Sailors far out at sea caught

their first glimpse of home from the glint of the sun on the spear of the great bronze statue of Athena, which stood in front of her temple, the Parthenon (par'thê-nôn).

Just how much of the carving on that temple was done by the hand of Phidias we do not know; but we do know that he was in charge of the whole work, that the ideas were his, and that sometimes he must have taken a chisel and done some cutting himself, in some place where no one else could do it to suit him.

The Acropolis of Athens is probably the most famous piece of ground in all the world, and the fact stands to the honor of Greek art. If you had lived in old Athens, you would often have walked up the slope to that celebrated hilltop. As you entered the beautiful gate and advanced toward the marvelous Parthenon, the first thing of beauty to fill your eye would have been the tall and stately columns all around the temple, throwing their deep shadows against the walls. Next your eye would have caught the bright colors of the sculptured story in the pediment above the columns. As a Greek, you would know at once what all the story in the stone carving meant.

The Birth of the Goddess Athena

You would have known the tale of how the goddess Athena sprang fully armed from the forehead of Zeus (zûs), the father of the gods. And here you would have seen how Phidias and the sculptors under him had carved her as she stood beside her father, just after her miraculous birth. You would know that it was just at sunrise, for in one corner Helios (hê'li-ôs), in his fiery chariot, is rising from the sea, while in the other corner the moon goddess with her tired horses is sinking down below the horizon.

There are other gods and goddesses watching the event. That is what you would have seen if you had been a Greek. Now you can see only the battered figures that are left after all the years gone by—figures that have mostly lost their heads, but that stand out as gods and goddesses still. There is no mistaking their majesty.

And no longer are there any stiff joints or awkward gestures or anything whatever out of place or out of shape. There

is only truth to nature, with majesty and calm of the greatest art. The Greek sculptor has now learned every lesson of his craft, and there is nothing that his chisel cannot do—simply, naturally, and boldly—whether in a great group in a pediment or merely in some small square

with only two figures carved on it. Every figure is about as near perfection as it can be, and all the figures go together to compose a group of similar perfection.

When you had stood outside in the sun long enough, you would have wandered in among the columns and looked up at a

long strip of bright color on the wall. Now when the Greeks came to decorate their temple, they were not content to carve out rows of lions, as the Babylonians would have done. They carved people—the people of Athens in their feast-day procession. There are a great many people in the famous frieze (frîz) carved around the Parthenon; for the carving runs all around the building. There are horsemen riding bareback with their cloaks flying. There are the maidens who carry Athena's veil. There are all sorts of people. There are gods, too, seated on their thrones and watching the procession. But with all the crowds of people there is never any jumbling in the picture—never too many heads getting in one another's way, never a muddle of feet tripping over one another.



Photo by Boston Museum of Fine Arts

You may see from this earring that the Greeks wanted everything about them—even the tiniest of their personal ornaments—to be graceful and beautiful.

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All is in perfect order as we may see it now in the British Museum, where the frieze of the Parthenon now rests, the most famous frieze in all the world.

A Goddess Come to Earth

Next you would have gone into the dim room inside, where the beautiful statue of Athena stood. We have only poor little copies now to tell us of her majesty and beauty. We have to imagine the vast figure of old. The head, arms, and feet were of ivory, the drapery of gleaming gold. She had a helmet and shield of gold, all carved and decorated with colors and precious stones.

The statue of Athena in the Parthenon was the proudest possession of Athens. But there were plenty of artists who were jealous of Phidias when he received such a great commission. They made up a story that he had stolen some of the gold that should have gone into the precious statue. But at the advice of his friend Pericles, Phidias had carefully laid on the gold in such a way that it could be taken off again and weighed. When that was done, the charge fell to the ground.

The Conspiracy against Phidias

Then these jealous men put their heads together again, and pretty soon there was a story that Phidias had put a picture of himself and his friend Pericles on the golden shield of Athena—which would have been an act of dreadful sacrilege. Sure enough, the people found a bald old man who looked like Phidias, and another who was said to resemble Pericles. And Phidias was driven out of the city or else clapped into prison, where he died. At least we hear no more of him in Athens.

To this mighty fifth century of Greek art we may say farewell at the little temple of Nike on the edge of the Acropolis. Nike is the goddess of Victory. Carved in beauty on the balustrade, she is bending over to loosen her sandal. It is sunset; and there is something a little sad in that very fact. For the great days of Athenian victory are passing. Athenian art will never be quite so majestic again. But the great fifth century

will leave a glow that will never dim as it comes down through all the years to follow.

The Glory of Greek Sculptors

We can never cease from wondering at the deft hands of the Greek sculptors. How beautifully they could carve hair out of stone, so difficult a thing to do! How marvelously they could turn stone into silken drapery! They could make you feel the bones beneath the flesh, and all the muscles at their work. They knew the truth about these things, and they told the truth. To tell the truth is the first hard thing an artist must do. But the truth is by no means always beautiful, especially the truth about twisting bones and muscles; and the second and still harder thing for the artist is to make the truth look beautiful to make writhing bone and muscle seem effortless, to make powerful emotion look serene. The Greeks learned how to do that better than any other men who ever lived.

The greatest of their philosophers, Aristotle, told what these artists were doing when he tried to define art. In famous words he said that "All art is an imitation of nature." Remember those words. Remember, too, that Aristotle did not mean that art gives a *copy* of nature. A camera can do that, and the whole trouble with a camera is that it can do no more. The camera always tells the truth, and sometimes the truth is so ugly!

Aristotle meant that all nature is itself trying to be more and more beautiful and perfect—every tree to grow into the finest tree it can be, every man into the noblest man. And art can imitate nature *in this effort at beauty and perfection*; it can do even more; it can outstrip nature in the race toward beauty and perfection. It can, because it is born of the thinking mind of man, aim at the ideal.

That was the aim of all Greek artists in their greatest days, and never before or since have any men come nearer to reaching such an aim. They knew life as it was, they knew the truth; and never forgetting that, they carved and painted life as it *ought* to be—they carved and painted the ideal.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 5

THE FAMOUS PAINTERS OF OLD GREECE

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index*

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Things to Think About

How did the early Greek painters
get their realistic effects?
Why did the Greeks become more
and more restless in their art?
What was it that all Roman

copies of Greek art seemed to
lack?
Why did the Hellenistic people
descend to ordinary subjects?

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Practical Applications

Much modern pottery is painted
in a manner closely resembling
that of the Greeks. The flow-

ing lines of Grecian robes are
often used in costume design.

Summary Statement

Though Greek painting is
largely lost, we know that it

closely paralleled Greek sculpture
in artistic perfection.



Photo by Chaunourier, Rome

This is the famous Laocoön group which Michelangelo considered the greatest piece of sculpture that had ever been done. We can agree with him that it is a powerful and splendid work and that it must have taken a great deal of skill to make it. But we who, unlike Michelangelo, have seen the sculptures of the

Parthenon and other works of the best period of Greek art, cannot agree with him that it is the greatest piece of sculpture ever made. We miss the restraint, the simplicity, and the aloof, godlike quality of the sculpture of Phidias and his period; and we miss the grace of the statues by Praxiteles.

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Though the great Greek painter Polygnotus probably never painted a vase in his life, it is only from vases like this one—which tells the story of the killing of Niobe's children—that we can get some idea of what the great paintings of Polygnotus must have been like. Instead of a row of people all on the same level—as we always see them on vases before the day of Polygnotus—we now see figures at different levels. Those highest up were really meant to be farthest away. For Greek artists had not yet learned that figures at a distance look smaller than those that are near. So our vase painter made all his figures the same size, hoping that those higher up would look farther away.

Photo by Giraudon, Paris



Even though this and other vases tell us something of the way in which Polygnotus spaced his figures, they can tell us little else about him. For one thing, he did not have so many problems as the vase painter, who could paint only in red and black, with a solid black background. Polygnotus could use a light background, and could make his figures and details stand out from it in various contrasting colors. We are told that he used only four colors: red, yellow, black, and white. But in those he could use various shades, and by mixing them could have made other colors. A certain kind of black mixed with white would make blue, and blue and yellow would of course make green.

The FAMOUS PAINTERS of OLD GREECE

Even if Most of Their Great Work Has Long Since Vanished, We Still Have Enough Traces of It Left to Tell Us Their Glory

WHEN we think of art in ancient Greece we have a picture in our minds of white Greek temples and white marble statues. But the Greeks never had white marble statues. Such a statue would not have seemed finished to them, and would have looked very naked. They always painted the statues of their people. They tinted the hair, eyes, and lips, and gave the figures colored draperies with bright borders. The statues are all white for us merely because the color has long ago worn off. For that same reason we have no Greek paintings left at all, though there were plenty of them in the days of Greece.

In a former story we have told about Greek sculpture down to the days of its highest glory. That is easier to talk about, for we have many works of the Greek sculp-

tors left. But we really have to guess at what Greek paintings were like, though we can tell a good deal from the Roman imitations we have of them and from the pictures we find on the Greek vases.

In the great fifth century of Greece there are two famous painters. They worked about the same time with the great sculptors. The first, Polygnotus (pŏl'ġ-nŏ'tŭs), was most active a little before the time of Phidias—that is, in the days when the sculptor Myron (mī'rŏn) was at his height. The second, Zeuxis (zŭk'sīs), came a little after Phidias.

Polygnotus must have done for painting just about what Phidias did for sculpture. The great philosopher Aristotle told the young men of Athens to study this man's pictures because he came nearest to painting

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the ideal man. While searching for the ideal, Polygnotus also liked to try new experiments. The vase painters took up his new notions eagerly, and we can get a glimpse from them of what the great paintings of Polygnotus must have been like.

For instance, we can imagine from the things we see on vases what a picture by Polygnotus of Apollo and Artemis (ar'tê-mîs) shooting the children of Niobe (nî'ô-bê) would have been. We can see from the little wavy lines that stand for hills that Apollo and Artemis are up behind the fallen figures and are shooting at a boy on the right, who is running off into the distance. The picture gives only a bare skeleton of a landscape, in a sort of sign language that stands for hills and trees. But it tells a story, and it started people trying to make a flat background look like nature out of doors.

We can see what a difference this made in painting when we look at such pictures as those of the "Knucklebone Players" and of the "Centaur Killing a Tiger." These look like painting as we know it to-day, with

various lights and shades skillfully shown.

Zeuxis, coming at the end of the fifth century B.C., eagerly took up this new kind of painting. He did not care so much for lofty and ideal pictures as for the clever effects

he could get with shading and perspective. There is a story that Zeuxis once drew some grapes which looked so real that the birds came to peck at them. Then another artist painted a curtain so cleverly that Zeuxis

asked him to draw the curtain aside to show the picture behind it. When Zeuxis found that the curtain itself was a picture, he gave the other painter the prize. He said he had managed to deceive only the birds, while his friend had deceived no less an artist than himself.

From this time on, the Greek artists were more and more intent on making things look real. Sculptors did wonderful things in turning stone into soft flesh or flowing drapery. When the statue of Hermes (hûr'mêz) with the baby Dionysus (dî'ô-nî'sûs) was dug up not many years ago, a photograph of it was sent to a scholar who was a high authority on old statues. He admired it greatly; but he asked why they had left a cloak hanging on the tree trunk when they took the picture. Of course the cloak was part of the carving, but it looks so lifelike



Photo by Alinari

This is the only great masterpiece of Greek sculpture that has come down to us. It is the Hermes of Praxiteles. Ancient writers who were lucky enough to see the other works of Praxiteles evidently considered this statue scarcely worth mentioning. But we who can see the others only in clumsy Roman copies, consider this to be one of the most beautiful works of art of all time.

that the scholar mistook it for real cloth! The Hermes of this statue is a fascinating person. Though his face is carefree, you can see the shadows run across it as you look at him, and he seems to change his



Photo by Chaultourier Rome

Of Praxiteles' statue of the Aphrodite, or Venus, of Cnidus, which an ancient writer describes as the most beautiful statue in all the world, the Romans made several copies. One of them—not completely nude, as the great sculptor had made the goddess—is shown at the left. Unfortunately we cannot see in it the "happy expression," the "finely-penciled eyebrows," the "melting gaze," and smile which "played gently

about her parted lips," as described by the ancient author. But we know that, since the statue was the most famous of all the sculptures of Praxiteles, it must have been even more beautiful than the Hermes. And in some of the copies the dreamy look, the graceful pose, and soft hair of the original have been preserved. To the right is the famous Aphrodite of Melos—or "Venus de Milo"—probably made in about 250 B.C.

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Above are two marble reliefs from the tomb of Mausolus. We know that Scopas worked on the sculptures of this building, and perhaps we can recognize his

hand in some of the friezes where poses are bold and strenuous, where faces show emotion, and where fine workmanship shows the hand of a master

expression under your eyes. You are never quite sure whether he is happy or sad.

Perhaps the artist of the fourth century, trying to be so real, felt that Phidias had said all there was to say in the realm of the ideal. Then too, Athens and the rest of Greece had begun to lose their power. These were days of war and struggle, and the Greeks could not be so proud and serene as longer. When they made statues of their gods they now tended to give the deities moods more like their own.

The first great sculptor of this fourth century was Praxiteles (prāk-sīt'i-lēs), who probably carved the Hermes we were just describing. He also carved a beautiful figure of Aphrodite (āf'rō-di'tē), which caused a great stir. This statue was made for the city of Cnidus (nī'dūs) and it was so much admired that the king of Bithynia (bī-thīn'i-ā) up on the Black Sea offered to pay all the city's debts if he might have the statue. But the people of Cnidus would not part with their Aphrodite, who brought visitors from all over the world just to see her.

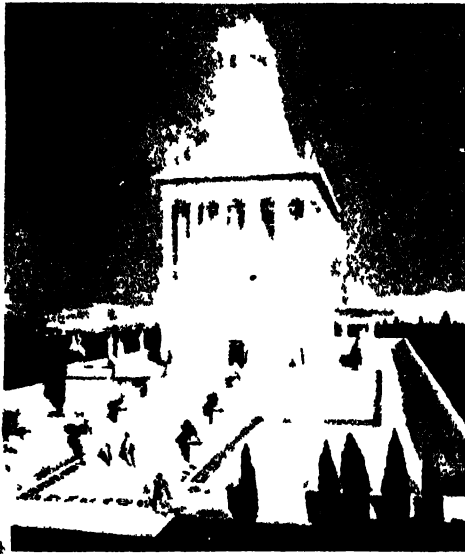
Praxiteles made a famous statue of Cupid bending his bow. They say that the sculptor promised a famous lady named Phryne (fri'ne) any one of his statues that she liked most. Now Phryne was not quite sure which one to choose.

In order to find out which one Praxiteles himself thought the best, she ordered a slave to run into his studio and cry "Fire!" The slave obeyed, and Praxiteles turned first to rescue his Cupid. Then the lady said, "I choose that one, please."

There was another sculptor named Scopas (sko'pās) who carved troubled faces. The hollows of the eyes are so deep as to make black shadows out of which the eyes look very sadly on the world. We have nothing at all that we can be sure is the work of Scopas, but he must have been one of the

leaders in his day, for legends link his name with two of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

One of these wonders, built about 350 B.C., was the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. It was put up to replace an older temple which burned down on the night when Alexander



This is the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus as one scholar has restored it. This tomb, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, was built by Artemisia in memory of her husband Mausolus.

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the Great was born. Of this enormous building we have only bits and fragments left now. On a drum that once stood beneath one of the great columns there is carved some beautiful drapery and a Hermes with head thrown back and open mouth; these are certainly fine enough to make us suspect that Scopas did the carving.

The same thing is true of some of the pieces of the Mausoleum (mô'sô-lē'üm) at Halicarnassus (hăl'y-kär-näs'üs). This other wonder was built by Queen Artemisia (är'të-mish'y-ä) in memory of her husband Mausolus. It is one of the favorite games among scholars to try to find out from the pieces that are left what the tomb really looked like when it stood in all its glory.

About all we know is that it had a great pyramid built up in steps at the top, and that on the summit of the pyramid stood a huge four horse chariot and statues of Mausolus and his queen. These are in the British Museum now. They are very different looking people from those we find from the chisels of the fifth century sculptors. Mausolus was a king in Asia Minor --which reminds us that the great works of these later days of Greek art do not belong strictly to the little peninsula of Greece. Though many of the artists were born in Greece, they could not find work enough at home and had to go over to the prosperous cities of Asia Minor to earn a living. Scopas evidently did that. A frieze from this mausoleum shows quickly-darting figures that look like his work because they are so finely carved and so full of

troubled action. There are many fewer people in this work than in the frieze of the Parthenon, but they are much more active—so active that their clothes are flying all about and filling up the space.

In the thirteen brilliant years from 336 B.C. to 323 B.C., Alexander the Great conquered most of the ancient world and renewed the glory of old Greece. Under him the land flourished again, and naturally his court attracted the best artists. The greatest of these were Lysippus (li-

sip'üs) the sculptor and Apelles (ä-pël'ez) the painter. They must both have made portraits of Alexander himself, but these are long since lost, with all their other work. Of course the paintings of Apelles are all gone, and there is nothing from the chisel of Lysippus left for us to look at. We have to imagine their work as best we can from the copies of them and from the stories people told about them.

The famous painter Apelles is really no more than a name to us. They say he painted a famous picture of Aphrodite rising from the sea and pressing the sea foam from her dripping hair. He was very famous for his portraits too. How

fascinating it would be to have just one of his paintings of the great Alexander!

We are lucky enough to have found in the Roman city of Pompeii (pöm-pä'é) one fine picture which is certainly a copy of a Greek painting of Alexander's time. The Romans were not quite clever enough to do so fine a thing as this without some Greek painting to copy from. This particular copy



This gallant and spirited horse comes from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus.



Photo by British Museum

The colossal statues of Mausolus and Artemisia, shown above, were evidently meant to be true portraits of the king and queen.



Photo by Gramstorff Bros.

This is a relief from the so-called "Alexander Sarcophagus." Its lively scenes of battles and lion hunts may give us some idea of what Lysippus' "Alexander's Hunt" and others of his famous reliefs, long since

lost, may have been like. This carving is brightly painted. The garments are in various shades of red and brown, blue, yellow, purple, and violet. The flesh and details of the figures are painted, too.

is put together out of thousands of tiny pieces of colored marble laid in plaster to hold them together. Pictures of this kind are called mosaics (mō-zā'lk). The Romans were very fond of such work, and they decorated their floors with it, as we sometimes do to-day.

This work is probably a picture of the great battle of Issus, in which Alexander defeated the Persian hosts. Charging from the left, Alexander has just driven his lance through a Persian nobleman whose horse has fallen. With troubled face, the Persian king Darius stretches out his hand as if to help the wounded man. A second Persian has leaped from his horse and is going to the aid of his comrade. The King's driver is turning his chariot swiftly to the right.

Alexander has lost his helmet in the struggle, and all the many spears seem about to aim

for his bare head. We feel a great crowd of fighters ranging back into the distance. The painter of this scene has put a whole battle on a flat wall.

He has not used very many colors—just black, red, yellow, and white—but he has done some remarkable drawing. Anyone who looks at the way in which the horse of Darius is rearing on its hind legs to keep from trampling the fallen nobleman will read in this splendid picture some part of the story of what Greek painting must have been like in the fourth century.

Lysippus (lī-sīp'ūs) was famous in his day for making thinner figures with smaller heads than those of Polyclitus, figures that seemed taller and more lithe than that of the thickset "Spear Bearer." We

have a well-known statue of a youth scraping himself which may be a copy of a statue by

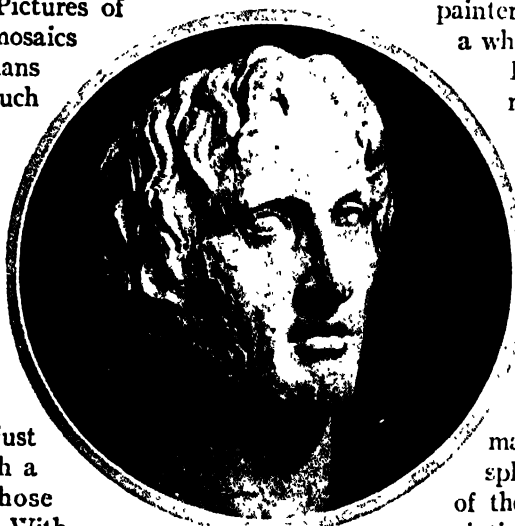


Photo by Alinari

This is a head of Alexander the Great. We know that Lysippus made many portraits of Alexander. We are even told that Alexander would allow no other artist to make pictures of him—in bronze, at least. Perhaps in the many later heads that we can recognize as representing the great conqueror, we can find some trace of the lost portraits by Lysippus.

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Lysippus. We know that Lysippus made a great carving of Alexander leading a hunt. This work contained portraits of certain of the sculptor's friends, said to be marvelous likenesses.

We still have a sarcophagus (sär-köf'ä-güs) - that is, a case for a coffin - which is called Alexander's because it has a portrait of him on it. It is very interesting, for it has the fine Greek color left after all these years, and is a splendid picture of action. Someone must have admired the great carving of Lysippus so much as to have something like it carved on a tomb.

For every statue that left his studio Lysippus put away a gold piece in a chest. When he died, his heirs found fifteen hundred gold pieces stored away. That is a large number of statues to have made in a lifetime, even with many assistants to help in the work.

The sculptors of this fourth century in Greece liked to carve people in many sorts of violent action.

They carved out tall, sinuous figures that leap and plunge. If the calm and stately figures of the Parthenon are typical of the

fifth century, the famous Victory of Samothrace (säm'ô-thräs) is typical of the fourth.

When you stand at the bow of a swift boat and watch the white foam rushing away in front of you, you have a feeling of speed and strength and joy that hardly any other

thing can give you. The sculptor of the Victory of Samothrace knew that, and when he made a figure of rejoicing victory he put her on the bow of a ship where the wild wind and spray could beat upon her and blow her cloak against her. She seems to lean forward

eagerly and triumphantly into the gale.

On his conquering way Alexander led his army as far as Northwest India. Then his soldiers rebelled and forced him to return. He died on the way back, at Babylon in 323 B.C., and his empire was split up among his generals. Each of these tried to make his kingdom as splendid as Alexander's empire, and many new cities arose to rival one another. The architects and sculptors and painters hastened to build and beautify these new cities. As Greek art reached over toward the East it took ideas of splendor from the Orient and lost its old simplicity.

One of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World belonged to this age following Alexander—the Hellenistic (hël'en-is'tik) Age. It was the Colossus of Rhodes. This gigantic figure stood for fifty-six

years, till it was overthrown by an earthquake. But even as it lay prostrate it was still a marvel. Few men could reach around its thumb, and its fingers were larger than most statues. There were huge yawning caverns where the limbs had been broken in falling, and within these



Photo by Alinari

This Roman statue may be a copy of the famous bronze statue of "A Youth Scraping Himself" which we know Lysippus made. The Roman artist who copied the statue—if indeed this is a copy of it—was able to reproduce the slender proportions of the original masterpiece, but not the beauty of detail and the fineness of workmanship which Lysippus was particularly noted for.



Photo by Alinari

Thousands of tiny bits of colored marble went into the making of this exciting battle scene, which has

been called the "Alexander mosaic." It may well be a copy of a fourth century Greek painting.

could be seen great masses of rock that gave the statue a firm footing when it was standing. The statue was made of bronze, and was weighted inside with the stone to make it stand firmly. We are told that it took twelve years to make the statue.

In these later days of Greece an artist would sometimes look to the time of Phidias and would carve a stately and serene goddess such as the Aphrodite from Melos (mē'lōs); but most of the people were no longer interested in the old ideal art. They preferred rapid and tumultuous scenes of action now, because no one had thought before of putting them into stone, and they seemed newer. Thus the great altar of Zeus

at Pergamon (pûr'gâ-mōn), built about a century after the Colossus—that is, about 170 B.C.—contains a seething battle scene

with very lifelike figures writhing in pain.

In a similar way the famous group of Laocoon (lā-ōk'ō-ōn) and his sons being killed by serpents was a popular piece of work. Phidias would have been shocked to see such mortal things put into immortal stone. But sculpture is not a sacred art any longer. Artists find their models anywhere they please. One will carve a bent old market woman peddling her goods. Others will make all sorts of little figures from daily life—ladies out walking in their best clothes, groups of people gossiping, statues of people dressing, and many other homely things.

So it often is, though not always, in the history of art. The great, majestic works come rather early, when the artists reach their first full maturity. Then these works of genius remain to be the despair of the



Photo by the Louvre

This beautiful statue, the Victory of Samothrace, was set up toward the end of the third century to commemorate a naval victory. The figure stands on the prow of a ship, her wings outspread, and her draperies beaten back by the wind. She is often called the "Winged Victory."

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Photo by Alinari

Above is the corner of a room in Pompeii. The inhabitants of this pleasure resort of Italy were fond of decorating their walls with landscapes, gardens,

and scenes from mythology and everyday life. Many of their paintings were set in architectural frames of painted columns and moldings.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

In the center is a statue of an old market woman, by a Greek artist. To the right and left are dainty terra

cotta figurines that were once gayly painted. All three were made in the third century B.C.

artists that follow. And the later artists may all too easily descend to more trivial things, to things that are clever and pretty rather than heroic and beautiful.

In the Hellenistic days painters grew cleverer than ever at making us see distance and rounded solid things on a flat wall. They did not draw with mere lines any more, as the fifth century artists had done. Polygnotus had made the outline of a person so clear and beautiful that the rest of the picture did not matter. One wavy line could stand well enough for a hill. Then, during the fourth century, the painters grew marvelously clever at making daubs with the brush that would turn into hair or eyes or muscles, with all the shadows in just the right places to make a whole person look so solid that you could hardly believe he was only painted. Now, in the Hellenistic Age, the painters play more and more with thick, splashing color, and less line.

A good example may be seen in the picture of Hercules discovering his little son. The light picks out the little boy's figure as he plays on the ground with a fawn. How heavy and strong the figures are! They make us think of the giants on the great altar of Pergamon.

One of the loveliest things we have from this time is a picture of a young girl gathering flowers. The background is a beautiful green, while the girl wears a yellow dress

and a scarf that is such a pale blue as to be almost white. She has turned her head, and we can see only her round, soft cheek.

Then we have a picture—some doves drinking from a bowl—that is enough to remind us of the old story of Zeuxis and his grapes. For if we saw them in color we

might think we were looking at real doves out of a window. There is a mosaic of an "Unswep Dining Room" that seems a sort of joke. We can see a chicken's leg, an empty shell, and even a mouse gnawing at a nut. But what would Phidias have said about it? "What a silly waste of an artist's time to paint a thing like this!"

The Hellenistic people were eager to paint almost any thing even down to messy little things of daily life—and they certainly had the knack of making such subjects look real. But the best things the Hellenistic artists did are their portraits and their landscapes. Portrait painting

dates at least from the time of Alexander, but in its early days only a few great people had their portraits made. Now it was a common thing to see portraits of ordinary people. And very fine these portraits were. Many that we have left were done for Greeks and Romans in Egypt, who imitated the Egyptian burial rites and had their portraits painted to put on their coffins. Landscape painting too now came into existence—to please people shut up in great cities.



Photo by Alinari

This painting, called "Flora," was found near Pompeii. In color it is one of the loveliest things imaginable. Someone has said that "it is woven of morning vapor and clear sunlight." Even in a photograph we can see how charmingly the wind-blown draperies flutter in the breeze, and how gracefully the goddess turns to pluck a flower.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit No. 6

WHAT THE ROMANS THOUGHT BEAUTIFUL

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|---|---|
| How the Romans came to be the first art collectors, 11-61 | reel of film, 11-65 |
| What the Romans inherited from the Etruscans, 11-62 | Why the sculptors had to make faces as real as wax masks, 11-69 |
| How their conquerors and engineers left monuments far and wide, 11-62 | Why the Romans painted their walls to look like gardens, 11-71 |
| Why the Romans erected their famed arches, 11-64 | The difference between the Greek and Roman way of doing things, 11-71 |
| Why the Trajan column is like a | |

Related Material

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| Roman bronze work, 12-14-17 | Romanesque architecture in America, 11-512, 515 |
| Roman jewelry, 12-105, 122, 124 | Roman history, 5-196, 208 |
| Roman mosaics, 12-110, 115 | The decline and fall of Rome, 5-245, 254 |
| Architecture, 11-427, 438 | |
| Literature, 5-229, 242 | |

Practical Applications

- | | |
|---|--|
| The building of aqueducts, the Roman arch, and the realistic sculpture of faces are gifts | from the Romans and are greatly valued to-day. |
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Leisure-time Activities

- | | |
|---|--|
| Build a model of a small section of a Roman aqueduct, 11-63 | Apollo, 11-65 |
| Try to find in the museum or elsewhere statues of Venus and | Draw a copy of the head of the emperor Trajan, 11-60 |

Summary Statement

- | | |
|---|--|
| Greek art and Roman art are easily confused, though they are really very different. Whereas the Greeks strove for simplicity and perfection, the Romans | wanted majesty and grandeur. The Romans were the first engineers of any importance, and their taste in art reflects this fact. |
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THE HISTORY OF ART



Photos by Alinari and Hulton Museum of Fine Arts

No. 1. Head of the Apollo Belvedere, an idealized type which the Romans took over from the Greeks and tried to imitate. The Romans did far more artistic work when they took real people as their models, as you can see from the fine Roman portraits on this page. No. 2. A Roman child. No. 4. Portrait of a Roman. This fine head and the head of the child are both so real and human that they might easily be taken for people living to-day. No. 3. Bust

of Augustus. This great emperor is always idealized in art, partly because he was an emperor and partly because art in his time was particularly under Greek influence. No. 5. Portrait of Caracalla. We are not surprised to hear that this glowering and sullen emperor did away with his own brother. No. 6. Portrait of Trajan, whose strong, homely face tells us plainly that this emperor was a straightforward soldier of simple habits and shrewd common sense.

WHAT *the* ROMANS THOUGHT BEAUTIFUL

Captains and Conquerors, Builders of Palaces and Builders of Empire, What Would They Love in the Fine Arts?

NEARLY all we know about the glory of Greek painting, and a great deal that we know about the glory of Greek sculpture, comes to us from Roman copies of Greek works. The Romans were, above all else, soldiers and rulers, and by no means such great artists as the Greeks, but they seldom missed a good thing when they saw it. After they conquered Greece they never got over their awe and wonder at the things they found there. They brought as many of them to Rome as they could—books and pictures and statues, and even authors or artists.

In Rome it became the fashion to copy Greek things. The wealthy men there imported Greek statues or had copies of them made to set up around their houses. To the Greeks art had been a thing to practice first of all, while with the Romans it became a thing to talk about a great deal. The

Greeks of the great fifth century had made every statue for a special purpose—to go on some memorial or in some special place in a certain temple. The Romans took to setting up statues as decorations around their houses. They were the first art collectors, and they started the trade in antiques.

But however much they admired the Greeks, the Romans had other things that they always put ahead of mere art. The vast Roman empire had its own high aims and ideals, as we may see if we

travel at this day through the lands that Rome once ruled.

In that part of the present land of France which was earliest and longest Roman, and which is still called "Provence" (prô' von's')—that is, "the Province"—there is a road that takes you high up along the banks of the river Gard (gar). Here you turn a corner rather suddenly and come upon some vast arches towering over the deep ravine of the stream. There are three tiers of them, one on top of another

This handsome monument is the arch of Titus. Because it is so simple and so stately in its proportions it is considered one of the finest triumphal arches the Romans ever built. Beyond it lie the ruins of the Colosseum.



Photo by Chauffourier Rome



Photo by Alinari

In telling of Roman art we must not forget to mention the Etruscans, those strange people who came to Italy from no one knows where, long before Rome was founded. Centuries later they were absorbed by the great Roman state. The Romans borrowed from them many of their clever ways of doing things. The greatest art the Romans ever produced, the art of making portraits, was inherited from the Etruscans. The

Romans changed this inherited art to suit themselves, for Etruscan portraits were a little too near the truth even for the truth-loving Romans. So they mixed a little Greek idealism with it. Roman portraits might have gone the way of Greek art as other Roman arts did if the Romans had not wanted truthful portraits of their ancestors. Above is an Etruscan portrait carved upon a burial urn.

and they seem to span the river in great bounding leaps. It is wild country all around, for there are no houses near, even to-day. It was a savage wilderness in the days when the Romans came there to build their lovely bridge for carrying water to the city of Nimes.

Far over in the west of England, in the city of Bath, is a pool made by the Romans and still lined with Roman lead. It holds the mineral water from a great spring which the Romans tapped and which is still in use to-day. This pool is now what remains of the great Roman swimming baths and of the clubhouse which they built over the spring.

At Segovia (sā-gō'vya), in Spain, another Roman aqueduct stands like a giant looking down upon the houses of the town. Many a mile away, at Baalbek, in Syria, is an enormous temple with some of the mightiest col-

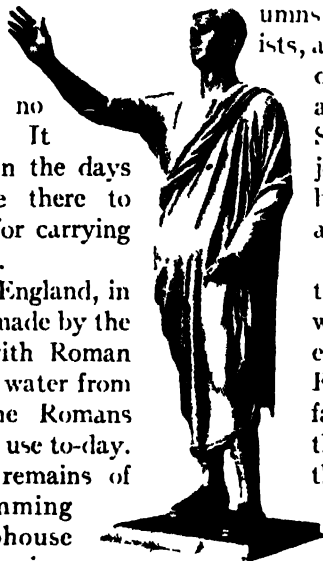


Photo by Alinari

This is one of the masterpieces of later Etruscan art, the portrait of an orator. It is an amazingly lifelike figure. The artist did not try to make a god or hero of his man, but simply made him as he must have looked—rather homely and a bit awkward.

umns and capitals ever cut by Roman artists, and at Antioch, in what is now the land of Turkey, is a great Roman triumphal arch. In the desert between the Red Sea and the Nile, the end of each day's journey brings you to a Roman camp built to provide shelter for Roman caravans journeying to and from the East. Now if you look on the map for all the places we have mentioned, you will see how far and wide the ancient empire of Rome had flung its banners. From every one of those places the famous Roman roads led straight over the hills to the center of the empire—the Rome that is called "the Eternal City."

What kind of people would give birth to such an empire? A mighty people who were first of all great builders: builders of temples and cities, of roads for trade and armies, of colonies, of law and order. The interest of the Roman lay in making things work—making a great empire

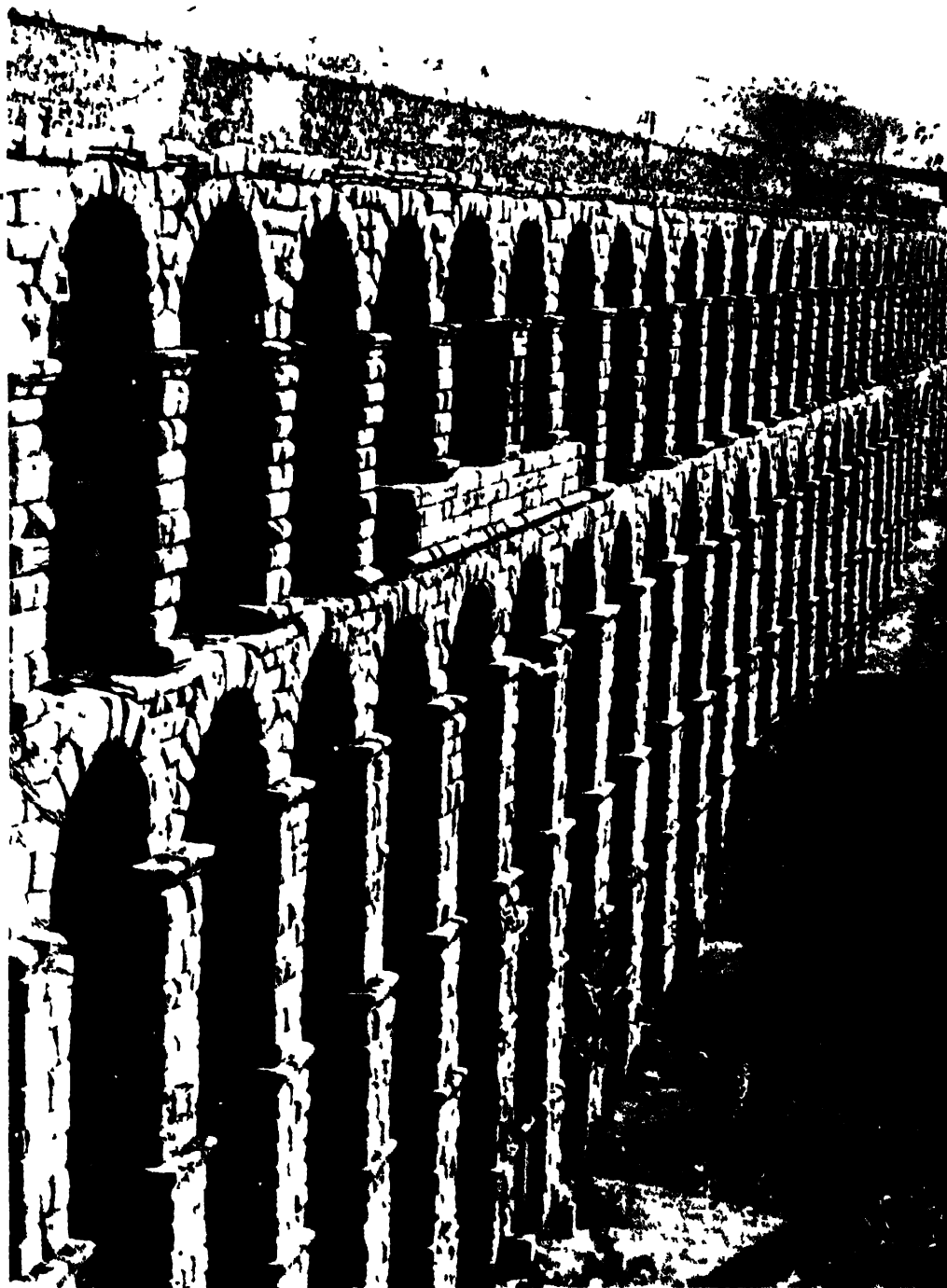


Photo by Vernace: Madrid

This colossal aqueduct, built at Segovia in Spain, probably in the time of Trajan, is made of rough-hewn stones cleverly fitted together and uncemented. Old as it is, it is in use to-day.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

These Roman ladies have come to the family tomb to do reverence to the spirits of their ancestors. To

work and making a drain work. Aqueducts, baths, roads, camps, government—the little things and the big ones—were all cared for with great efficiency. Romans were proud to think that wherever the Roman army went it brought order and cleanliness and comfort to backward peoples and most of all the great privilege of becoming a part of Rome.

How the Romans Carved History in Stone

They felt a vast pride in their great empire, in all the men who had built it, and in all the deeds that had been done to serve it. A Roman general coming home from victories far away wanted to set before the people a record of just what he had accomplished. Each family remembered proudly what the members of their tribe had done, and especially the great deeds of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, who had laid the foundations of Rome's greatness.

In this way the Romans wanted their art to do something which it could not copy from the art of Greece. They wanted family portraits, and records of great deeds. They wanted a history of Rome in statues and pictures.

So they carved their history in stone. It was their own story, and they carved it in their own way, though they could never

the Romans the family was all-important and the family included the dead as well as the living.

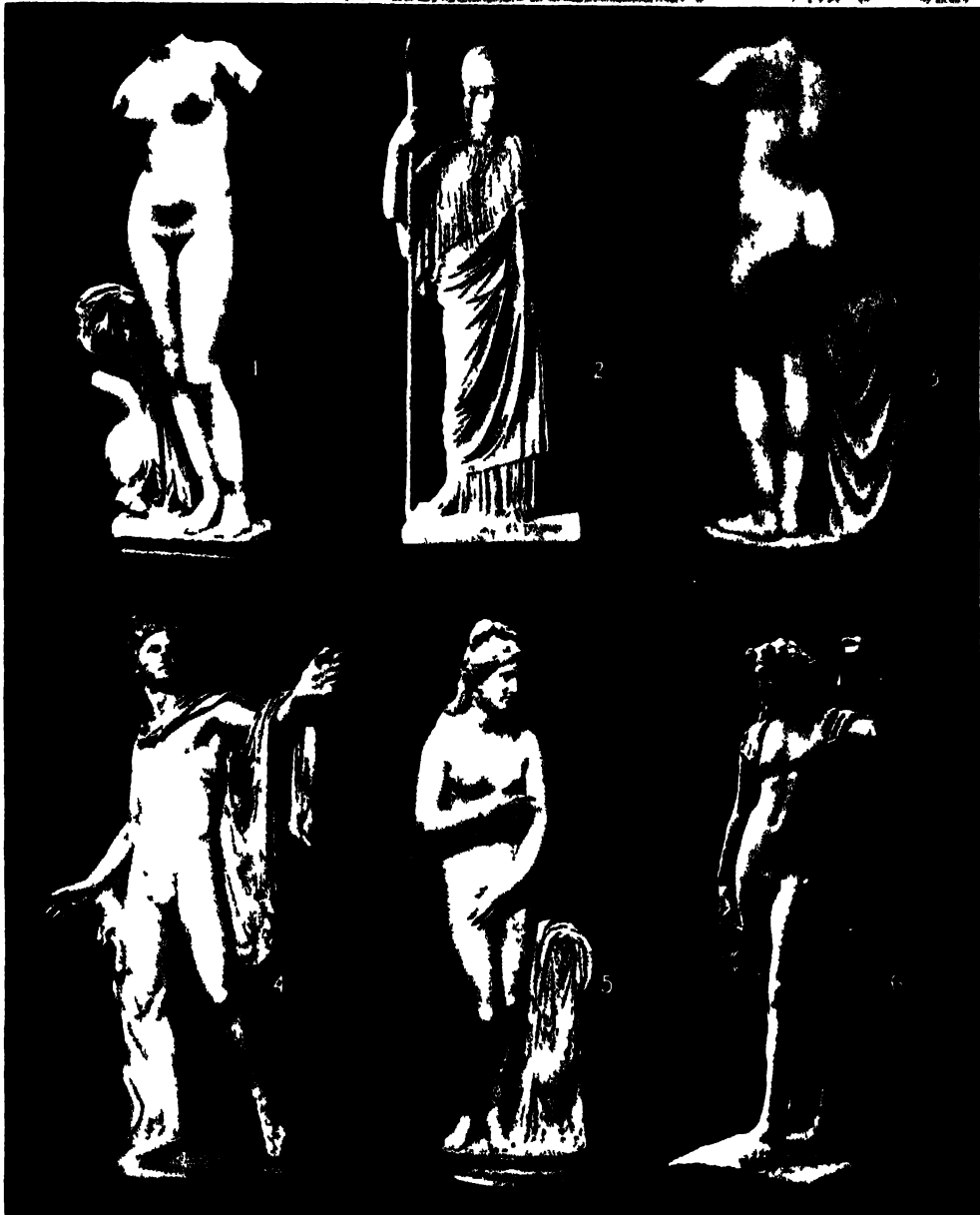
wholly forget the Greek ways of doing things.

Thus the Altar of Peace which was set up in 13 A.D. to commemorate the victories of the emperor Augustus in Spain and Gaul has a procession of people like that of the famous Parthenon frieze (frīz) in Athens. The procession does not move along so smoothly to be sure, as the Greek one. The people are standing together in a deep crowd, and whole families are to be seen. For this is no procession of ideal figures, but of real persons. Always very fond of their children, the Romans have put children in the procession too, right in the front row, with togas like those of their fathers.

The Celebrated Arch of Titus

One of the favorite ways of telling the story of Rome was to set up a great arch to celebrate a famous victory. Usually such an arch was placed along the road taken by the victorious army when it came back to Rome. Thus the celebrated arch of Titus was set up in honor of the capture of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. by the young prince Titus.

Evidently everyone was proud to see so young a man lead an army to victory, and Titus was a popular hero. The artist who carved the reliefs on the arch put all his admiration of the hero into his work. The



1 Louis Chauffarier Rome and Alinari

Nos 1 and 3 Venus, from Cyrene No 2 Minerva, in the Capitoline Museum in Rome. No 4 The Apollo

of the Belvedere No 5 The Medici Venus. No 6. Apollo, from a house in Pompeii.

pictures in stone are very battered now, but even yet we can feel the vigor of the championing horses and the thrill of pride the soldiers felt as they carry the wonderful seven-branched candlestick that they have brought from the temple at Jerusalem.

In the Forum of Trajan (trā'jān) the

Romans raised a tall column in memory of the victories of that emperor over the Dacians in the wild country to the north, about 100 A.D. All around the high column, in a great spiral running from the bottom to the top, are carvings of Trajan and his army in their battles. The spiral strip of scenes

THE HISTORY OF ART



Photos by Chauffourier, Rome, and Alinari

Nos. 1 and 3. Statues of Silenus carrying the infant Bacchus. No. 2. The Farnese Hercules, a Roman copy. The massive body and prominent muscles are a hopeless exaggeration of a lost statue that Lysippus made. No. 4. Roman sarcophagus. No. 5. Aesculapius, the healer—easily recognized by the snake which coils itself about his staff. No. 6. The Farnese Bull, a Roman copy of a sculpture which belongs to the

declining art of the late Greek world. The artists who made this imposing group were skillful sculptors, but they broke all the rules which the earlier Greeks had held so important for the making of truly beautiful sculpture. No. 7. A portrait of Commodus, the degenerate emperor who, though very different in character, looks much like his philosopher father, Marcus Aurelius.

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This Roman sarcophagus tells us a great deal about Roman art. It is really Greek art transformed, not early Greek art, but the art which appeared after the conquests of Alexander. It was fond of crowded re-

liefs full of strenuous movement. Some of the figures are Greek types. The figure on the right, for instance, reminds us of Olympian Zeus. Others are but slightly idealized portraits.



(sculpted by Alinari)

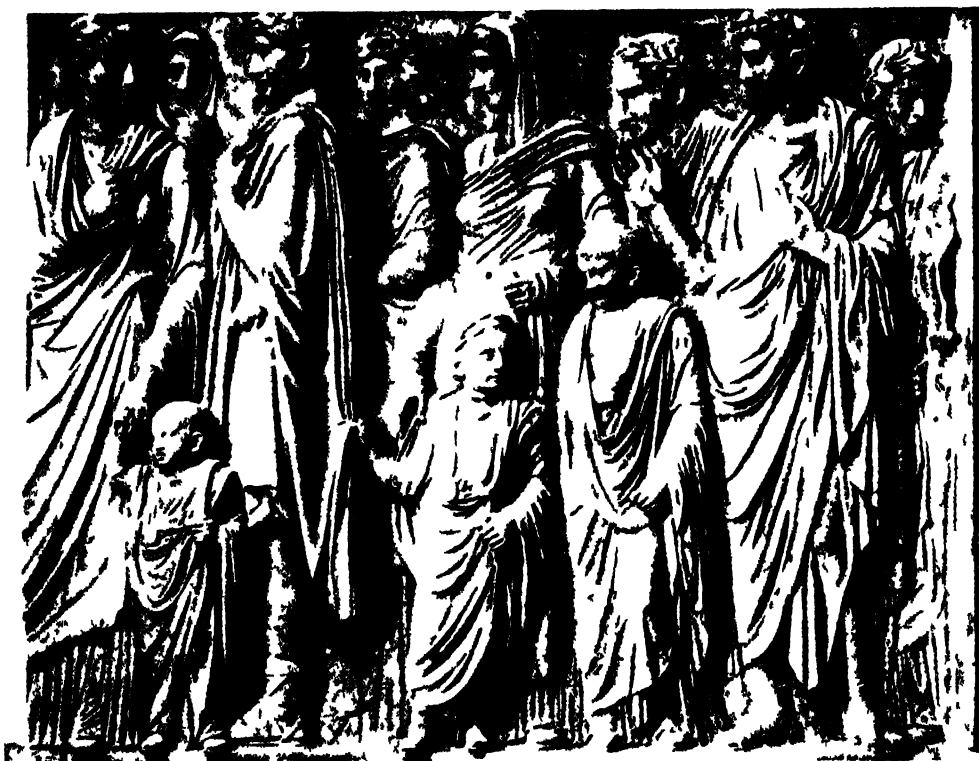
This famous statue of Marcus Aurelius stands on the Capitoline Hill in Rome—a fine and imposing monument to a kindly emperor who spent his life studying philosophy and working for the welfare of the Roman

people. From this statue and from coins we can recognize several other portraits of the “good emperor”, all show him with curly hair and curly beard, raised eyebrows and rather prominent eyes.



This famous relief comes from the arch of Titus and shows part of the triumphal procession of that young emperor. Servants marching before his chariot carry

spoils—among them the seven-branched candlestick of gold from the great Temple at Jerusalem. The relief is full of life and movement.



Photos by Alinari

This slab comes from the Altar of Peace, which was set up in the Field of Mars in Rome to honor Augustus for his many deeds in bringing about peace. Greek

art inspired this stately procession, but the individuals are not idealized. They are real people—members of the Emperor's family.

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winds up the column, running a little like a reel of moving-picture film, and showing one action after another, with Trajan himself appearing in each new action. The carvers of the columns did not care much about making a beautiful design. What they wanted was real history, with all the little details they could show. Instead of a plain background they showed camps and forts, buildings and trees. Some of the heads are very finely carved, like that of Trajan with his son Hadrian behind him.

Some of the people on these carvings have wonderfully interesting faces. The Romans loved to make good likenesses and they really left us the faces of their builders of empire. The Roman emperors always had their portraits carved to leave behind them as a record of their glory. Augustus, first of the emperors, stands with his staff of office in his left hand and holds out his right hand with a kingly gesture as if he would always rule and guide his people. A coin of the time of Trajan

shows this emperor as a strong and fearless general, very different in figure from any likeness ever carved by the gracious and thoughtful Greeks. The emperor Marcus Aurelius sits on horseback. It gives one a stately air to be carved sitting proudly on a horse. But Marcus Aurelius was a gentle man, and his horse looks more fiery than he.

And the emperors were not the only people to have their portraits made. Each good Roman family had a room where it put the wax masks of the family ancestors. The place was like a portrait gallery, where the

family gathered daily to do homage to the spirits of their dead. Now nothing could be more exact than a mask made right on a man's face; and when an artist carved any other portrait of the same man, the family expected a precise likeness, because they had the features of the man so clearly before them. So the sculptors did their best to make their people look real. Roman portrait sculpture is very interesting for that

reason. It shows us the very image of the men who built up the Eternal City and its empire, though it does not lead us into the realms of ideal beauty, where the great Greek statues take us.

The portrait statues are usually single heads. In the "Portrait of an Unknown Roman," we may see the kind of man who sat in the Roman senate or drew up the laws of Rome. In another we see a soldier with the set jaw of a man of action. The Roman sculptors even took to noticing ugly features very carefully—the last thing that the greater Greeks would have dreamed of copying—and in the later days of Rome the sharp eyes of the artists did not spare even the Roman emperors. The portrait of Caracalla is dark and sullen, with an evil

twist in the mouth that makes you glad you are not his enemy.

The Romans learned their painting from the Greeks,

but their paintings, like their sculpture, served the Roman empire. There were paintings of the great deeds of Roman history, just as there were carvings of them. There was many a picture of victorious generals. Just because the picture showed a real man, and because the Romans wanted the whole story of their annals to be right, the artist had to take great care with the whole scene. He had to put the trees and



Photo by Chauffourier, Rome

Boethius, a Greek sculptor of the second century B.C., once made a statue of a boy and a goose. The famous statue above may well be a copy of it. It is a charming group, but only a sculptor of this late period would have chosen so trivial a subject for a statue.

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Photos by Alinari

To the left above is a Pompeian copy of a painting of Perseus and Andromeda by Nicias of Athens, who lived at the time of Praxiteles. He is said to have



Painted many of that famous sculptor's statues. To the right above is a Pompeian painting which shows the young Achilles learning to read.



In the House of the Vettii at Pompeii are long friezes only a few inches high showing tiny cupids very

strenuously occupied with important duties. Above they are selling fragrant garlands of flowers.



Photo by Chauffourier Rome

Others of the little cupids are making wine, selling oil, and working gold with anvil, hammer, and bellows—doing all the things the Pompeians must have

done themselves. Others are engaged in chariot racing, and still others drive crabs and dolphins through the shimmering waves.

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hills in the right places, and show what the town really looked like. No ideal or symbolic town or tree would do. These Roman paintings had to be as much like photographs as possible. The general might come to look at the picture and say, "That hill is too far to the right. I stood right by it, and I could see the town gate from where I stood. You must do that over." The Greeks had never cared much whether the geography was right, if only it made a beautiful picture. The Romans wanted the facts in the case, even if they had to give up some of the beauty of the scene.

The Romans of the better class lived pleasant lives in their pleasant houses. The rooms were all built around a courtyard. Instead of having windows on the outside, the rooms got light and air from the courtyard. That left a good deal of smooth wall, and the Romans decorated it with painting. Sometimes they copied Greek paintings, and sometimes they painted "make-believe" windows and columns. Sometimes they put in little figures, such as one of Cupid riding on a crab. These paintings, which often were playful, were done in very bright color, usually with a red background, for the rooms were dark their only light came through the door to the courtyard.

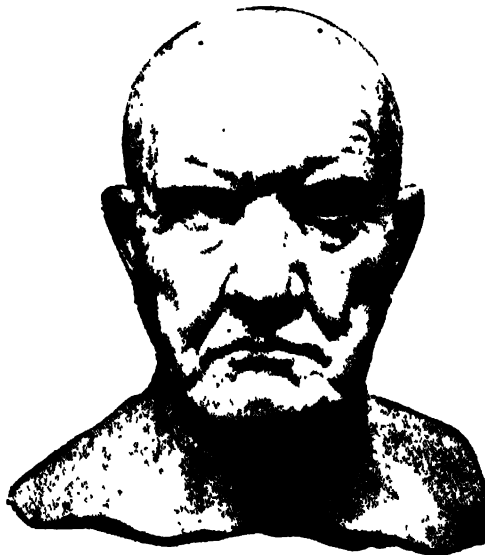
Of course the pictures were not all playful.

Sometimes they contained no figures at all. The wall would just be painted away, and a person in the room would find himself apparently in a lovely garden, possibly with fountains in front, and with trees with birds in them beyond. These would be done so cleverly that one could hardly believe it was nothing but color on a flat wall.

The Romans were very fond of landscape painting. It made their rooms seem spacious and restful, and it gave the artist a chance to show how clever he was at making one see the distance. There are many fascinating pictures from the stories of the Greek mythology, placed in dreamy Italian landscapes. There is Ulysses visiting the Underworld, for instance. And there are pictures of the beautiful harbor of Naples, and of the Roman warships, which look remarkably solid and real.

Greek art and Roman art lie so close together that it is easy to confuse them. But in reality the Greeks and the Romans liked very different ways of doing things. The Greeks strove for simplicity and perfection. The Romans liked majesty, and also production on a grand scale. The Greeks liked ideal people, while the Romans liked the people they knew. Each kind of art has its own virtue, but there can be no doubt which is the higher kind.

This fine portrait in marble was made by a Roman artist of the first century. His work is full of power and truth to life.



If the dour old Roman whose face we see here were to come to life again, we should certainly be able to recognize him from this portrait.

Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Reading Unit No. 7

THE CRADLE OF CHRISTIAN ART

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

What followed the decline of the Roman empire? 11 74
Why the early Christians had to depend upon borrowed symbols, 11 74
How the first Christian churches were put together from salvaged material, 11 75
Why the early Christians turned to mosaics, 11-77

Where the name "Byzantine" comes from, 11 78
The Byzantine love of gold, 11 79
What happened when Justinian brought the East and West together, 11 81
Why Byzantine art lingered for so long, 11-81

Things to Think About

How did the fact that the early Christians lived and worshiped in fear affect the development of their art?
What had the lack of education

and materials to do with the development of a new art?
How did Oriental influences affect the Roman art adopted by the Christians?

Related Material

Persecution and martyrdom of Christians in ancient Rome, 5-273-274
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Justinian I, Byzantine emperor,

5 405. He builds Santa Sophia, 11 446
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The history of the Jews, 5 117-29
Goths in the Byzantine empire, 5-289

Practical Applications

There is a peculiar charm about the crudity and stiffness, cou-

pled with sincere feelings, that is found in early Christian art.

Summary Statement

With the breaking up of the Roman empire, art came to a standstill until its painful revival with the growth of Christianity. Then came a new realization of

its usefulness. Working in the greatest poverty, the first Christian artists strove for beauty and meaning, and finally attained it in a new art.



Ph. G. L. Claiffourier Rome

Little by little, Christianity began to spread over the Roman world. Starting with a handful of faithful men who had known and loved Christ, it grew rapidly into

a great organization, and the noble as well as the humbler classes came into its fold. Above is the apostle Paul preaching to a Roman lady.

The CRADLE of CHRISTIAN ART

Even When They Were Driven to Worship in Fear under the Ground, the Early Christians Were Starting a Fine Art That Would One Day Be the Glory of Their Churches All over Europe

NEVER has the world seen greater works of art than those given to it by the ancient Greeks. In fact, there are many men who think that in all the years since their time we have never again risen to a height so lofty as that of the best among the great Greek artists.

It was the Romans who carried some form of Greek art through all the stretches of their vast empire, covering nearly all the known world. Of course the Romans were different enough from the Greeks, and they made something very different of the art they learned from Greece; but their craftsmen spread the Greek and Roman art all through the world. In one of our former stories we have told how they did this.

Then, after many a century, the vast

Roman empire died. It simply decayed, and broke up into pieces; and a thousand more years were to pass before a new set of nations was to rise out of the ruins and grow into the ones we know to-day.

What happened to the art of the world when the great empire fell apart? That is the story we must now begin to tell.

The Roman empire first split into two great parts, the Eastern and the Western empires. The Eastern empire went on its way for another thousand years and more, down to 1453; and as we shall see, it developed a great new art all its own.

The Western empire died in the year 476. At least that is the date we always put down in our histories, but of course we know that no such structure ever topples on a given

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day. It had been crumbling long before; and yet its power over the mind of man, in the arts as in all other things, lasted for a long time afterward. This empire remained the biggest thing that had ever come to pass in history; and what really happened was that for many a long year the influence of Rome went right on as the main influence in the world. This was as true in the arts as in any other work of man. With whatever changes might come, Roman art remained the standard for the Western world.

Yet the peace and order of the Roman rule did slowly die, and for some four hundred years there followed a disorganized scramble of new peoples for power. In those years few men had very much time to think about the fine arts. When they did do any work in art, they naturally took the easiest way—they copied from the Romans. And the more ignorant and more confused they were, the worse became their copies.

But there was one new thing in that decaying world which was slowly to build up a new system on the ruins of the old one, and a new art with it. The little flame of the Christian religion was slowly brightening into a great light that would finally dim the old pagan ways. And we must now tell the story of the art that came with this new religion—the story of early Christian art.

At first the Christians were so poor and so despised that they had to meet in secret. When they wanted a tombstone or an altar they simply took some old Roman carving

and put it to their use. The figure of a shepherd carrying a lamb had often appeared in Greek and Roman pictures, and the Christians copied that figure for the picture of their Good Shepherd, the Saviour of the world.

The figure of the peacock had been a Ro-

man symbol (sīm'bōl), or emblem, for immortality, and the Christians adopted it as a beautiful ornament for their tombs. They found such symbols very useful; the symbols could stand for things that were very hard indeed to show in pictures. The early Christians were so poor that they could have no fine carving, but they made up a simple language of symbols for their pictures, which told a great deal to those who could understand. Many of these symbols have come right down to our time, and are now to be seen in churches every where. For instance, the early Christians made much of the first letters in the Greek words which meant "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." Those first letters in Greek are ΙΧΘΥΣ, and put together in this way they spell the Greek word for 'fish'. Thus the picture of a fish came to be a symbol for the Saviour, and so remains in many a cathedral to our day. It was



Photo by Alinari

This statue of the Good Shepherd belongs to early Christian times. The figure of a shepherd carrying a lamb had often appeared in Greek and Roman art, and the Christians copied that figure for the picture of their Good Shepherd, the Saviour of the world.

easy to carve or paint a fish, and every good Christian knew what it meant. And so it was with various other symbols, which were gradually forming something new in art.

When their days of persecution were over, in the fourth century, the Christians could come out of hiding and begin to build their

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Photo by Alinari

Here in the gloomy catacombs under the church of St. Sebastian, the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul

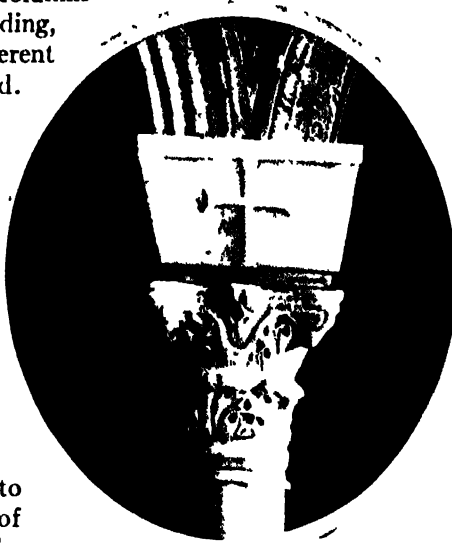
are said to have rested before they were removed to the churches which now bear their names.

churches. They wanted to make the Lord's house as beautiful as possible, but they were still too poor to employ good artists. So they did the best they could. When they needed columns they simply took any they

could get from some old Roman building that no one was using—just as poor people to-day go and salvage old wood and bricks to build a house. If the Christians could not get enough from one building, they had

to gather other columns from another building, often of a different height and kind. Then they might have to put in extra blocks at the top or bottom to make the columns match.

When they could not find any convenient Roman building, they had to make columns of their own. But the tools for doing this were not very good in those days. Stone cutters usually had only a drill that punched holes. They tried to copy the capitals of Roman columns faithfully, but the result was rather different from the original. You can make a design by punching



Photos by Allinari

To the right is a Byzantine column from the church of St. Apollinare Nuovo in Ravenna, and above is a nearer view of its capital. Instead of modeling each leaf of his plant design, as a Roman artist would have done, so that lights and shadows would play upon it and bring out its form, the sculptor made a flat design and cut out the stone behind it, so that his pattern is like lace upon a dark background. He was really trying to copy the Roman way of making capitals, and this was as near as he could come to it.

This is the sarcophagus of Archbishop Theodore, from the church of St. Apollinare in Classe, in Ravenna. It is really a lovely piece of carving, with its simple but very effective design of peacocks—symbols of eternity—fruiting vines, and sacred monograms of Christ.

holes in the stone, but not the same kind of thing that you can make by carving it patiently with a chisel. And so these early Christian capitals look very different from the Roman ones they were meant to copy.

But at least the Christians put some churches together. The next thing was to make them beautiful. The inside was the important part. It needed color, and one way of getting color was to paint pictures on the walls. This would make a gay interior, and would help to tell

the story of Christ to the congregation.

Those old pictures on the walls have not lasted very well through all these hundreds of years. But luckily—for us, the early Christians took to using another kind of decoration that is hard and lasting, and has kept

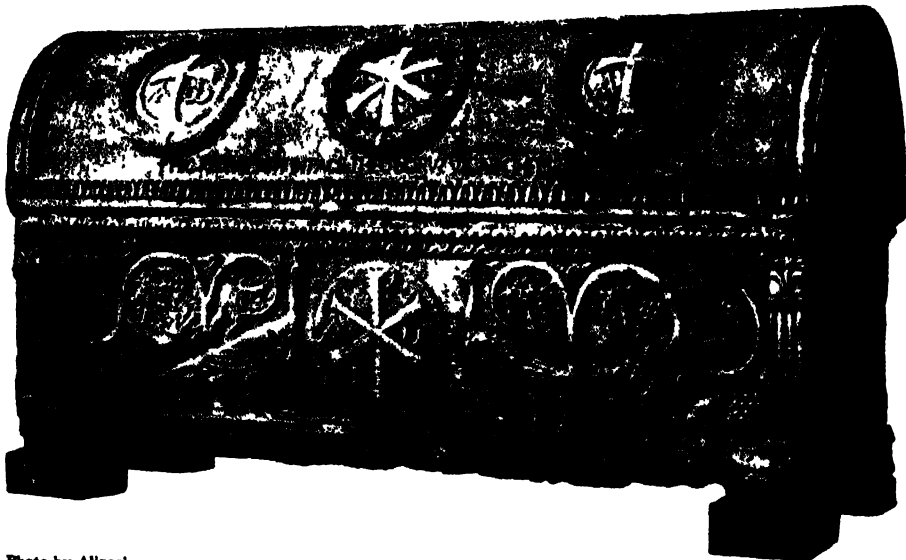


Photo by Allinari

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its color for us to see even to-day. That was mosaic (mō-zā'lk); it consisted of tiny bits of colored glass or marble all fitted together to make a picture. The Romans had often put mosaic pictures on their floors, and the Christians took to putting such pictures on the church walls, where one could see them better.

At the start they copied from Roman mosaics, with their twining vines and flowers. Sometimes they made pictures of crowds of people in rapid motion, all done in the sketchy way of the Roman painters. For instance, in the great church of St. Mary in Rome there are mosaics of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea. The wave has curled back on the left to make a path of yellow sand. On the right we can see the walls of Egypt with their watch towers. The scene is full of life.

This kind of picture looks very well on a flat wall; but the most important surface for a picture in a Christian church was curved like the inside of a shell. It was the ceiling of the apse (āps) or of the far end of the church, where the altar stood and where your eye first rested as you entered at the door.

There is a church in Rome that was built, probably as far back as 384 A.D., over the house of a Roman senator named Pudens (pū'-dēns). This man was surely an important figure among the early Christians; indeed, the stories tell us that he was a friend of St. Peter. The church built over his house is named for his daughter, St. Pudentiana. The artist who designed the mosaic for the

apse of this church found that a few large figures showed much better from the distance than a crowd of small ones. In the center of the picture Christ sits on a throne of gold



Photo by Ahnari

In a third century Roman tomb where a group of Christians—among them the family of the Aurelii—buried their dead, many early Christian frescoes have been found. One of them, the picture of an apostle, is shown above.

studded with gems. His raiment is of gold, and so is the cross above Him on Mount Calvary. Around Him are grouped some of His friends, though their figures have been sadly shortened in a rebuilding of the church. In the old days the mosaic reached much farther down than it does now. Above in Heaven are the four symbols that stand for the four writers of the gospels—a man for St. Matthew, a lion for St. Mark, an ox for St. Luke, and an eagle for St. John. Do you remember that we saw these creatures made into one far back in ancient Babylon?

The most interesting things in this mosaic are the walls and towers in the background. We suppose from old maps and drawings that they picture the main street of Jerusalem as it looked in those days, some 350 years after Christ.

When we look at this fine picture we must try to remember that it is made up of thousands of tiny squares fitted into a mosaic. Instead of the marble pieces that the Romans used in their mosaics, each of

these tiny squares is made of two pieces of glass, with colors worked in between them. The glass lies on the surface and glitters in the

light. The mosaic artist also loved to use real gold in their work, and the bright metal gave a resplendent effect.

The clumsy hands of the workmen could



Photos by Ahnari, and Metropolitan Museum of Art. Here you see the difference between the old classic style of capital, shown at the left, and the newer, Byzantine style. In spite of his many handicaps the Byzantine artist has made something truly original and beautiful.



Photo by Alinari

This amusing mosaic tells the story of Noah. It belongs to a group of thirteenth century mosaics in the church of Saint Mark, in Venice. How stiff and un-

real these figures are, yet in what a lively way they tell their story! Their draperies show some trace of earlier, classic styles.

not lay the pieces quite evenly in the plaster, and each piece catches the light at a different angle, to give off thousands of little sparkles. The candlelight reflected from all these little bits of bright glass makes the dim church seem to be set with jewels

The New City of Constantine

While the Christians in Rome were struggling to make their churches beautiful with very little money, those in the Eastern empire were far wealthier. In 313 A.D. the emperor Constantine adopted Christianity as the religion of the state. This might have meant new wealth and power for the Christians in Rome, and indeed Constantine began by building some great churches there; but he found the old pagan ways very hard to uproot, and he finally left the city of St. Peter to build himself a new capital in the East. He chose the site of the old Greek city of Byzantium (bī-zăn'shī-ŭm) and renamed it Constantinople in his own honor. This city remained the capital of the Eastern empire until the Turks captured it in 1453. Its art is called Byzantine (bī-zăn'tīn). It was the Christian art of the East.

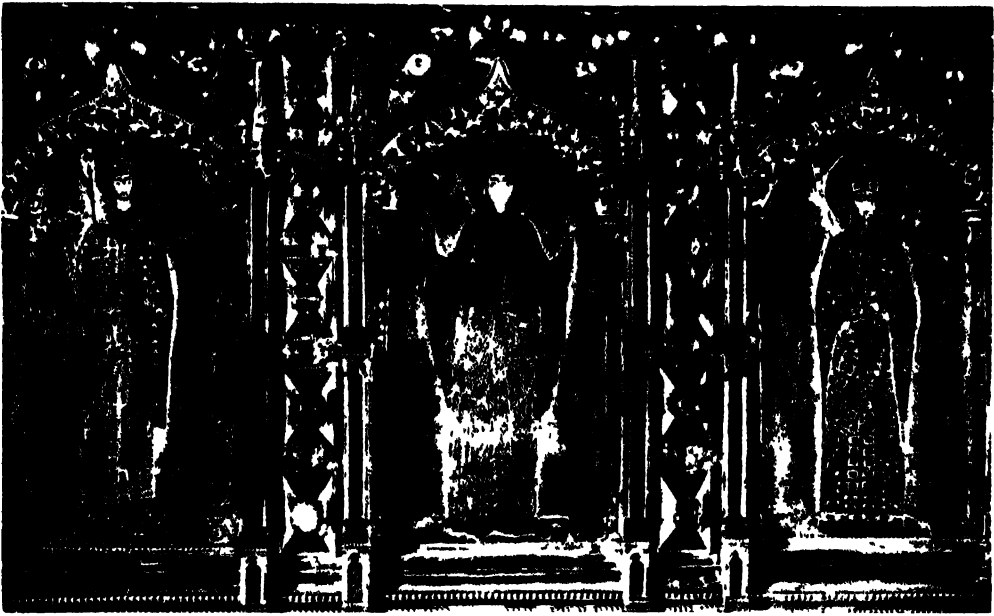
At first the Eastern art was very much like the early Christian art in any other place, for the mighty Roman empire had set the style in the East as it had in every other

part of the world. But the Eastern empire included Greece, and that soon made a good deal of difference. A strong Greek influence was soon at work in the art of the Byzantine craftsmen.

Nor is that all, by any means. East is east, and West is west, as we have been so often told; and always in every Eastern art there has been a love of splendor and of lavish decoration which have made any Western art look a little sober in comparison. It is those traits which we call oriental, and they soon began to show in the Christian art of the Eastern empire. The Christians there, with the Emperor behind them, could afford to do things on a grand scale, and their art grew more and more luxuriant.

When Byzantine Art Was Born

Apparently even their best workmen did not have such good tools or training as the artists of the old Greek and Roman days. But they had their eyes open. Some workman who had set out with his drill to copy the capital of a Corinthian column must have become disgusted, and decided that nobody could make curly leaves with nothing but a drill. He may have sat back on his heels and looked at the stone with which he had been struggling, only to decide that it was a sad mess—at least if it pretended to look



In an exquisite setting of gold, silver, enamel, and jewels stands the Madonna, with illustrious persons on either side of her. This is a detail from the famous

"Pala d' Oro," an altarpiece which is considered one of the world's treasures. It is Byzantine work, and was made in Constantinople in the twelfth century.

like a Corinthian capital. It simply did not look like that.

But this artist was an Easterner, with an eye for patterns, and he started to look at his work in another way. Suppose he gave up trying to make it look Corinthian. The drill holes already made a rather pretty design in the stone. How about trying to see what sort of pattern he could make with such holes? So he made a new kind of capital. It was like lacework in stone; and with such an event Roman art died and Byzantine art was born.

The Gorgeous Art of the East

In the East people have an eye for color as well as for patterns. They make the most gorgeous rugs in the world. They love to put patterns even on the outside of a building, and to lavish colors in all sorts of places. The art of the mosaic was a great delight to them. In the West the workers in mosaic started in a small way with the apse. In the East they set the whole inside of a church aglow with it. The edifice seems to be literally built of rich color.

They loved gold for a background. They

would make a whole church glitter with hundreds of thousands of tiny squares of gold. They put pictures into mosaic, just as did the artists in the West, but they made them more rigid and less human. The Eastern Christians were not sure they wanted their pictures to look like real persons. A strangely beautiful stiff madonna with great eyes was the kind of figure that they thought it reverent to make of a heavenly person. After all, they felt, these holy beings did not have bodies like our own, and they must look different. They are very beautiful and very bright in color, as they stand out brilliantly against the gold background.

Of course the Byzantine artists did not work in mosaic alone. They were marvelous painters and ivory carvers, and they made fine picture books as well. In the earlier days, when they were still copying Greece and Rome, they were more likely to paint lively and dashing figures, as in the story of Joshua. Later the figures grew more rigid, like the saints in the mosaics, staring sedately out of their wide, bright eyes.

The city of Ravenna in Italy is a very interesting place because it was the meeting



Photos by Alinari, British Museum, and Boston Museum of Fine Arts

Above is an icon, or image, of the Virgin. This strange and lovely figure was painted in the sixteenth century, but it is easy to see that it belongs to an old style that goes back to Byzantium.



This ivory cover for a sacred book was made in the fifth century and comes from Ravenna. The luxurious people of that day liked their books bound in gold, silver, and ivory, and set with jewels.

place of East and West. The later Roman emperors in the West made it their capital. Ambassadors went back and forth between the court at Ravenna and the one at Constantinople. Byzantine artists and Byzantine ideas came to Ravenna and gave to it more of the Eastern art than any other Western city ever knew. And through Ravenna many traits of the Byzantine art spread into Italy.

In fact, the two rulers who made Ravenna famous both lived for a time in Constantinople.

First there was Galla Placidia. She was the daughter of a famous Roman emperor called Theodosius, and she was brought up at Constantinople. Her brother Honorius was emperor when the Goths (göth) came marching down through Italy and captured Rome. The sack of Rome in the year 410 was a terrible event. Rome captured! In all her his-



In this ivory relief the East and the West have met. The classic drapery and the Corinthian columns belong to the Western world, while the rich ornament is typical of the East. The whole effect is graceful and tranquil, but we can see that the artist did not quite know what to do with the angel's feet.

tory no enemy had ever entered her gates before as a conqueror. People said the world was coming to an end.

Galla Placidia happened to be in Rome during that famous sack. Because she was so beautiful a princess, she was carried off as a captive. One of the Gothic chieftains fell in love with her and married her. He was the brother of the famous Alaric (äl'ä-rik), who had led the Goths when they took Rome. When Alaric died, the rule of captured Italy fell to his brother and to Galla Placidia.

During her days of power, Galla Placidia made Ravenna a place of beauty. She inspired many buildings and paintings and mosaics. Remembering what she had seen in Constantinople, she loved to have these buildings all lined with mosaic pictures, and when she died she was laid away in a lovely mosaic tomb.

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It is in Ravenna still. On the outside it looks like a plain little house, but inside it is like a jewel box. Galla Placidia must have loved blue, for her tomb is the bluest thing one can imagine. Walls and ceiling are all made of sparkling blue mosaic. Up above your head is a gold cross with stars clustered around it in the blue mosaic sky. On the walls tall saints in bright robes look out at you. A great vine curls up over the ceiling in one alcove. In another sits the Good Shepherd in gold and royal purple, with His sheep all turning their gentle faces toward Him.

After Galla Placidia a Goth ruled at Ravenna under the famous name of Theodoric (thē-ōl'ō-rīk). He too had lived at Constantinople, and he liked the Eastern way of building in colors. The buildings of his day are bright with mosaic, too, though not so fine as those of Galla. She was, after all, a blue-blooded princess who knew about fine arts, and Theodoric was still a little rough and savage. He belonged to the new race that was beginning to take Europe away from such people as Galla Placidia. But the day of the Goths had not yet fully arrived.

First came a great emperor named Justinian (jūs-tīn'ī-ān), who brought the East and West together once again, for a final stand against the barbarians. Justinian was a great builder, like the Roman emperors of older days. To him we owe one of the mightiest churches ever built—the church of Santa Sophia at Constantinople. It was dedicated two years before his death, on Christmas morning in the year 503; and though it is now a Turkish mosque, it remains the greatest sight in the ancient city over which it towers.

Justinian also built churches and palaces at Ravenna. There you can see him and

his empress still—in their robes of state in mosaic pictures on the wall of the church of St. Vitale (vē-tā'lā). Perhaps he and his empress are taking part in the dedication of the church. What gorgeous gold and jewels they wear! Their clothes are stiff with embroidery, and even their shoes are jeweled.

Their figures are very long, and their eyes are egg-shaped; and figures and eyes of this sort were to stay in fashion for a long time. Not until about 1200 did people begin to try something else. The famous church of St. Mark in Venice, with its oriental beauty due to the connections between Venice and the East, is all aglow with such strange, richly-clad figures.

In the East this kind of drawing suited the people so well that they might never have changed it if the Mohammedans had not come to capture Constantinople in 1453, and to wipe away the Christian art there. Some of the artists fled to the West and taught their ways to Westerners. In the outlying countries where the Turks did not penetrate, the older kind of art kept right on. In Russia to-day you will find village churches with just such pictures as we have been describing. They are now called ikons (ī'kōn)—a word which comes from the Greek and means "images."

One of the reasons why art kept on in its old ways was that after Justinian there were hard times all over the empire, and no one had the time to learn new ideas, or the wealth for carrying them out. East and West were split apart again, and there was a mad scramble for thrones. The East went its own way, growing ever more and more oriental. The West had to grapple with those Goths who were the ancestors of the people of our day. In a later story we shall see what these rude men did in the arts.

The four bronze horses which stand above the great arch of the church of Saint Mark's in Venice have had many admirers—and many adventures. They were made in Graeco-Roman times, and were once part of a chariot group. One of them is shown here.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

One of the earliest admirers of these horses was the doge Enrico Dandolo, who brought them to Venice after he had helped to take Constantinople in 1204. Then Napoleon carried them off to Paris—where they might still be if Francis of Austria had not returned them to Venice in 1815.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 8

WHEN THE ART OF THE WORLD WAS MADE ANEW

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
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| The Romanesque period
marked the change from the old
classic art of Rome to the new
religious art that was to be called | Gothic. In a great surge of re-
ligious feeling the conquerors of
the Roman empire brought to art
an originality which was to go far. |
|--|--|

WHEN *the* ART of *the* WORLD WAS MADE ANEW

When Great Rome Fell in Ruin, the Fine Arts Almost Vanished from Europe; but Here We See Them Growing Up Again, among the Conquering Barbarians, into Something of Which the Old Romans Never Dreamed

LIKE all the other things that go to make up a civilization, the fine arts grew to a perfection in the ancient world and spread all through it. Then, like all the other things, they suffered a decay. We have told the tale of their rise and fall in our former stories of the arts, and of their eclipse under the conquering Goths (göth). Now we must begin over and see how these Goths and their descendants began to create the new arts which have

Most of the beautiful Celtic crosses that are found on the British Isles date from the time of the Norse invasions, and some particularly those of Iona, in Scotland bear clear traces of that fact. But there is little on the crosses of Ireland to remind us of those fierce vikings and their strange runes. We find, instead, memories of the ancient East. On the cross to the right are lions rending their prey a favorite subject with artists of Western Asia for many, many centuries. We find Eastern touches, too, in the way the figures are cut and in the way they are grouped together. A Celtic cross may be known by the circle which always surrounds the point where the bars cross. The central group on the cross shown here represents the Crucifixion. Above it are shown Moses, Aaron, and Hur, whose story you will find in the Book of Exodus, in the Bible. On the shaft of the cross are three panels showing incidents in the life of St. Columba, who carried Christianity to Scotland.

come down to us to-day in our modern world.

To get a picture of Europe about seven hundred years after Christ, it is well to take a map with the old Roman empire marked on it. Of course the Roman empire stretched over into Asia and Africa too, but we are now talking only of the western part of the world. Take your hand and cover up everything except the southern half of Spain and the north and west of England—and

Ireland. Your hand stands for the men from the north who came down and blotted out civilization everywhere except in the little spots

you have left uncovered. Though it may not be strictly exact this will give a pretty fair idea of what happened.

The Goths did not mean to blot things out. They greatly admired what

This cross comes from Ireland. On it is engraved a Celtic inscription: "A prayer for Muiredach by whom was made this cross." Muiredach was the second abbot of Monasterboice. This worthy man for he must have been worthy to have made so lovely a cross—died in 923 A.D.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

they found in the south. Some of them had been through the East and had brought with them some pretty bits of art that had caught their eye—like the horn of Upas which some Saxon chief carried all the way to England.

No one likes to have strange people come and seize his possessions. It is human nature to defend them, and there was bound to be a quarrel when the Goths came into Southern Europe and wanted it for their own. During the years of quarrel the fine arts did not have a chance. They wilted and nearly died before the Goths had won their fight and settled down.

But first we may say a word about the places the Goths did not touch. They did not do much in Spain because they had no time. The Arabs came along from the south and took over the country, instead. The south of Spain still has the stamp of their Moorish rule, and later Spanish art was to use many Moorish patterns.

Ireland was too far off and too cold for the German tribes who wanted an easy living. So Ireland prospered all by itself. The Irish were a gay people, always doing sudden and daring things, much as they do them to-day; and their art is lively and full of color.

The Art and Learning of Ireland

From very ancient times there seems to have been a trade route through the north of Europe, perhaps through Russia from Greece and the East. The Irish had an eye for fine things, and they modeled their art on Eastern patterns. They were a learned people, too, and they loved fine books.

Very early, about 500 A.D., Christian

monks from Rome came and founded colonies among the Irish. They built churches which are now gone; and they made fine carvings and jewelry, and above all fine books. Such a book is the Irish Book of Kells, while another is the Anglo-Irish Lindisfarne gospels. If you look at a page of the

Lindisfarne Gospels, all decorated in color, you can hardly believe that human eyes and hands could have done anything so delicate and tiny without going dizzy or blind. Perhaps the artist did go blind, but he finished his work. He says he is a "most unworthy monk."

The Lindisfarne Gospels were always highly prized. In fact, they were thought to work miracles. The story goes that when Danish invaders came burning and stealing, the monks fled with the precious gospels, but their treasure was washed overboard into the sea. It was a terrible tragedy and the monks went to bed in great sorrow. But in a dream appeared St. Cuthbert, telling

them to go down along the shore. They rushed down to the sand—and there lay the gospels as brilliant and beautiful as ever and quite undamaged by the salt water.

Irish art and learning passed over to England as England settled down under the rule of the Saxons.

Charlemagne (shär'lè-mān) rescued Europe for a time from its confusion and built up a great empire. The pope crowned him at Rome as emperor; but it was a northern empire this time, with its capital up in German lands, at Aix-la-Chapelle (èks-là-shà'pèl').

With Charlemagne came order for a while. It was his dream to turn his northern forests



Photo by British Museum

On Holy Isle off the northwest coast of England was the celebrated abbey of Lindisfarne, founded in 635 A.D. by a monk from St. Columba's monastery in Iona. Here the humble monks, to whom time meant nothing and sacred duty meant everything, poured their souls and all their ingenious skill into the making of a glorious series of manuscripts. The most beautiful of these is the "Lindisfarne Gospels," a page of which is shown above. Many, many patient hours must have been spent tracing this fine lettering and delicate, detailed ornament.

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into fine cities where art and learning might flourish as they had once flourished in the south. But he had almost nothing to begin with. He even had to learn how to write himself, and his courtiers were wild warriors, with hands too clumsy even to hold a pen.

So Charlemagne had to go out and search for learning. The interesting thing is that he sent first to England for it. And that was a little like sending to the East, for England had learned from Ireland and Ireland from far-off Byzantium; so we must not be surprised to find picture books that look rather Byzantine being made in France and Germany. But the artists of Charlemagne learned from many lands Spain and Italy and even far-away Syria.

We speak of art and learning together because they were very closely connected in those days. The church was the only home of both. In the wild days after the year 500 in Europe, the monasteries were the sole shelter for thoughtful people. There the patient monks copied books and decorated them with colors and with pictures. These picture books are all that we have left of painting in those times. They are beautiful things, and they are interesting also because painters and carvers later searched them for ideas to use in their work on the walls of churches. One account of the decoration of a church says that a lady sat with a book open on her knee and told the painters just what pictures to put

on the walls— they were copies from the book.

Sometimes these pictures show the saints sitting at their desks in stately postures. In Germany especially the artists liked this sober style. But sometimes the figures come to life and seem to be dashing all over the page—perhaps in a gust of wind that wraps their clothes all around their legs.

In England and in France the people liked vigorous figures swiftly moving. The pictures are like those in the Byzantine books the artists copied—but with a difference. There are gay little animals in the books that Charlemagne's artists made; and sometimes there is a face that looks out at you so eagerly that it seems alive, even if the body of the person is twisted into some strange, impossible posture. For these early

artists were often very simple, very frank, and very human. One of them once had to make a picture to illustrate the text, "Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord!" He simply drew a picture of the Lord asleep in bed, with the holy angels trying to awaken Him. Such was the frank and simple-minded art of the early age of faith.

And such were the pictures that were copied out of the books upon the walls of the churches. In the days of Charlemagne and for some time afterward such pictures could be seen in churches all over Europe. When you now look at a picture of some old

church of Charlemagne's time you must remember that in his day the building was no such somber place as it may be to-day. Its walls and columns were all bright with the colors of these paintings. The interior of the church was a great picture book telling the story of the Bible.

This was the art of the early Middle Ages. It was all sacred, because all learning and all art were inside the walls of the church. It

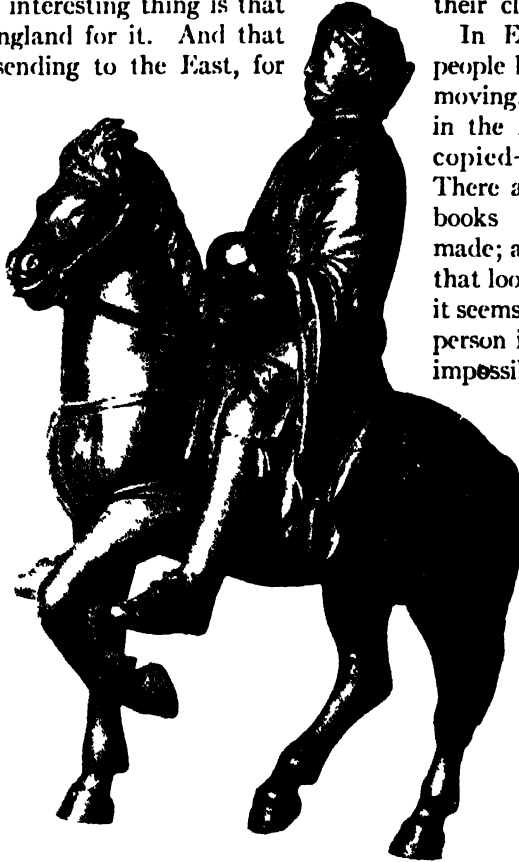


Photo by Giraudon Paris

This is a statue of Charlemagne, the mighty king of the Franks. How different this is from the lifelike statue of Marcus Aurelius which we have shown in our story of Roman art. The king is not really majestic; he is merely a symbol of majesty. In his hand he holds the orb of royal power.



Photo by Olivier Tard

These storied capitals are in the nave of the cathedral of Autun, and are among the most remarkable works of their kind in the whole of France. Here we see in place of the curling leaves we found on ancient

capitals stories of the Old and New Testaments, fables, and stories from the lives of the saints, all delightfully told. Here too are all the amusing animals of which Romanesque artists were so fond.

was a strange mixture of awkwardness and aspiration—an awkwardness that would have made any Greek or Roman of the old days gasp, but a Christian aspiration which even Phidias would never have understood, and which was one day to give birth to a great new art rivaling his own

How the Art of Europe Changed

This early period in the art of the Middle Ages is called Carolingian (kār'ô-lîn'jī ān), after Charlemagne, whose Latin name was "Carolus." It was to grow into the greater period which we call "Romanesque" (rô'-măn-ěsk'). Romanesque art was still built upon the old foundation of Roman art, but a new spirit, the spirit of the north, was beginning to have its way.

So within two centuries after the death of Charlemagne a great change had come over the art of Europe, which was by now in the hands of the artists who had been practicing a long time. You can see this new thing in many ways. We shall give one illustration from the capitals of some columns that were carved very late in the Romanesque period—in about the year 1150.

Look at these columns in our picture of them. They are very different from anything the world had seen before. They are

Romanesque "Romanlike," and yet how different from the Roman! for they belong to the first great form of art in which the northern peoples of Europe were making themselves felt. Up to about this time the northern lands—France and Germany and England—had only been trying to catch up with the south. Now they are at last beginning to blaze a new path.

How daring they are! The old Greek and Roman capitals look quiet in comparison, as do even the Byzantine capitals with all their fine patterns. We have come to an artist who does not care about any of those older things, and who wants to put a set of pictures on his capitals!

He has a great deal to say in a picture. He has carved the soldiers asleep at the tomb of Christ just before the resurrection. One is sleeping on top of another, but that does not trouble such an artist as this man. How well he has caught the way the top soldier's head falls back in his sleep!

Now these soldiers are lying asleep right where an acanthus leaf would have come in a Corinthian column of Greece or Rome. But even Rome is only a distant memory now, and there is a great deal that is more interesting to our artist than acanthus leaves.

Then there is a picture in carving of the

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Last Supper. It shows Christ and the apostles all at table, and the table runs right around the capital like a frieze. To be sure, the table has no legs; but that again is not the kind of thing to trouble our artist. In fact, it is just the kind of thing we so often find in this early art of Northern Europe.

The important thing about Romanesque art is that it is so eager and ambitious. Nothing is too hard for the artists to try. For many a year the people had been satisfied with small, low churches, but now the builders are trying to send up their towers to the sky. They are preparing the way for the great Gothic builders who came after them; for the solid and massive builders of the Romanesque school, with all their eager experiments, were the direct ancestors of the Gothic architects and artists.

Among these Romanesque artists, most of them churchmen, we find men who are daring to do vast things such as art had forgotten for nearly eight hundred years. In the mighty churches that they built we find life-size figures coming into being again under the tools of the carvers. All of this was under way by the year 1000, and the movement gathered force from that time onward. Thus Romanesque art spread rapidly in the eleventh century and became the art of all Europe in the twelfth.

At first thought it may seem strange to

find a single kind of art all over Europe. The continent was split up into hundreds of little countries. After Charlemagne it had felt the last and possibly the greatest assault from the north. This came with the real Northmen, or Normans, as they are called--the sturdy vikings who came over the sea

and conquered wherever they went: all through Northern France and England, and even as far south as Sicily. Wherever these men went they carried a new daring and a new set of ideas, and the art of the builders especially made a great leap.

Yet it took these men some time to settle down, and in the meanwhile Europe consisted of hundreds of little groups, always jealous of one another and often in confusing warfare. What was it that gave one kind of art to the whole land?

Of course it was the church, the only power that held Europe together in those days. All over Europe were the abbeys of the

monks. Now an abbey was not merely a church and a monastery for the monks to live in. It might also have a hospital and a school, a bakery, a farm, a hotel, and a law court--any or all of those things, and still others. The abbey guided the life of everybody around. Nor is that all. The abbey was not merely one little kingdom by itself. It was a part of a whole chain of other abbeys in France, England, Italy, Spain, and



Photo by Giraudon Paris

These strange, interlaced figures from a pillar of the twelfth century church of Souillac may tell a tale of many borrowings. Some scholars believe that the sculptor who made them got his first lessons in art from the painted miniatures of Southern France. These, in turn, may well have been inspired by miniatures from far-off Syria.

elsewhere. The monks would come and go among all these places, and art and learning would come and go with them. That is why the art was international, bound together everywhere by the teaching of the church.

How the Monks Taught by Pictures

For the teaching of the church was largely through the form of art. These monks made many a beautiful book, but the books were not for the common people. The common people could not read. They had to be taught either by word of mouth, in sermons and stories—or else by pictures. And what better place for pictures than the church? Every person in the land went to church, and everyone would see the pictures. So the outside and inside of the church were made into carved and painted picture books of all that pious people ought to know. Eyes that had never learned to read need only look—and they would see the whole story of the Bible and the saints in a church.

When in Europe you come to some great, deep doorway with a round arch over it—not a pointed arch—you are looking at Romanesque art. Carved above the door and all around its sides you may see pictures of Christ in heaven with his saints. On one side you may see hideous little devils making off with the lost souls, while on the other side the souls of the blest are mounting joyously to Heaven. It does not matter much where you may be in Europe; everywhere, in France, England, Italy, or Spain, you will find about the same pictures of the same people.

When Figures Came to Life

Of course you would hardly call them “people.” These artists were not looking at persons like you and me when they made their carvings. For a long time they had never dared to think that any heavenly being, saint or martyr, would look like us. Their carvings of the joys of Heaven and the horrors of hell are meant to show figures that are rather different from the men and women of this world.

And yet if you look closer, you will see that some of the artists are already beginning to break away from the old rules. They are

not satisfied with stiff figures any more. Their figures want to come to life. They have begun to twist and turn in impossible ways, as though they had much to say if they could only get it out.

Of course the ways of saying things—that is, the forms of this art—differ a little in different places, even though the stories are always the same. At Arles (arł), in the south of France, the old Romans had left many monuments of their art. So the artists who decorated the church of St. Trophime (trō’fēm’) there could not help copying the old Roman art to some extent. The figures that stand between the columns in that church might almost be Roman senators.

In Germany and Italy the artists copied their old picture books as carefully as possible, and remained solid and sober in all their work. It was in the southeastern part of France that the newer style grew up which was so much alive and so eager that people liked it best and copied it most often.

The Unknown Artists of Europe

Some such book as the Utrecht (ū’trekt) psalter must have given those French artists their ideas. We can see these ideas at work in many places. For instance, the great doorway at Moissac (mwā’sāk’) is probably copied from a Carolingian picture book. At Autun (ō’tūN’) all the figures are stretched out till they are long and spindling like people in a bad dream—a terrible dream of the Last Judgment. How vivid the strange twistings of the bodies make this picture!

Later still, the artists were learning to give their figures fewer of these strange twists; and as the bodies grew calmer, the faces were becoming more and more human. There are some saints carved on columns at Oviedo (ō-vyā’tō), in Spain, which are so real that we almost expect them to speak to us.

And who were all these artists that told their stories in paint and stone all over Europe? What were the names of the great ones? Nobody knows. With a rare exception here and there, they left no name behind them. They did not want to. They cared nothing about whether their names should be known to men hundreds of years after them. Eager only to do good work, they had

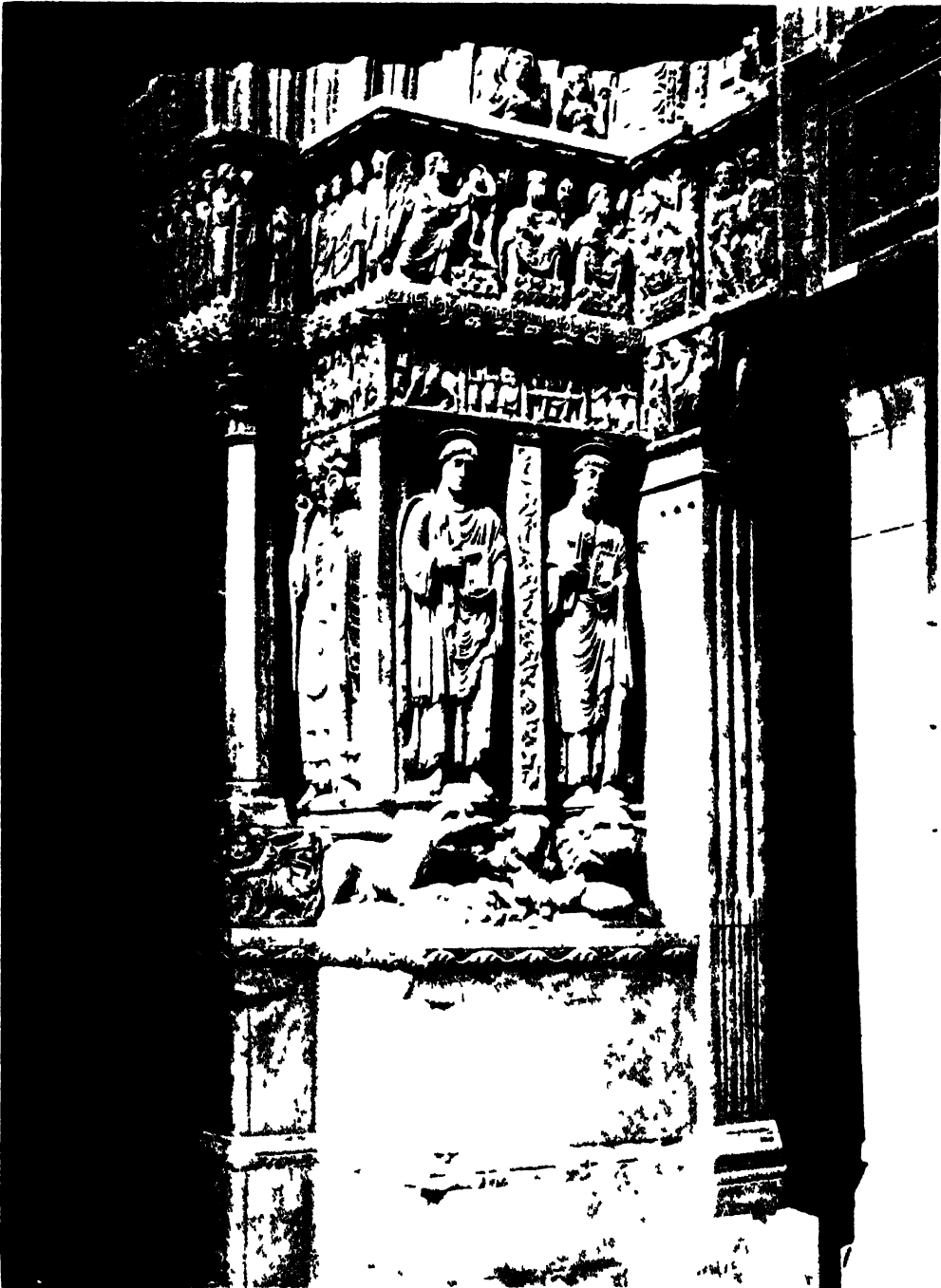


Photo by Ollivier, Paris

This portal of the church of St. Trophime at Arles belongs to the end of the twelfth century. Can you guess where the sculptor got his ideas? We have said in this article that the figures of the apostles look rather like Roman senators. The sculptor took other things from ancient Rome—the columns with their Corinthian capitals, and the classic designs which are carved in bands separating the figures and the scenes

one from another. Some of his ideas must have come from Byzantine miniatures; the animals most certainly came from the East. The three seated figures near the top, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, symbolize paradise. In their laps are the happy souls that have deserved Heaven. In other churches of France, Abraham alone stands for Heaven, but in Byzantine miniatures we find all three—just as we see them here.

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no eagerness at all for fame when they should be gone.

What were they, that men should remember them? The story they were telling was the important thing, and they considered themselves as nothing in comparison. It mattered not at all what man it was who carved a given doorway, or whether one man or a dozen did it. Forgetful of themselves, they gave their minds and hearts to the cause of their art and the cause of the church. Out of the barbarian night they were lighting a flame of new art that was to shine down through the ages to come—and to do that was in itself a reward. But the great reward was to spread the teaching of the church.

Before we close, we ought to say a little more about the way the teaching of the church spread among all the people. For vast numbers of people were not content merely to learn its teaching in their own parish churches at home. They rose and traveled all over the land, or over many lands, to see the pictures and to learn the teaching everywhere.

They were really going to see their friends—not ordinary friends, of course, but their friends among the saints. The saints were very near and real to any man in those days. They took care of him, and he loved them. If he were a soldier, St. Lawrence was his special protector. For a child it was St. Anthony. If one had a pain he prayed to St. Luke to make it better. Then there was his special friend, the saint for whom he had been named; and there were the great friends of all men—Jesus himself, the Virgin Mary, and the twelve apostles. It was a holy thing to visit your friends, and the best way to visit them was to go to the place where they had lived. The crusaders could go to the

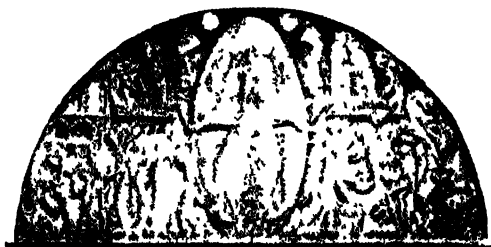
Holy Land, to visit and rescue the tomb of Christ. If you could not go so far, you might still walk to Rome to see St. Peter, or to Compostela (kôm'pô-stā'lā), in Spain, to see St. James.

Of course it was a long trip from England or France, but there would be plenty of other people going the same way, and many sights to see. You would visit the church of Moissac and of St. Trophime along the route, and many other sacred spots. Aside from churches and monasteries, you would see many fascinating places, famous in history and legend. There would be guides to tell you all about it, and to "show you the exact spot."

Thus if you went to see St. James at Compostela you would be sure to visit the rock where the famous Roland died. Roland the great warrior of Charlemagne who fell fighting the Moors, and who was too brave to blow his horn for help until it was too late. You would hear the whole heroic story of the battle between Saracen and Christian, and see where it was said to have happened.

Finally you would come to Compostela. You would stand inside the door and there would be St. James himself to greet you. He sat there with his staff, half smiling at you, and all his friends and yours stood around him, as if talking. You would greet them each in turn, and you would have never a doubt that they saw you and blessed you.

It was in these ways that the fine art of that age reached every corner of Europe, all bound up with the story of the Bible and the history and doctrine of the Christian church. On a later page we shall see how these arts grew and flourished toward the end of the Middle Ages, in one of the world's great periods of art.



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Reading Unit No. 9

THE GLORIES OF GOTHIC ART

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Gothic was young and it was human, 11 94
Why the young knights pledged themselves to the service of the Virgin, 11 94
What Saint Francis preached, and what it meant to the people of the Middle Ages, 11 96
To the 13th century, the world itself was like a vast cathedral in God's praise, 11 96

"There I am, I belong also to this holy place," 11 98
Why enormous colored glass windows were built, 11 100
Artists who were not afraid of their king and gave him a great nose, 11 103
How the Gothic centuries ran their course and what followed them, 11 105

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Habits and Attitudes

Everyone, from the noblest to the humblest, joined forces in building the great cathedrals.

The beautiful structures which resulted are a monument to perfect coöperation.

Leisure-time Activities

Read the thrilling story of the Middle Ages as it is told in this encyclopedia.
Try to find examples of Gothic art in your everyday life.

Model in clay, in the manner of the 13th century, some scenes from your everyday life, 11 97
Draw and color a design for a church window, 11 101

Summary Statement

From 1100 to about 1500, Gothic art held sway in all the countries of Northern Europe,

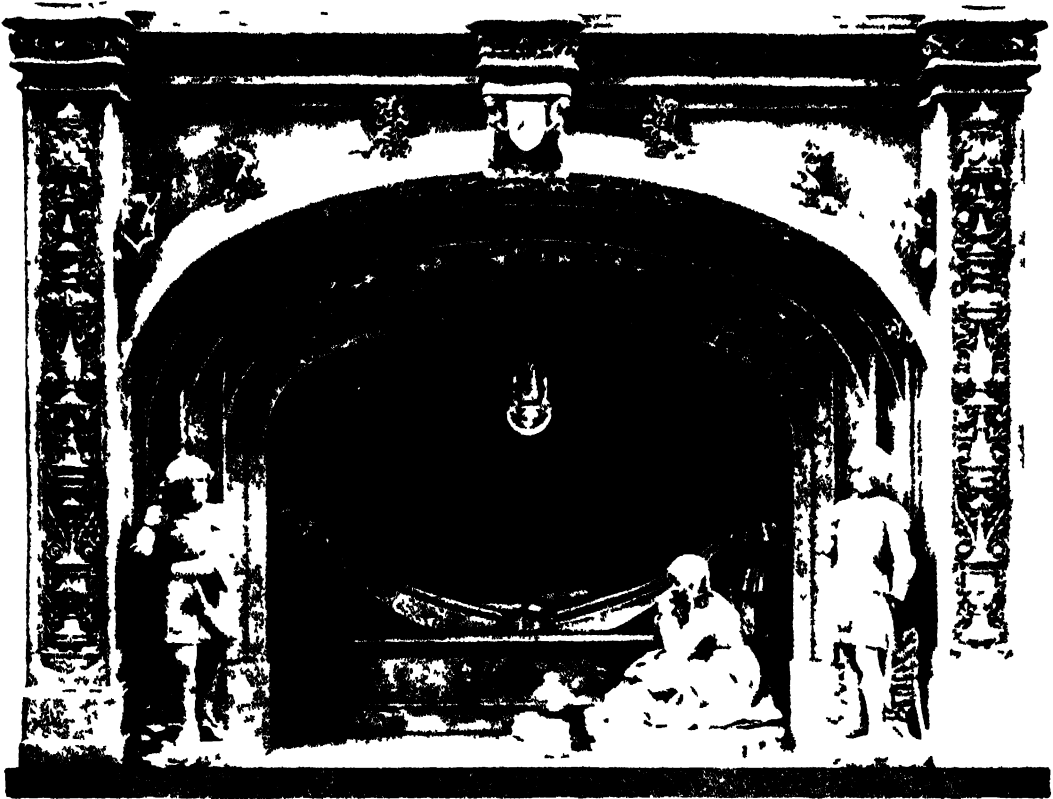
and in many ways its beauty, grandeur, and spiritual elevation remain unsurpassed.

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With the passing of the thirteenth century there comes a change in art. Statues of kings begin to look benevolent and very human; queens take on a feminine, even a coquettish, air; and the Virgin smiles down upon her baby more gracefully and more humanly than ever before. Nos. 1, 3, and 5 are fourteenth century royal statues from the Palace of Justice at Poitiers; No. 8, the statue of Charles V, described in this article; No. 6, Virgin and Child from Notre Dame in Antwerp—also of the fourteenth century; Nos. 4 and 7, statues from the portal of the monastery built by the Duke of

Burgundy. In these strong and lifelike figures you may see the master touch of Claus Sluter. No. 2. Early in the sixteenth century Michel Colombe carved four Virtues for the tomb of Francis II, duke of Brittany. These were: Justice, with a sword and scales; Temperance, with a clock and a bridle bit—she always knows when to stop; Fortitude, who showed her strength by snatching a dragon from a tower; and double-headed Prudence, who is shown here. On one side she has the head of a young girl, on the other, the head of a wise old man.



ENTOMBMENT

If you should ever visit the monastery of Solesmes, one of the most famous in France, you will see this beautiful sculpture. It belongs to the fifteenth century, and shows the Entombment of Christ. Quiet

and tranquil as the figures are, they are immensely sad. The pathetic little figure of Mary Magdalene, seated before her Master's tomb, is one of the most touching pictures of grief in all art.

The GLORIES of GOTHIC ART

This Is the Story of the Finest Art the World Saw between the Fall of Rome and the Birth of Modern Art in the Age of the Renaissance

IN A former story we have told how Romanesque art grew up after the time of Charlemagne and spread all over Europe. In the later Middle Ages this turned into the kind of art that we call Gothic, and we must now tell about the glories of that art. The word "Gothic" (gōth'ik) may not be a very good name for it, but it is the name we always use. In the eighteenth century all the art of the Middle Ages was very much despised, and people called it Gothic for the simple reason that to them "Gothic" meant the same thing as "barbarous." We know far better now, but

we still use the word, though we are more likely to let it stand for "glorious."

Of course the greatest Gothic art was architecture, and of that we have told elsewhere. But there were other Gothic arts besides the art of building, and of these we are going to talk now.

Perhaps the best way to begin with Gothic art is to look at some separate examples first. Let us take just two, both of them from France: the statue of the Virgin in the cathedral of Notre Dame (nō'tr' dām') at Paris, and that of St. Theodore in the cathedral of Chartres (shār'tr'). Both of these

come from the thirteenth century, the flowering age of Gothic.

As we think back to the bearded and wrinkled faces that we formerly saw on Romanesque doorways, the most striking thing about St. Theodore is that he looks young. And not only does he look young but he looks like a real person whom you and I might know. So here are two things to start with about Gothic art. It has grown young and it has grown human. For the Romanesque artists the saints were heavenly beings, and different from us. The Gothic artists liked to remember that the saints had once been human like ourselves.

The greatest human friend the medieval worshippers had in Heaven was the Virgin Mary. She was "Our Lady"—the very name of the cathedral of Notre Dame means the cathedral of "Our Lady." Once a holy mother upon earth, she now pleaded for poor human sinners in heaven. Everyone pledged himself to serve the Virgin; and, especially, young knights going forth on the crusades loved to dedicate themselves to her service. From honoring and serving her they came to honoring and serving all gentle ladies. The Gothic age

was the age of chivalry of bright dreams of noble deeds for the love of a fair lady.

Chivalry had its part in the cathedrals too, in honor of Our Lady. Many of the cathedrals were built in her name, and you may see her receiving her crown in Heaven on many of the portals. Often she stands on the central column of the door, holding her infant in her arms.

And St. Theodore is another patron of chivalry. Young, friendly, and human, he stands for the chivalric knight in the service of woman-kind. The ideal of faith and the ideal of chivalry mingle to inspire the art of the great Gothic centuries.

In the days of Gothic art the northern peoples of Europe are at last making their great mark as artists. Until now nearly all the art in Europe had clung pretty closely to the forms of art that had started around the Mediterranean. But Gothic art is a thing of northern birth. It sprang up first in the country around Paris, and the French were al-

ways most illustrious in it; though in the thirteenth century, and through the fourteenth and the fifteenth, it spread all over Europe.

In part we owe Gothic art to the Norman blood in the north of France. The Normans were great builders, and Gothic was first of all a remarkable new method of building.



Photos by Altman and Olivier

The statue of the Virgin, above, comes from the north portal of the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, and belongs to the end of the thirteenth century. She once held in her arms a figure of the Christ Child - now lost - and her face is glowing with motherly pride. To the right is the famous statue of

St. Theodore from the cathedral of Chartres - it also is of the thirteenth century. Scholars believe him to have been a Greek soldier, an early Christian martyr whose head was reverently brought to Chartres as a sacred relic early in the twelfth century. But the artist has not clothed him in the costume he would have worn when he was alive; he is dressed as were the knights that lived in the time of St. Louis, and he is the true image of the perfect knight of chivalry.





THE FACADE

Notre Dame in Paris is truly the church of the Virgin. Four of the six great portals of the cathedral are devoted entirely to her. The sculpture above is from the left portal of the façade. In the center is the Resurrection of the Virgin. For it is said that the Virgin never died, she fell asleep and angels carried her to

Heaven. Grouped about her tomb are the apostles, one of whom, Peter, you will know from the key he carries. Above is the Coronation. The Virgin sits beside Christ, and an angel leans out of the clouds to crown her. Below are kings of Israel and prophets. All around are saints and angels.

Even in Gothic decoration the idea of building up was uppermost. The sculpture of the thirteenth century is made to fit in with the strong, straight lines of the churches where it found its place. Everything is planned in terms of slender, soaring stone.

Art in the Cathedral of Chartres

Let us look at some of the art in the cathedral of Chartres. We begin with that noble building because it is in many ways the greatest of French cathedrals, and also because it shows the beginnings of Gothic. Its western doors were carved as early as 1150. Indeed, these doors are a link between Romanesque carving and the Gothic carving of the rest of the cathedral, which was finished in the next century.

These three vast doorways, with their wide arches reaching, in the Gothic fashion, to a

point at the top, lead into a great church that soars toward and seems to lift the universe up with it to the glory of God. The Romanesque churches had shown pictures of little except Heaven and hell. The Gothic ones bring in all the good things of this earth to the glory of the Lord.

For those eager Normans who had overrun so much of Europe had settled down by the thirteenth century and made themselves at home. Their days of learning how to live and govern were now over, and they had time to sit back and think about this very interesting world in which we live.

How the Great Cathedral Was Built

Just as people fell to thinking about the wonders of this world, there came a man like St. Francis to tell them how beautiful it really is. He and his friars went all through the

countryside telling of the love of God for all living things, including the birds and the beasts and the flowers. St. Francis said that people must prepare themselves for life in Heaven by loving the good life that has been given to them on this earth, and by making it a beautiful thing. That is an important fact in Gothic art.

Another important thing is that the Gothic age was an age of towns. The great feudal castles and abbeys had done their work in organizing the European world. In the thirteenth century many people were leaving their farms and becoming merchants, buying and selling in centers of trade. They were building up the towns, and as a town grew it wanted a great church of its own—a town church or cathedral.

This was a public enterprise, and everyone would have a share in it. The stone carvers would make statues for the church; while other guilds of craftsmen would make the stained glass, put together the wonderful windows, paint the carvings with bright colors, and do all other things to beautify the church. Each guild, or group of traders, would collect money to give a window. We can still see the sign of the fur merchants in the window of Chartres that pictures the story of Roland. Even if a man could do nothing else he could at least hitch himself

to a cart and draw stone for the building. Even a great noble might do that very thing; and the proud Queen Eleanor herself was not ashamed to do her share in it.

The people put their very lives into the cathedral, in the cause of faith and in the cause of art. Every stone stands for someone's eager contribution; and the stones that bear the carvings tell the story of that effort in pictures that we all may see to-day. There

we may find pictures of the whole universe as men knew it in those days.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that to the people of the thirteenth century the universe itself was like a vast cathedral, made in many shapes and of many materials, but all fitted marvelously together for the praise of God. Every human being in it was like some bit of the great edifice, and everyone must fill his own place and station or else damage the mighty work. In that spirit the people built those mighty works of fine art that we call Gothic cathedrals.

Now let us go back to Chartres, where we began. First, in the center of the main doorway we see a carving of Christ in glory, as we should have found it in Romanesque churches. On the columns that support the arches stand the tall figures of kings and queens from the Old Testament. Their long



Photo by Giraudon, Paris

These weather-beaten heads come from the Royal Portal of Chartres, and were made in the twelfth century. The scene is the Visitation; to the left is Elizabeth and to the right is the Virgin, wearing a crown.



Photo by Giraudon, Paris

This figure of Christ comes from the southern portal of Chartres. His right hand is raised in blessing, and in the left is a book of the Gospels. He tramples upon a lion and a dragon, as is foretold in the Book of Psalms.

THE HISTORY OF ART



FIG. 1. By Oliver T. Tins

These charming scenes come from the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, and were made in the thirteenth century. The man to the right, who holds a budding branch in his right hand and a falcon on his left, is a young nobleman. He represents the month of May, for May was the month of noblemen. When the first bright weather came, the baron left his gloomy castle to go a-Maying. Or, with his falcon on his wrist, he

went out to hunt with his horses and dogs. The man to the left, who busily sharpens his scythe, represents the month of July, for with July comes the beginning of the harvest. August continues the harvesting, and therefore the peasant in the center is hard at work gathering in his crops. Thus, on the churches of France the busy life of the Middle Ages is often shown in a continuous story, month by month.

bodics and the fine, straight lines of their garments almost make them look like columns themselves. But the faces are the faces of people like you and me.

Fine Art for the House of God

Like you and me! For as we all had our share in building this mighty church, we are all going to appear in its art, in one way or another. There are carvings of all the things an ordinary man does as he goes about his business in the thirteenth century. In April he goes out in the country to pick the first flowers. In July he harvests his grain, and at other times he does many other things that can be put into carven pictures. It is all good work to the glory of the Lord, and is all put into fine art for the house of God. At the sides of the cathedral there are more

great doors. On the cold north side are pictures of the Old Testament and of the life of the Virgin Mary. These represent the winter of the world before the coming of Christ. Every figure carries something to tell you who he is—St. Peter has his keys, and David his crown and scepter.

Since the coming of Christ brought joy to the world, the stories of his life are put in the sunshine of the south portal. Here it is that the friendly St. Theodore stands, too. Crusaders coming to the church to pray before their long journey looked up to him and asked his protection.

How Carvings Tell a Story

And all around are a multitude of carvings of all the kinds of people who shared in this great work of building—the scholar with his

book, the knight with his falcon, the farmer with his scythe. Everyone is there, and any person looking on may feel, "There I am. I belong also to this holy place."

Such was the art of sculpture in the great Gothic cathedrals. It was international, for it spread all over the Western world. But it was nearly always at its best in France, where it originated. Never since has the French nation done anything so splendid in art as it did in its cathedrals six or seven centuries ago. But England, Germany, Spain, and Italy all did noble work in Gothic.

In the early thirteenth century statues the body of the figure may not seem very life-like. It is the face that is alive and looks like a real person. In due time the sculptors learned how to make the whole figure more real. The persons turn and talk to one another. The

angel on the cathedral of Reims (rĀNs) greets Mary with a smile that shows he has glad news to tell. How friendly these faces are! They are simple and serene, though never commonplace. The thirteenth century sculptors felt the power and the majesty of God so

much that they learned to put a great deal of majesty and power into stone. The "Beautiful God" of Amiens (ā'myāN'), as people love to call the statue, is full of this majesty. And yet the carving looks very simple.

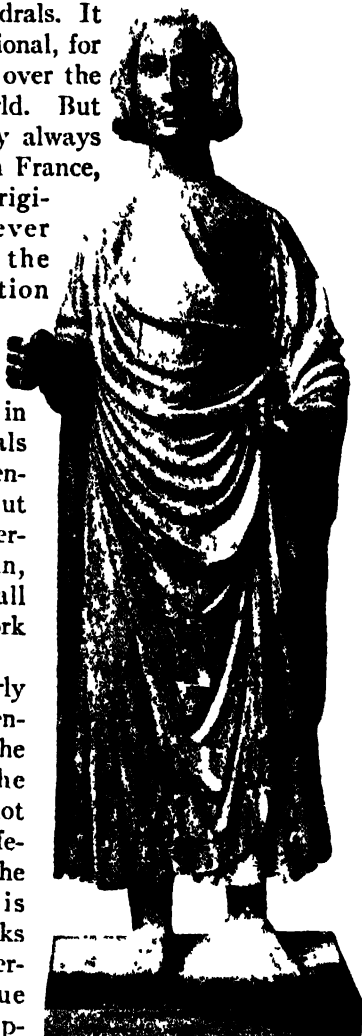
These Gothic statues are made of rough building stone. One cannot model it so softly as Greek marble. Yet despite the coarseness of their material, the Gothic sculptors learned to model a face full of vigor with a few strokes of the chisel, and to make drapery that falls in long, quiet lines.

Sometimes the statue is a portrait of a real person, perhaps one of the kings of France. But the most usual place to find

real portraits is on the tombs in the churches. Over these tombs are the figures of the knights and ladies who sleep below. We can tell the crusaders, like Robert of Normandy, from the fact that they have their legs crossed to show that they have been on a crusade to the Holy Land.

And these artists had a fine sense of humor, with great skill in grotesque carving. They would carve grinning goblins and weird animals even on

the holiest buildings, often on the jutting waterspouts and sometimes in other places as well. These are the famous "gargoyles" that make up strange decorations in so many medieval churches. High above the ground, atop the towers of the cathedral in Paris,



Above is the statue of a king, carved out of wood in the thirteenth century. To the right is the "Beautiful God" of Amiens. One hand is raised in blessing; the other holds a book of the Gospels. Bishops to-day always give their blessing with two fingers extended, just as this celebrated figure is doing.



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Fig. 1. Gargoyle sculpture.

And what are the strange, forbidding creatures that cluster about the buttresses of our medieval churches, and crane their gaunt necks from the tops of towers? The people who are always trying to read meaning into the sculptures of the medieval church are quite at a loss when it comes to these gargoyles, for there is nothing to explain their presence unless we read in them pure fancy. They may belong to the host of

fairies, gnomes, and other fearsome creatures which people were and are to-day so fond of telling one another about in the long, still evenings. But not all are forbidding, some are quite jolly. The builders of churches who told sacred stories and everyday fables in carvings, might well have wanted to include these strange creatures, too. The gargoyles above come from Notre Dame in Paris. They are reconstructions.



Photo by Ollivier, Paris

This charming tapestry was made in the sixteenth century. It tells the story of St. Rémi, who was so well loved and so celebrated that he is said to have become archbishop of Reims at the age of twenty-two. In the picture above, you may see him heading a procession and carrying his bishop's staff. Or, to the upper left, you may see him sitting at a table feeding some little birds, visitors from the fields. For he was

such a gentle saint that the birds flew right into his house to eat out of the palm of his hand and to charm him with their sweet songs. The scene below this one tells another famous story. One day when St. Rémi was at the house of a gentlewoman, he discovered that his hostess was out of wine. The saint went straight down to the cellar, blessed the wine barrel, and soon the whole cellar was flooded with wine!

we may see some of the weirdest of them gloating over the city.

But sculpture was not the only fine art in the cathedral. A large part of a Gothic cathedral was not stone, but glass. The builders found out that they could make larger and larger windows, and since everything was colored in those days, the windows too were given glorious colors. Back in the twelfth century craftsmen had learned to put color into the molten liquid that was to become glass, and so to turn their handiwork to a deep blue or a rich red. Then they cut and

fitted the pieces of colored glass together to make wonderful pictures. They bound it all together with lead strips, and set it up in the windows of their Romanesque churches — little churches that were to look so small and timid later.

Visions in Colored Glass

By the thirteenth century these gifted craftsmen were making enormous windows all ablaze with color. When it was dark you saw nothing at all, but when the sun shone, it lighted up the glorious deep blues, reds,

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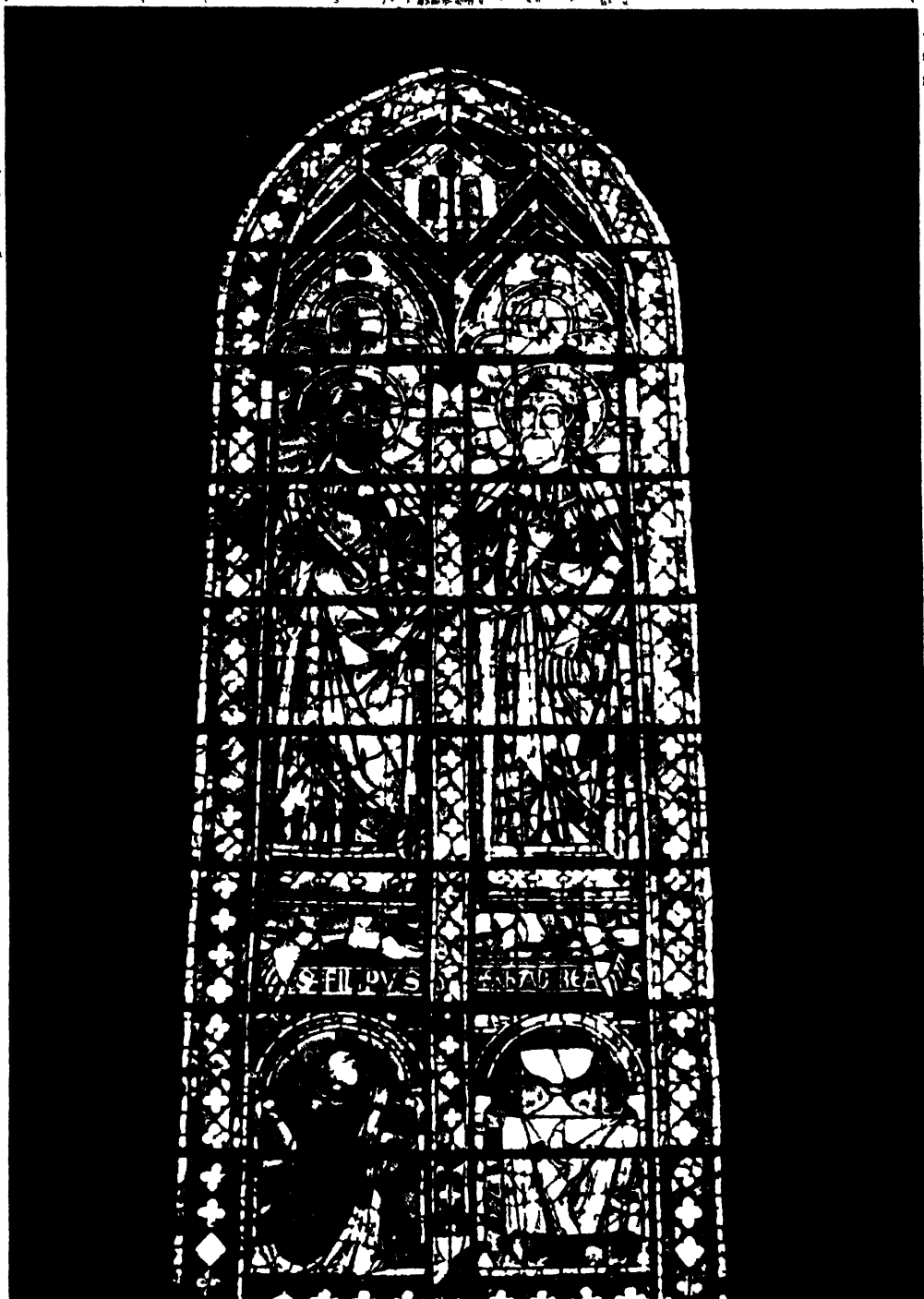


Photo by Olivier Paris

Tiny bits of stained glass as brightly colored and as beautiful as gems were bound together with strips of lead to make the gorgeous windows of the Gothic church. The stained-glass window above comes from

the cathedral of Chartres, and shows the stately figures of St. Phillip and St. Andrew. Below to the right is a chalice, and to the left is the kneeling figure of the priest who gave the window.



Photo by Giraudou Paris

These exquisite little scenes come from Gothic miniatures. To the left is the Marriage at Cana, where the first miracle—the changing of water into wine—was performed. The figures with haloes are the Virgin

and Christ. The picture at the right shows the Marriage of the Virgin. Notice the lacy Gothic arches which appear in each of the pictures, and the tiny scenes painted into the capital letters of the text.

purples, and yellows, and showed you a vision of the Virgin or a great picture of Roland blowing his horn. Still more beautiful it was when the moon came and made lovely, ghostly colors into a wonderful dream of what you had seen in the sunlight.

The Glory of the Gothic Church

A Gothic church did not have much space for pictures except in the windows. Yet when there was room there would be paintings on the walls, or brilliant pictures in tapestry woven out of colored wools and hung against the stone.

And there were always paintings in the books of the church, many of them very bright and beautiful. The whole church was one vast work of art; grounded in the art of architecture, it drew in all the other arts to make it glorious.

But the fine arts in these later Middle Ages were by no means all confined to the church. In its eager faith the thirteenth

century had filled Europe with cathedrals, and the work of building and completing them went on into the centuries that followed. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the builders and artists had their paths fully cleared for them.

In addition to great public enterprises like the making of cathedrals, the arts now go to court and enter the service of the great lords of the land—each of whom now likes to have his own painter and sculptor. The artists now are often favorite courtiers as they make their dainty and graceful pictures of fair ladies and chivalric knights.

How Art Changed

So the art of the fourteenth century is gay and gracious, but it has less of majesty than before. The artists could not do such figures as that of the "Beautiful God" at Amiens, of which we spoke. Instead, they now make their figures of Christ constantly more human, with gay smiles in times of joy or with

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suffering such as any man might show in proud king's face was his nose, and the artists thought they ought to carve and paint the nose

as it was. They are greatly interested, not so much in any ideal face, but in the little things that make one real face so different from another. Since the statue of this king stands almost with a little stoop, and with its great nose above a kindly mouth, we know that these artists were not afraid of their king. Louis of Anjou was very fond of tapestries. The chief treasure that he left us is a great set of tapestry pictures wonderfully bright in color.

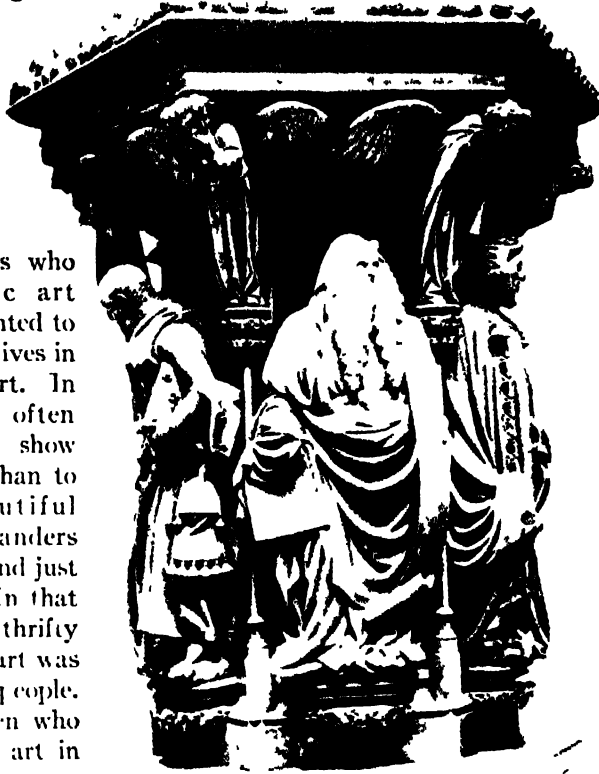


Photo by Olivier. Paris

Of all the men who had to do with art in these centuries, we could hardly do better than to meet four brothers—four rulers who were also great patrons of the arts in their time. They are Charles V of France; Louis, the duke of Anjou (ôN'zhôo'); Philip, duke of Burgundy; and John, duke of Berry (bër'rê'). Among them they own most of France and Belgium, with nearly all the art in those lands.

In our portrait of Charles V we see something different from the delicate pictures of many a knight and lady of just a little while before. It is clear that the main feature of the

The so-called "wellhead" of Claus Sluter, made for the Duke of Burgundy's monastery near Dijon, was really a base for a "calvary." Above were Christ on the cross, the Virgin, Mary Magdalene, and St. John—all lost long since, save the head of Christ. The base of the calvary still exists and is shown above. It stands to-day, strangely enough, in a well in a garden of the lunatic asylum which has been built on the site of the ruined monastery. About it are the six prophets who foretold the sufferings of Christ, and above these are sorrowing angels. How magnificent this sculpture must have been when the figures were all there, before its color and gold were worn off! Moses, who is the central figure in the picture above, is the most famous of the sculptures. People have seen in him a mixture of the godlike and the human. His strength, they say, is the wild strength of a lion or a bull—and they point to his splendid beard, which looks so much like a lion's mane, and to the bull's horns which sprout from his head. Do you know how Moses got his horns? In the Bible, you may remember, we are told that beams of light came from Moses' head. They were so bright that the prophet had to keep his head covered except when he was in the presence of the Lord. Now in some early play, Moses probably appeared with things sprouting from his head—things that were meant to look like beams of light, but really looked more like horns. It would not take long for the idea to get about that Moses had horns. And so, because of this strange mistake, Claus Sluter put horns on his statue of Moses, and Michelangelo did the same for his famous Moses many years later.

They were ordered in 1373. Louis borrowed from his brother Charles a book with pictures of St. John's dream of heaven, and showed it to the painter. "Make me tapestries," he said, "with pictures like these." So the chapel in the Duke's palace at Angers (ôN'zhâ') was hung with great pictures woven in deep blue and bright rich red.

The Duke of Burgundy in those days was also the ruler of that part of Belgium which is called Flanders. Flanders is a northern country, with sober folk who like to look at life as it is. This suited the taste of the times, and we find that

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Above and below are some of the entrancing scenes from John of Berry's Book of Hours. In these and other scenes from the book we may see, exquisite in every detail, tiny castles and fortresses that must be true portraits of the marvelous buildings of fifteenth century France. Here are peasants at work, and gaily dressed lords out riding and hunting—all real people.

To the left above is a view of Paris as the beautiful city looked over five hundred years ago. It is as though we were looking into a magic mirror that could reflect the past. And the present too!—for, at the right, we can shiver with the hooded person out in the snow, and feel warm again with the woman who lifts her skirts to warm her ankles by the fire.



Photos by Olivier Giraudon and Musée Condée Chantilly

To the left is the Coronation of the Virgin. To the right are the Three Kings who, coming from different parts of the East and followed by their noblemen, servants, hunting leopards, and pet dogs, have met

in gorgeous array to follow the star to Bethlehem. But what is the great city in the distance? Surely it must be Paris again, with the towers of Notre Dame rising in its midst!

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the Duke of Burgundy had many Flemish artists.

This duke of Burgundy wanted a handsome tomb. He built a whole monastery on the spot where he wanted to be buried, in order that his grave might never be lonely and neglected. Two Flemish artists worked on the tomb and the buildings around it John of Marville (mār'vēl') and Claus Sluter (klō slū'tēr'). How different the portal of the church they built from that of Chartres! The figures stand out all by themselves and scarcely seem to belong to the building.

A Trick of the Burgundian Sculptors

We have lost the Duke's tomb, but we have the "wellhead" that stood in the center of the courtyard, carved with figures by Claus Sluter. What a great strong person his Moses is, and how heavily his cloak hangs!

One of the favorite tricks of these Burgundian sculptors—a trick they used on the lost tomb of the Duke—was to surround the tomb with figures of mourners. The mourners have deep cowls over their heads, and you can see only a black shadow where the face should be. On the tomb of the Grand Senechal (sēn'ē-shāl) of Burgundy the stone figure of the dead man is carried by the stooping figures of these mourners.

The Tranquil Figures of Colombe

The work of these Burgundian sculptors is so real as to be almost depressing. It makes us feel heavy and sad. The sculptor who came after them, with the graceful name of Michel Colombe (mē'shēl' kō'lōMb'), felt the same way about their work. He had had enough of mourners, and he made pleasant, tranquil figures instead. Yet his tranquillity is not the tranquillity of the thirteenth century. For a great deal has happened since that time, and people cannot go back and feel as they might have felt two hundred years before. They must look at their own world with their own eyes.

Michel Colombe left us a figure of a lady who seems pensive over the end of the Gothic age. Thirteenth century Gothic was, above all, French. The fourteenth and fifteenth

centuries belong especially to Italy and Flanders. We must soon go and see the great new things that were happening there. But first we will say farewell to France by speaking of the last one of these four brothers and of a wonderful book.

We should be especially interested in the portrait of the Duke of Berry because he was the greatest patron of the arts among all the four brothers. The things that come from his collections are always especially beautiful and gracious. His interests spread all over Europe, and from him we may catch glimpses of what was going on in Italy and Flanders.

On New Year's Day in the year 1415 three artist brothers who worked for the Duke presented him solemnly with a book. It was beautifully bound in rich colors, and the Duke opened it with great expectations only to find that it was a dummy book, with nothing inside at all!

How a New World of Art Began

The fact that the Duke enjoyed the joke tells a good deal about him. He was very fond of his artists, and allowed them to be intimate with him. He was always ready to get them out of scrapes.

But these brothers—they came from Limburg—did not always make dummy books. They made the pictures for one of the most beautiful books that was ever put together for the Duke. They were Flemish by birth, but they had studied in Paris and in Italy. And in that wonderful book of theirs we shall find an influence from all three countries, because by now art has learned to love going on travels.

So we find many different ways of seeing the world, all in one book. For Europe is now full of new ideas. There are so many of them that it is hard to know where to begin studying them. But for a hundred years or more down in Italy there has been a stir of mighty wings. A new world of art is coming into being, to replace all the centuries of the art of the Middle Ages. The new art will be that of the Renaissance, with Italy for its mother. Of that triumphant world of art we must tell on a later page.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 10

THE FATHERS OF MODERN ART

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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"Splendid people gravely occupied with solemn acts," 11 118

The problem that Giotto solved: How shall a picture on a flat surface be made to look solid and round? 11 118

The artists of Sienna clung to the old Byzantine ways, 11 120

Things to Think About

Why had Greek and Roman art "gone out of fashion"?

What had the teachings of Saint Francis to do with the work of Giotto?

What had the bright Italian sunshine to do with art?

How did Giotto produce the great feeling in his works?

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Practical Applications

The wonderful advances that were made in composition by Giotto at the beginning of the

Renaissance are something to be grateful for when we try to paint or draw to-day.

Summary Statement

Giotto, an intense student of nature, was the first painter in nearly a thousand years to paint people who seemed to stand up

with some weight on their feet and who had flesh and bones beneath their clothes.



Photo by Chauffourier Rome

It was a sarcophagus very much like this one that inspired Niccola Pisano to try his hand at deep relief and rounded modeling. This Roman sculpture tells the same legend as the one Niccola saw the story of

Meleager, who, with many famous heroes of Greece, set out to kill a monstrous boar which Diana had sent to ravage the fields of Calydon. Atalanta, whom you see at the right of the hero, was one of the party.

The FATHERS of MODERN ART

This Is Mainly the Story of the Famous Giotto, Who Stands at the Threshold of Italian Painting in All Its Glory

IN STORY after story in these volumes we have told the history of fine art from the time when some wild men drew their pictures on the caves in Spain, down through the days of Greek and Roman artists, and on down through the Romanesque and Gothic art of the Middle Ages. We now come to the end of those Middle Ages and to the beginnings of our modern world in the great movement that is known as the Renaissance (rěn'ě-sōNs'). Now above all other things the Renaissance was a movement in the fine arts, that is, in painting, drawing, sculpture, and architecture; and at this point our story will grow fuller than it has ever been before.

Where shall we say the Renaissance began? No one knows the moment, naturally, for there was no one single moment of its birth. But let us start with two pieces of fine art and see what they will tell us about the beginnings of the great movement and about what the movement meant.

One of the two is a picture of St. Francis feeding the birds, and the other is the carven

pulpit in the cathedral at Pisa (pě'zà). Each is a signpost on the road to the Italian Renaissance. We may take the Pisan pulpit first.

We are in Pisa about the year 1230. Up in France men are building the vast Gothic cathedrals, but in Italy they still have more love for the older Romanesque (rō'măn-ěšk') and Byzantine (bī-zăn'tīn) forms of art. In fact, the Gothic art never really conquered in Italy so fully as it did in the rest of Europe. The cathedral here in Pisa is Romanesque.

A ray of sunlight steals through the window and falls on a tomb. It catches the eye of Niccola Pisano (pě-zā'nō) and draws it to the carving on the sepulcher, and all at once the man's face lights up with a new idea.

What Niccola saw was just an old Roman carving. There was nothing strange in that, for Italy was full of relics of the Greeks and Romans. But it had simply gone out of fashion to look at those old pieces of art, or to admire them. That is the way it is, only

too often, in the history of any art—when one style is in high fashion, any other style may look a little foolish. And the art in style now was the Byzantine. Now and then, to be sure, somebody would like a piece of old Roman carving he had found and put it on a tomb or in a wall. The carving on this tomb was one of a man chasing a boar.

It was a fine piece of work—far finer than anything the Italian sculptors like Niccola were doing. But it was all out of style, and moreover it was pagan—that is, it belonged to non-Christian times. For the man chasing the boar was Meleager (*mél'è-ā'jēr*), out of Greek mythology.

But Niccola the sculptor was eager for such solid form in carving as he now saw—solid form around which you could put your finger, as against the flatter Byzantine kind. That ray of sunlight showed him the kind of carving for which stone seemed to be made.

Incidentally, do not forget the ray of sunshine. The sunshine has a great deal to do with the Italian art about which we are going to talk. The sun is very bright in Italy, and its rays do not just stay outdoors; they burst in and flood everything. They made the shadows of that old carving look

wonderfully deep, and for centuries to come they showed the Italian sculptors the bright lights and the deep shadows in the stone they were carving.

For the painters the sunshine did even more. It threw bright colors over all the world for the painters to catch and put into their pictures, and it made the colors in those pictures more luminous than they would have been in any northern land. If you want to know what sunshine does for painters, just look at almost any scene in an Italian painting and then at almost any in fine painting from a misty land like Holland.

So Niccola Pisano, aided by the sunshine, gave birth to a new idea for sculpture, and he put the idea into the pulpit he carved for the cathedral at Pisa. When you look at the pulpit you can see how he has been studying the old Roman carving. The figures look

like old Romans come to life. Some of them, indeed, are copied from the tomb he had been looking at.

Now Niccola did not start the Renaissance all by himself. No one man ever starts so vast a movement. But in one way or another the thing that happened to him began to happen to a great many other people in



Photo by Altman

The sculptured pulpit in this picture stands in the baptistery at Pisa, and shows the wonderful work of Niccola Pisano. Its six panels, resting on graceful arches and columns that rise from the floor or from the backs of lions, are carved with scenes from the life of Christ.

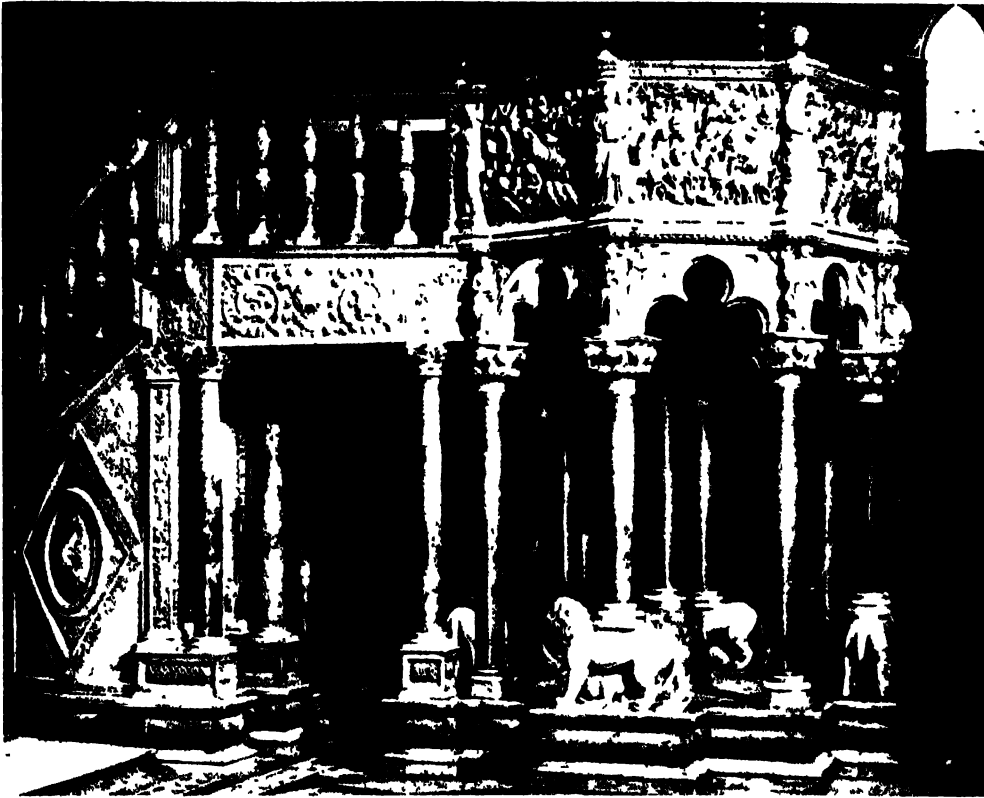


Photo by Alinari

Nicola Pisano made two pulpits, one at Pisa and one that is more magnificent but so heavy with carving that it is less pleasing than his first. Niccola's son

Giovanni helped him make the second, and so we find in it touches of the Gothic style that Giovanni was so fond of. It is in Siena, and is shown above.

the arts – and that did start the Renaissance. At the very beginning, most people did not take up with Niccola's new ideas. His own son Giovanni liked the Gothic art of France better than his father's Roman ways; and when the two of them worked together on another pulpit, at Siena (syě'na), their carving was a sort of mixture of old Roman and new Gothic.

How St. Francis Influenced Art

But we started with two works of art, and the other was a picture of St. Francis of Assisi (äs-sě'zě). Now St. Francis too had a good deal to do with the Renaissance, though he never was an artist. He was an inspired saint and preacher who taught men to love the wonder and the beauty of this world while they are traveling through it to the next one. So much did he love the

world that God had made that he went out and preached to the birds, calling them his "little brothers." And that was a really strange thing for a man to do so many centuries ago.

Now we mentioned St. Francis before, when we were talking about Gothic art in France. We said that he had something to do with that art, and it is true. For the Gothic artists in France took up his ideas about the beauties of nature, and put these into statues and pictures, even before the Italians of the early Renaissance did the same thing. But after all, St. Francis was Italian, and he had his share of influence in the Italian art of the Renaissance.

If you will look up this word Renaissance in the dictionary you will find that it literally means "rebirth," and you will probably find that it is defined as a rebirth of Greek and

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Roman art and culture. But that is by no means all the story. The Renaissance is also a new birth of energy in the arts, as in all life—an awakening of many minds to all the wonders of this world to which St. Francis had helped to open the eyes of man. It is like the Gothic art in its interest in real people and real things. It is Greek and Roman because Greek and Roman art had always had a home in Italy. Italy was Roman, after all, and that is why Italians had never really fallen captive to the northern art of the Gothic ages. And now they were opening their eyes to the marvel of the world around them, and anew to the marvel of the arts in the older world of Greece and Rome—above all, of Rome.

The fact that Italians had never felt quite at home in the Gothic architecture that came from France is an important one for Italian painting. Gothic architecture has no walls when it can do without them. It opens up into

windows everywhere, and the windows are all pictures in stained glass. The Italians loved to have walls, but they wanted them in color. They wanted painted walls. And that is why there is so much painting in Italy at this time, and so little in France.

When the Art of Painting Came to Life Again

St. Francis was made a saint very soon after his death, and a great church was built over his tomb at Assisi. To decorate the church artists were called from all over Italy. Now probably the great painter in Italy about 1300 was Cimabue (chē'mä-bōō'ä). He is hardly much more than a famous name to us now, for we have very few of his paintings left. Those we still have

make us think of the stiff old Byzantine pictures in mosaic. The paintings he did in the church at Assisi are so battered that we can hardly see them, but their stiff figures seem to twist about as if Cimabue were trying to put life into them and yet did not dare to depart from the old ways in painting.

Some of the painters living in Rome, in the midst of so many old carvings, had been studying them as Niccola of Pisa did, and one of these painters also worked at Assisi. His pictures there are not so stiff as those of Cimabue, and they show that his eye had been on the Roman carvings. But even so the pictures do not manage to come to life.

But the art of painting did come to life in Tuscany (tūs'kā-nī), with a boy who was born in a hamlet near the city of Florence. This boy was a child of genius who somehow knew the way to draw a lamb just as it was in life. The story goes that one day the great Cimabue, passing along

the road on his way to Bologna (bō-lōn'ya), saw this boy sitting on the ground and drawing the figure of a lamb on a stone. The great painter was astonished to see how the child had learned to see things in nature and to put them into pictures.

He asked the boy's name, and was told, "My name is Giotto." He went at once to the boy's father and asked if he might have the child. The father was poor, and Cimabue was famous; and it all ended with the father's putting Giotto (jōt'tō) in the charge of Cimabue, to be a pupil and to grow into an artist. It was with this Giotto that we may say the art of painting came to life again.

What was it he did to make us say this of him? Well, before his time the painters had



Photo by Alinari

This fine carving of the Virgin and Child is the work of Giovanni Pisano. Giovanni, who was an architect as well as a sculptor, had been taught by his famous father, Niccola. The work of father and son is very much alike except that Giovanni was able to make the cold stone give out more movement and life.

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Photo by Ruchigitz

When Cimabue had finished his painting of the "Maddalena and Child with Angels" the largest altarpiece that had ever been made—the Florentines, gaily

dressed, as you see them here, and accompanied by trumpeters, carried the painting in joyful procession from the artist's workshop to the church.

been taking their ideas from old Rome and old Byzantium (bī-zān'shī-ūm). But now they were facing new problems in a changing world. Here, for instance, was this church of St. Francis, and of course the story of St. Francis must be painted in it. Old Rome and old Byzantium could show how to make pictures of ancient senators or ancient saints, but what could they do for St. Francis? He was just a man of Assisi who was still remembered by all sorts of people there for his dusty brown habit and his radiant face. He was a real person who lived here in this very place, and right over there was the hill where he preached to the birds. Were they going to make a stiff and lifeless figure of a man like that?

The Boy Who Studied Art from Nature

Now when St. Francis was preaching to the birds he surely had no notion that he was leaving his mark on the history of painting. Yet when he called the little birds his brothers, it was a declaration that all nature was worth loving and worth talking about; and when nature was worth talking about, it was certainly worth painting and carving. For a long time people had been a little afraid that it was not—that nothing was worth painting unless it was very important, like the joy of heaven or the terror of hell. But now plain human beings were coming to

seem important too; and so were beasts and birds and flowers; and pretty soon people began to realize how much they had been wanting to make pictures of these things all along.

Cimabue had some glimpses of what the new art was going to be, and the story goes that he noticed especially how the boy Giotto had "studied his art from nature." But Cimabue died before his work at Assisi was completed.

Then the work of painting the church of St. Francis fell to Giotto. He had already been helping at Assisi. He had seen the work of the Roman painter there, and he had doubtless helped with some of Cimabue's paintings. He knew all the good old ways of doing things. But when he came to paint St. Francis he did not turn to Rome or to Byzantium. He turned to St. Francis and his birds.

The Stirring of a New Spirit

That is what we mean in saying that the art of painting came to life again with Giotto. There had been great painters before him, but he was the man who put his eye on nature and led painting back to nature's own forms. Of course, important as he is, Giotto did not start the Renaissance alone, any more than Niccola or St. Francis; we have just been using all three men as



Photo by Alinari

This painting of the Taking of Christ belongs to the school of Cimabue, and is in the upper church at Assisi. Compare it with the picture on the opposite page, a painting of the same subject by Giotto, and you will see how Giotto won his fame. Above, the

figures are neither solid nor real, most of them seem paper-thin. The soldiers and apostles, so stiffly grouped on either side, have no real position in space. We could not walk among them, for they are like painted shadows that would melt away as we passed.

different examples of what was happening.

This Renaissance was to spread all through the world, just as Gothic art had spread before it. In the various lands it was going to take many forms. Beginning in the thirteenth century it gathered scope and ran its course all over Europe during the three centuries that followed. But first of all it was Italian, and with it Italy came into an art of her own for the first time since

the end of Rome. And a glorious art it was.

Now the way the people lived in Italy at that time had a great deal to do with the kind of art they made and loved. Italy was no one land, but a whole group of little countries, each with its own main city and its ruler. Each city was an envious rival of all others, and wanted to be finer than its neighbors. Some of the cities had grown very rich from trade, and they were all



Photo by Alinari

This painting by Giotto comes from the Arena chapel in Padua. To people of Giotto's day, who were used to the unlikeliest paintings of earlier artists, pictures like this one must have seemed more real than life itself. Here there was nothing left out that the be-

holder had to supply himself; he did not, as before, have to breathe life into shadows. Before him were massive figures, solid to the touch and each occupying the amount of space it should occupy. Giotto was the first to give people this sensation in looking at painting.

putting up great buildings and searching far and wide for painters and sculptors to make them beautiful. With some twenty cities in a fever of this work, it is no wonder that Renaissance Italy was so full of artists.

In the early days of the Renaissance the city of Florence was the chief center of art. It was nearer to a modern Athens than was any other place in Italy, or in the world. It had grown rich from the spices and embroideries, the gold and silver and wool, and all the other things that passed through its

markets. The leaders in the town would have fine houses in the city and fine villas for the summer in the charming country that lay around it. With wealth and leisure they had time to talk about many things, and perhaps most of all about the fine arts. Even the common people knew a good deal about art, just as they do in Paris to-day. When Cimabue's famous picture of the Madonna and Child was finished, they held a great procession to carry it to its place in the church. They all had a passion for their

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city, and a pride in making it beautiful.

So the painters and the sculptors found plenty to do in Florence. They kept big workshops to fill the orders that poured in. To those shops came talented boys from all round to learn the trade of painter or of sculptor—or both. The boys would mix paints and sharpen tools until they learned enough to do bits of their masters' work. When they were fully trained they would start out for themselves as members of a guild, or organized group, of artists. Very often they were painters and sculptors and architects all at once, and possibly skilled in other arts as well; for in the Renaissance, more than at any other time in history, an artist was likely to be the master of many arts. A great painter might also do fine work as a goldsmith or might make splendid designs for tapestry. But the greatest of all arts in that time was painting. It is the chief of all the glories in the Italian Renaissance.

There were two great ways of painting—in “tempera” (tēm’pā-rā) and in “fresco” (frēs’-kō).

Most of the smaller pictures, such as those intended for the altar of a church, were painted in tempera, and on prepared panels of wood. For tempera the artist would mix, or “temper,” his ground colors with the yolk of eggs or some similar substance. This made a thick paint which dried to a smooth and lustrous surface. But the artist could not linger over his work. He had to plan it all in advance, exactly as he wanted it, and then put on his colors, once for all.

Larger paintings, on the plaster walls of buildings, were done in fresco. The word

means simply “fresh,” because the painting was put on fresh damp plaster. The colors were mixed with water only. Once the wall was dry the picture was done, and there was no way to alter it. So the artist had to do his work right the first time, or else scrape it all off and begin again. What he really did was to plaster only a small part at a time and then paint it before it dried. A single head would be a good day's painting.

In either of the methods the artist had to plan every detail before he ever dipped a brush in paint. Often his client did a good deal of the planning ahead of him. When the client ordered the picture he might say just how many people he wanted in it, just what colors, and just how long the artist must take for the work. And that probably made the task all the harder the task of making something beautiful out of what the client demanded.

And now let us go back to Giotto working in the shop of Cimabue in that lovely city of Florence which was just beginning to become one of the finest in all

Italy. When he grew up, Giotto was to have a great share in making Florence what it was and still remains. But of his earliest days there we have hardly any record except for a few stories.

Cimabue and the Fly

One of the stories must be told. It says that one day Cimabue came into his studio and found a fly settled right on the nose of a figure he was painting. He threw out his hand to brush away the fly, but the fly did not budge. Then he saw that the thing was



Photo by Alinari

This famous portrait of Dante may be the work of Giotto, for we know that the two great men, poet and artist, were known to each other. But many believe that Giotto did not paint it at all or that if he did, some one of his followers repainted it later.

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Thet sly Alinari

This is Giotto's "Meeting of St. Joachim and St. Anna at Jerusalem." The meeting is a happy one; the old man and his wife embrace each other tenderly, and their friends come smiling through the gate to greet

them. How skillfully the figures are grouped to make a beautifully balanced composition - and yet how simply! Few painters have ever been able to do it better. The gateway makes a fine frame.



One of Giotto's greatest accomplishments is his fascinating way of making his people look thoroughly happy or sad. In the picture above, St. Joachim is returning to the sheepfold. The saint is very sad. How do we know that he is sad? His face shows us

very little, but his bowed head, his drooping figure, and his heavy, heavy drapery tell the whole story. The landscape of this picture is very simple—scarcely more than a suggestion of rocks and trees. Giotto was always more interested in his figures.



Photo by Alinari

One day—so the story goes—as St. Francis was walking past a field, he noticed that the trees by the wayside were filled with a multitude of birds. "Wait for me," he said to his companions; "I will go and preach to my little sisters the birds." And so the saint went into the field and began to preach to all the little feathered creatures who were gathered on the ground. Soon all those in the trees flew down to hear his words. Their twittering and chirping and fluttering

ceased, and all was quiet until St. Francis had finished his sermon. Even then, the little birds would not leave until they had had the saint's blessing. Above is Giotto's lovely fresco of this touching scene. The coloring is still beautiful, although the painting is ravaged by time; there is brown for the humble habits of St. Francis and his companion, brown for the tree trunks, white for the blossoms on the trees, and pale blue for the hillside against a pearly sky.

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Then he went to Rome and saw the splendid things that had come down from ancient days. Like Niccola Pisano he was impressed by the solid Roman figures, and he worked hard and long till he could make others like them with his brush and paint—till he could paint people who seemed to stand with some weight on their feet and not just to hang in mid-air, till he could make them look as if they had flesh and bones beneath their clothes.

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The Early Work of Giotto

The first work we have from Giotto is the story of St. Francis that he painted in the church at Assisi. At the very start he is painting the things he loves and is using real people for his models. We can see that he felt for St. Francis as for a dear friend.

Later he went to Padua (păd'û-ă), to paint all four walls of the chapel called St. Mary of the Arena—because it stands where an old arena had stood in Roman days. In rows of many little pictures Giotto here painted the story of the Virgin and the Saviour. Here in beautiful soft colors he



Fig. 101. Duccio.

Duccio did not try to make his people look real, as Giotto had; he wove them into a lovely pattern and gave them rapt faces that reflect his own deeply religious feeling. The three Marys of the picture above

have come to the tomb on Easter morning, and are struck with awe by the holy presence of the angel who sits on the tomb. Unreal as the figures are in themselves, their emotion is very vivid.



Simone Martini's paintings are like exquisite jewels. They glow with gold, and their sharp, delicate details are of the sort that come from a jeweler's hand.

Above is Simone's "Annunciation," with its lovely frame of lacy, Gothic arches. Like Duccio, the artist was fond of making patterns of shapes and colors.

showed "splendid people gravely occupied with solemn acts." And ever since those pictures, every painter has had to solve a problem that never troubled any Byzantine artist at all.

It is this problem: how shall a flat picture on a flat surface be made to look, not flat at all, but solid and round—how shall a man's arm or head or chest be made to look as if it were some distance *through* as well as some distance across? The flat figure on the wall really has only length and breadth; how do you make it look as if it has thickness too?

Just take pencil and paper and see if you can do that. It took the greatest artists in the world nearly a thousand years to learn how to do it.

Now forget all you know about pictures except those that Giotto could have seen—Byzantine paintings and Gothic miniatures—and then look at his painting of Judas agreeing to betray Christ. The figures are solid and deep; they take up space, and are not just flat shadows on the wall. And ever since that picture was painted, people have nearly always demanded that the figures in a picture should look as round and solid as they do in life. But Giotto did it all so simply that at first you may not even notice what a great thing he has done.

He was thus a superb craftsman. When the Pope was making ready to decorate St. Peter's in Rome, he sent out a messenger to get samples of their work from all the best painters of the day. The messenger came to Giotto, and Giotto merely took a red pencil and drew a perfect circle with one turn of his hand.

"Is this all I am to have?" inquired the puzzled messenger.

"It is enough," answered the painter. "Put it with the others and see if it is not recognized."

It was recognized. The Pope knew something about art, and he was sure that he needed the hand that drew that perfect circle.

This skill in craft was half of Giotto's genius. The other half lies in what he chooses to put into his pictures. Never is there anything in one of them

that does not belong to the picture as a whole, never a line that does not have a meaning in itself and for the entire work. All the things go together to make the picture say just what it ought to say.

Take the picture of St. Joachim (jō'a-kīm) returning to his sheepfold. Even if you do not know the story you can understand the picture. The saint is very sad. His head is bowed, his whole frame is heavy with grief. You can see that he can hardly drag one foot after the other. He does not even notice the little dog running to meet him. The shepherds, troubled and embarrassed, know not what to do. They want to help, but such deep sorrow has struck them dumb. They look at one another in their hesitation, while the sheep wander away unnoticed.

Or take the picture of Joachim and Anna meeting at the gate. How glad they are to see each other! The old man draws his wife to him, and she puts her hand against his cheek to press his face close to hers. Their friends come smiling through the gate to greet them.

Or look at the barren landscape with a single dead tree on a rock where the people are lamenting the dead Christ. Every line here speaks of grief. Even the backs of the sitting women are huddled in sorrow. And look at their hands—Giotto's people never

This is the famous campanile, or bell tower, of the cathedral in Florence. Giotto made the original design, but he never lived to see his beautiful tower finished, and the plans had to be carried out by two other artists. But even though it is not all his work, the tower stands as a fitting memorial to the genius of Giotto.

Photo by Alinari





Photos by Alinari

Simone Martini's Guidoriccio is like a prince from a fairy tale. He wears a gay tunic embroidered with a diamond pattern, and his horse is magnificently caparisoned to match. The toy landscape with its saucy turrets makes the victorious general of Foligno look very grand and striking in contrast.

have aimless hands. Everything about these figures tells us what is in their hearts, and carries it to our hearts.

In his own time everyone loved Giotto's work. He was called from Padua to Rome again, and then to Naples and all over Italy. He had many friends. The great poet Dante, in exile from Florence, spent many an hour with him in Padua.

Wherever Giotto went he carried a gay tongue. There is a story that the King of Naples came into his studio one very hot day and said, "If I were you, I should stop painting for a while and take a rest."

"And so should I," Giotto replied, "if I were you."

But it was in Florence that the great painter was loved and honored most of all. He painted pictures in many churches and other buildings there, and finally, when he was sixty, he was put in charge of all the work on the cathedral of the city—for he could be an architect and sculptor when he chose. He designed the beautiful tower that we still know as "Giotto's tower," and even did some of the carving on it with his own hand. But he died before the work was finished, at the age of seventy, in 1337.

We may say farewell to him as he said farewell to St. Francis in one of the pictures at Assisi. It is a very quiet picture. There are silent figures standing by a silent figure lying on the bed. But it is peaceful and beautiful. We are lonely but not sad, because the one who has gone has left so much of himself behind.

parisoned to match. The toy landscape with its saucy turrets makes the victorious general of Foligno look very grand and striking in contrast.

About the same time when Giotto was painting all over Italy, there were other artists doing great work in the city of Siena, where we may go and see their works to-day.

Siena is a city on a hill, or rather on several hills. The streets dive abruptly into a deep gulf and then climb up the other side to the cathedral. To see it all at its best you go into the church of San Domenico just as night is falling. Around behind the altar you pass through a little door, and then for a moment you feel as if you were going to topple into the chasm below. The church stands right on the edge of a hill and you are hanging in a little balcony on the brink of nothing.

The Beautiful City of Siena

But now you look across to see the city piled up against the blue-green sky, for all the world like the backdrop on a stage. The little lights are beginning to beam out from the windows, but you can still see the towers. The buildings start at the very base of the hill and climb up steeply one above another to the top. You might think they sat on top of one another if you did not know there must be streets in among them.

At the top are the dome and tower of the cathedral, and yet another tower, still lovelier, that rises from the main square of the town. The whole place seems unreal like a fairy city built up into the sky. It looks small and exquisite, and not very solid.

Now the paintings in Siena are like that,

too. The artists here clung to the old Byzantine ways. The city was rather remote from the rest of the world, and kept to old tradition. It was a gay place, and its fine old families wanted rich and lovely works of art. But they were not curious like the Florentines about the new ways of making pictures look so real. They were satisfied to have them beautiful.

The Great Altarpiece of Duccio

In the year 1300 Duccio di Buoninsegna (dōōt'chō dē bwō'nēn-sā'nyā) agreed to paint a great altarpiece for the cathedral wholly with his own hand. It was to be a picture of the Virgin in majesty surrounded by saints. In 1311 it was finished, and was carried in solemn procession to the cathedral, the marchers parading about the grounds while all the bells rang out their praise of the great picture.

Duccio painted the Mother and Child with a great court of saints around them. They are very graceful—especially the friendly angels that look over the top of the throne with their chins on their hands. The haloes make a pattern like a bank of flowers around the Virgin. And the back of the picture was painted, too—with a series of small pictures telling a story, much like Giotto's in the Arena chapel. But Duccio cared less than Giotto about making his story look real. His interest was in line and color.

One of the most beautiful of these pictures is that of the three Marys coming to the tomb on Easter morning. The top of the tomb, on which the angel sits, would never really balance in the way that Duccio placed it, but that does not seem to trouble you. Instead, you are noticing how he has made the dark background of the hill show up the white figure of the angel, and has put the light behind the three Marys in their dark cloaks. There is very little action in the picture, and it does not move like one by Giotto, but it has a lovely pattern that reminds you of a beautiful mosaic.

Another painter of lovely patterns was Simone Martini (sē-mō'nā mār-tē'nē). Three years after Duccio's painting of the Virgin in the cathedral, Simone painted a fresco of

the same subject for the town hall; it is even lovelier and more elaborate than Duccio's. The Virgin sits on a high, pointed throne under a canopy, and the picture is like a great banner with a border all around it.

On the other side of the same room rides the great Guidoriccio (gwē'dō-rēt'chō) of Foligno (fō-lēn'yō), an immense rider on an immense horse; they stand out majestically against a background of hills and castles so tiny that they look like a toy landscape. The proud captain looks as if he were riding to war in a fairy tale.

Duccio and Simone Martini were the pride of Siena, but some of the artists in Florence preferred Ambrogio Lorenzetti (ām-brō'jō lō'rēn-dsēt'tē)—perhaps because Ambrogio was more interested in real things, as were the Florentines. There were two of the Lorenzettis, Pietro (pyā'trō), the elder, and his brother Ambrogio; both of them lived in Siena.

The Frescoes of Good and Bad Government

In that same town hall of Siena, Ambrogio made his great frescoes of Good and Bad Government. In the fresco of Good Government we may see a picture of Siena as it stood in 1310, with the houses and towers crowding together, but each one very lovely with its dainty windows and battlemented roofs. They stand up in very solid fashion, and make a fascinating picture. In the other fresco you look out from the city over hills along a white road winding away through the gracious countryside. Perhaps that countryside had something to do with the grace of Sienese painting.

Such a figure as the one called "Peace," so full of dignity and so graceful in its ease, is very different from the work of Duccio and Simone. It is more like the work of Siena's great sculptor, Jacopo della Quercia (jä-kō' pō dēl'lā kwēr'chā), whom we shall meet in Florence in another story, for he was not at all Sienese in spirit. He was a lonely figure, like Niccola Pisano, whom he greatly admired. It was he who made Siena's famous "Fonte Gaia" (fōn'tā gā'yä), or "Joyous Fountain," which brought cool water into a hot square.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 11

THE ARTISTS WHO MADE FLORENCE BEAUTIFUL

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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| From what earlier arts did the young artists of Florence draw their feeling for perfection? | What had the life of the city of Florence to do with the style of its art? |
| What new studies in the principles of art were made? | How had religious feeling changed since the Gothic period? |

Picture Hunt

- | | |
|---|---|
| How has Ghiberti obtained a realistic effect in his carved panels? 11-127 | work? 11-131 |
| How did Donatello's statues differ from earlier ones? 11-129 | What can you find wrong with Gozzoli's "Wise Men"? 11-135 |
| In what new material did della Robbia do some of his best | Why does Botticelli's painting sometimes resemble music? 11-145 |

Related Material

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Summary Statement

- | | |
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| The Renaissance in Italy marked the beginning of modern | art as we know it to-day. |
|---|---------------------------|

THE HISTORY OF ART



11 to 13 Alinari

On this page are paintings by one of the best-loved artists of all time, Sandro Botticelli. Above is his "Mars and Venus," a picture full of exquisite fancy. Lulled to sleep by Venus' magic charms, the god of

war has forgotten his cruel pastimes. Impish little fauns, taking advantage of his slumber, are playing with his weapons. One of them is quite extinguished by the god's great helmet



Photo by Alinari

This is Botticelli's Adoration of the Magi. In a picturesque setting of an old ruin patched with a rustic wooden roof sit the Virgin and Child, while the Medici family kneels before them in adoration. Old Cosimo

kisses the infant's foot, and Piero and his sons kneel to the right. In the right-hand corner, standing and looking out at you, is Botticelli. The artist by no means flattered himself.



FI - F L O R E N C E

If you were to climb the winding road that leads up the hill from low lying Florence to the church of San Miniato al Monte, you would see this view of the glorious city. To the right is Santa Croce with its tall spire. It is a treasure house of famous works of art. In the center is the cathedral with its beautiful dome by Brunelleschi. Giotto's tower stands just

beside it, and in front of it—barely visible—is the baptistery, or church of Bel San Giovanni, about whose famous doors you may read in this chapter. To the left is the Old Palace, from whose battlemented walls the Florentines looked down to see the great reformer Savonarola burned. All of these celebrated buildings were begun before 1400.

The ARTISTS WHO MADE FLORENCE BEAUTIFUL

Here Is the Story of the Great Painters and Sculptors Who Made Their City a Shrine for Travelers for Many a Century

THIS is a story of a glorious city in its most glorious days. The city is the beautiful one of Florence, in Italy, and the days are those of the fourteenth century, when Florence was more like a modern Athens than was any other place in the world.

She was illustrious in many ways at that time, but above all in the glory of her arts.

And this is the tale of the fine arts in Florence, of the arts that have left her one of the chief places for the traveler to visit to our day.

We have been to Florence before in our stories of the fine arts. On a former page we told how the great Giotto (jōt'tō) had a part in beginning to make the town a place of beauty. Now we come to the host of

artists who carried on the work in the century that followed him.

There is not very much left now of the Florence that Giotto knew. As you stand on a hillside looking down into the city, almost every tower and dome you see was built between 1300 and 1600. But there is a landmark of Giotto's boyhood that any child of old Florence was sure to enter at least once—the church of Bel San Giovanni (bĕl san jô-van'nĕ), or Fair St. John, where every baby was taken for baptism. It is a very plain old eight-sided building, glowing with mosaics, and in the center stands the font where so many of the men in the following story got their names.

The square outside the church was a great gathering place in those days, with the stone benches built against the church walls. There the poet Dante sat and watched the work on the new cathedral. There, twenty-five years later, sat the aged Giotto to watch the building of his great tower. And there, about sixty years later still, sat the eager young artists who were wondering which of them might be chosen to make a pair of doors for Bel San Giovanni.

The Church of Or San Michele

Then there is another old landmark—a square building that was once a market and grew into a church to house a miracle-working picture of the Virgin. The church is called Or San Michele (ôr sãn mĕ-kā'lâ). The niches in its walls were bare in Giotto's

time, but were later filled up with the work of these eager young artists of the Renaissance.

Giotto spent most of his old age in Florence, dying when his beautiful tower was only half completed. So great had been his genius and his energy that for a time the

art of the city seemed almost lost without him. The painters and sculptors could go on imitating Giotto, but they could not do very much that was new. Andrea Pisano (an-dra'a pĕ-za'nō) made a fine pair of carved bronze doors for the baptistry of San Giovanni, and another artist made a shrine for the Virgin of Or San Michele. But there was still the front of the cathedral to finish, and Giotto's tower, and many other things—who was to do them all? For sixty-five years the other



Photo by Alinari

Jacopo della Quercia made this relief that tells the story of the sacrifice of Isaac. His figures are full of strength and vigor, and remind us a little of the work of old Niccola of Pisa, about whom we have told in an earlier chapter.

two doorways of San Giovanni went undone. For a time it looked almost as if Florence had forgotten about her great aim of growing beautiful.

And then came the new century of the 1400's, with all sorts of new artists and new ideas—almost too many of them. Hardly in any other place or time has there been such a host.

When you read the names of all the artists who were at work between 1400 and 1500, you can almost think that everybody must have been an artist in those days. The various Italian cities are full of them—Florence, Mantua, Venice, and others—while up in the northern land of Flanders

there is rising another great new school of painting. It seems likely that the founder of that school, Hubert van Eyck (vān ik'), had been down over the Alps and looked with clear eyes at the things of beauty to be seen in Italy. It is also likely that some Italian painter, either in Flanders or at home, studied the clever Flemish way of covering the colors of a picture with varnishes of oil that would shut out the air and keep the painting fresh all the way down to our day.

The century is so rich in art that we hardly know where to begin our story. Perhaps the best way will be to look at the work of certain groups of friends, and thus slowly build up our idea of the whole century. The story will take us to many spots in Europe, but we must begin in Florence, where most was happening.

In the year 1401 the merchants of that city decided that they must go on with the work of making it a place of beauty. They held a competition for the second pair of doors for the baptistery. Perhaps that was because there was no one artist famous enough to have a clear title to the commission. At any rate, the men who were asked to compete were all very young, and little known as yet.

The artists were invited from several cities. There was Jacopo della Quercia (jā-

kō'pō dēl'lā kwēr'chā) one of the oldest, for he was twenty-six from the gentle city of Siena (syē'nā). But he was anything except gentle in his art, for his carvings were full of vigor and his figures strong and solid. The great Michelangelo (mī'kēl-ān'gē-lō) admired his work, and saw in it some of the mighty strength of his own. Jacopo was one of the few men in his day who remembered the carvings of old Niccola of Pisa.

Then there was a young man, only twenty-four, named Filippo Brunelleschi (brōō'-nēl-lēs'kē). He was known as a sculptor and goldsmith. And there was Lorenzo Ghiberti (gē-bēr'-tē), another goldsmith.

It was between these two that the judges hesitated longest. They liked Jacopo's work, but they thought that the designs of the two young Florentines were more elegant.

Brunelleschi had made a carving full of vigor and action. It was a picture of the sacrifice of Isaac. With his hand on the boy's throat, Abraham is just ready to strike when the angel from heaven rushes down to stay the blow. Full of his idea, Brunelleschi had worked very rapidly on his fine piece of work, but it is said that when he saw what Ghiberti had done, he generously wanted to withdraw in Ghiberti's favor, so much better did Ghiberti's work appear.



Photo by Alinari

Brunelleschi's Abraham and Isaac stand out more strongly from their background than did Jacopo's. The relief is full of action. With his hand on the boy's throat, Abraham is about to strike when an angel rushes down from heaven to stay his hand.



Photo by Ahnari

This beautiful sarcophagus is thought by many to be the work of Jacopo della Quercia. The lovely figure so peacefully sleeping is Hilaria del Carretto. A double pillow supports her head, and at her feet is a dog;

Ghiberti had worked very slowly, and from many sketches. Alone among the artists he had invited everyone into his studio to watch the work and to help him with suggestions. His work in bronze was the wonder of every visitor, and the judges finally decided in his favor.

This competition was important in a good many ways. For just one thing, one of the judges was a certain Giovanni de' Medici (dā mēd'ē-chē), a rich merchant who was one of the first of the great family of the Medici that did so much for Florence and the rest of the world in the century to come.

After the competition Jacopo della Quercia went to the city of Lucca to carve a tomb for the beautiful Hilaria, wife of the ruler of that city. She had died when her little son was born; and Jacopo carved on her tomb a wreath of little angels—fat little angels made like the old Roman cupids—carrying garlands all around the sides of the tomb, while the figure of Hilaria, young and beautiful, sleeps on the top.

Later Jacopo went back to Siena, where he made so beautiful a fountain that he was known as "Jacopo of the Fountain."

Brunelleschi was discouraged as a sculptor

he stands for fidelity. About the tomb are chubby little cherubs very much like pagan cupids except that they are very sad and thoughtful. Their garlands seem almost too heavy for them to carry.

when he lost in the competition. Looking for an art in which he might excel all rivals, he went down to Rome for study and became a famous architect. He came back to build the tall and beautiful dome of the cathedral of Florence.

With him to Rome he took a lad of fifteen named Donatello (dōn'ä-tē'lō), who had already been helping in the building of the cathedral, and who was to be famous in due time. The only other piece of sculpture that we have from Brunelleschi came into being on account of a taunt from Donatello. The boy had made a carving of Christ on the cross, and brought it for his friend to see.

"You have put a peasant on the cross," said Brunelleschi.

The Crucifix of Brunelleschi

Donatello was a quick-tempered fellow. "Let me see you take a piece of wood and do any better," he replied.

Brunelleschi held his tongue, but he went off and set to work. A few months later he showed Donatello what he had made—a crucifix so beautiful that on looking at it Donatello dropped a whole apronful of eggs he was carrying.



This is a panel from the "Gates of Paradise," the beautiful doors Ghiberti made for the eastern entrance to the baptistery in Florence. Here we see the story of Jacob and Esau clearly and simply told. The

figures, so beautifully grouped, are clear and simple, too—we scarcely realize the great genius it took to make them so. Tall arches and a hint of a landscape lead us back into the distance.

"And what are we going to have for lunch now?" asked Brunelleschi, laughing.

"It is lunch enough to look at a piece of work like that," concluded his friend.

These two men went to look at every monument of art in Rome and the surrounding country. They were smilingly called the "treasure seekers" because they were always prowling around among the Roman ruins. And they really brought back treasures in their new ideas about sculpture. More deeply than anyone before them did they fall in love with Greek and Roman forms, till it seemed to them that no other art on earth could rival the art of old

Brunelleschi once walked sixty miles to see and copy a Greek vase.

Ghiberti was also a great collector of antiques. But the remarkable thing about all these men was that when they came to do their own work they never copied—they had too many of their own new ideas for that.

On their return from Rome the treasure seekers found that Giovanni de' Medici had come to be the great man of Florence. The Medici family were eager to make their city beautiful as well as rich, and Giovanni and his son Cosimo (kō'zē mo) had many friends among the artists. The young Donatello was a close friend of Cosimo, and for the



Photo by the Art Institute of Chicago

This is a modern artist's idea of how Donatello's studio may have looked. Here we see the great Florentine sculptor's masterpieces, in the center is

the famous "Pumpkin Head," to the left is St. George. The darker figures are the artist, his students, and visitors come to see his works.

courtyard of Cosimo's fine new palace he made his famous statue of David.

By this time Ghiberti was working on the third pair of doors for the baptistery—the ones that Michelangelo said were "worthy to adorn the gates of Paradise." It is truly wonderful how these solid doors of bronze have been turned into pictures that show such depth and distance. Around them is a border of fruits and birds and little animals that prove how fully the artist's eyes were open to the forms of all living things, and the edges are so crisp and delicate as to make one think the artist's hand has just put the last touch to his work.

A Visit to Or San Michele

About all these young men, and about the spirit of Florence in their day, we can learn a good deal from a visit to the church of Or San Michele. Inside it is so dim that we can hardly see. Candles are flickering before

the beautiful shrine that houses the strange, wide-eyed image of the miraculous Virgin. The shrine is covered with delicate carvings of angels in swirling robes, and on it there is also a beautiful pattern of wings. The darkness is heavy with incense, and we feel far away from the world.

The Living Art of Donatello

Outside are the four bare walls with their niches now filled by the fiery young artists of the new age. There is the St. John of Ghiberti, in its day a wonder because no one had made so large a statue in bronze for many a century. And there is young St. George, by Donatello, with a face so eager and so full of life that his eyes seem to burn. Standing firmly on his feet, he still seems quivering to be up and off for a heroic battle. Into such a figure Donatello must have put a great deal of himself, for of all these fiery young men of the new age, Donatello had



Photos by Alinari

Here are three of Donatello's most famous works. To the left is the "Pumpkin Head"; in the center, David; and to the right, the heroic and eager St. George. The statues of the Middle Ages had been made to

stand in niches; no one was supposed to see them from all sides. Donatello was the first since the old Romans to make statues that stood by themselves and were to be seen from any angle at all.

the most burning curiosity and eagerness. All of Florence is very much alive, on the verge of great new things in this great day.

A treasure seeker in the past, Donatello was a great artist in his imagination for the present and the future.

He marveled at the carvings of old Greece and Rome, but that is not enough to make an artist. And seeing that those old sculptors had grown great by taking nature for their model, Donatello also went to nature to learn all he could from her. Eager and inquisitive, he found out all about how the human body is put

together. He knew he had to master all anatomy before he could make figures such as those from Greece and Rome.

This is Donatello's Gattamelata, a nickname which means "honeyed cat" and quite suits the sly face and piercing eyes of the tyrant-soldier.

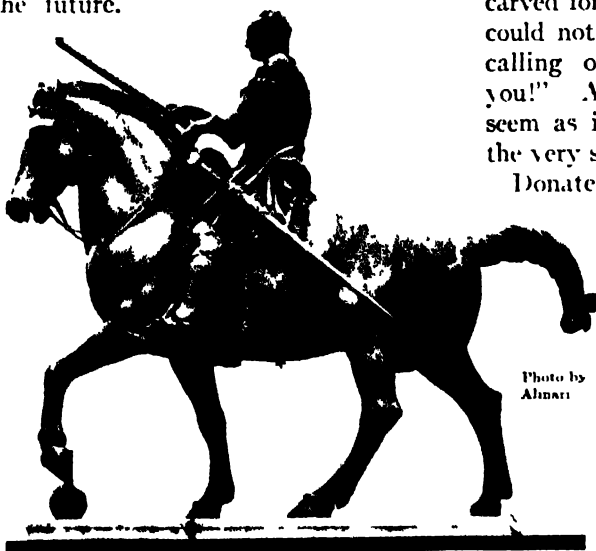


Photo by Alinari

His figures are so tensely alive that the stone hardly seems able to hold them. They are characters, such as he wanted them to be. We are told that his favorite statue was the "Pumpkin Head" that he carved for the cathedral. He could not pass it by without calling out, "Speak, can't you!" And indeed it does seem as if there were life in the very stone.

Donatello's figures are so human and so living that they are true to every age as well as to his own. He can picture anguish and despair in his pulpits in St. Lorenzo, gay and care-free childhood in his singing gallery, and classic calm

in his restrained and lovely "Annunciation." All these artists traveled about Italy, seeing many new things and bringing home



Photo by Alinari

The Annunciation above, by Donatello, is in the church of Santa Croce in Florence. The gracious figures of the Virgin and angel stand against a background of delicate carvings.



Photo by Alinari

This is one of the panels of Donatello's singing gallery. Here he has made a group of gay and spritely romping children. We can almost hear the merry music that set them dancing.

many new ideas. Donatello spent years in Padua. There he left his famous statue of Gattamelata (gat'ti-mà li'ti) on horseback. It was the first horse to be done in bronze for many a century, and an enormous one for the small rider atop it. This rider's legs hang a little loosely, and you may wonder what sort of man he is until you look at his face. Then there is no question. That forehead and that jaw and those piercing eyes can be those of a soldier only, and those of a tyrant cold and relentless.

Such were the men who brought Florence into fame in those years. They all worked on the cathedral, and with them worked another friend, the famous Luca della Robbia (loo'-kà dèl'la ròb'bya). He made carvings for the doorways of the sacristy, as well as a singing gallery, or "cantoria," similar to Donatello's. The panel of the singing boys has seven figures in an easy and natural group, each

in his own way interested in the song. One has thrown back his head to let out his voice while another is leaning forward to see the music. This is one of the rare things that Luca did in stone. For he found work in stone and bronze so slow and costly that he cast about for some other medium of production on a large scale.

What he invented is known as della Robbia to this day. He put colored glazes on his clay models, and then baked them to a hard, shiny surface that looks like china. In this way he could make many more things to sell. He and his family set up a large work shop, and spent a good deal of time in studying ways for coloring their glazes with soft blues and yellows.

Artists like these received handsome rewards under Cosimo de' Medici, the "father of his country," and under his successors. In their time it seemed as if Florence could not do enough for art and beauty, and as if



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This charming figure of Prudence is the work of Luca della Robbia. It is in the glazed terracotta which Luca invented and which was to make the name of della Robbia so famous. His colors are mostly cool blues and delicate greens. Fruit is often made into a framing garland, and sprigs of flowers give a charming effect of spring.

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Luca della Robbia never married, but his nephew Andrea did, and had a large family. So Andrea had plenty of models for the lovely babies he made of glazed terracotta. His "bambino" (bám-bé'nò)—or baby—above was made for a children's hospital.



From the workshop of the della Robbias comes this scene of the Visitation. Luca's art was passed on from father to son for several generations, but none of the later della Robbia's ever made anything quite so stately and simple as Luca's beautiful work.



Pl. (on 13) Metropolitan Museum of Art and Alina

Above is a Madonna and Child by Luca della Robbia. The figures are full of tenderness and dignity and yet are very human.



This is a detail from the singing gallery Luca della Robbia made—not of glazed terracotta, but of warm and shining marble.

the number and the skill of her artists were inexhaustible.

On his death, in 1464, Cosimo left his friend Donatello a fine farm to pay an income that would leave the artist free from care for the rest of his life. But before a

year was over, the old Donatello came to Cosimo's son Piero with a request

"Take back your farm," he pleaded. "It is spoiling all my peace. The farmers come pestering me every day because the wind has blown off the roof or because the cattle have

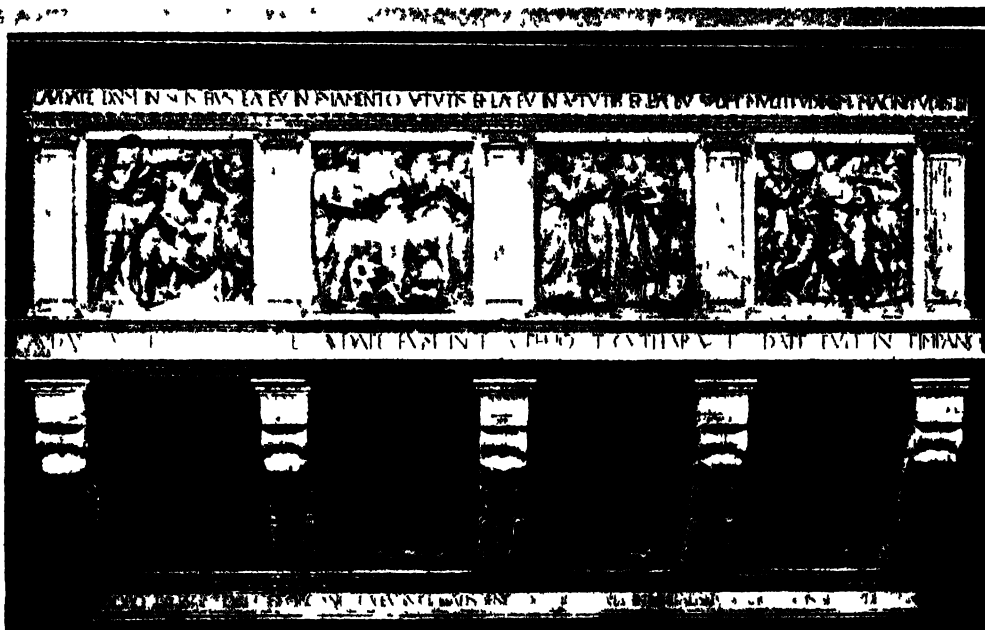


Photo by Alinari

Luca della Robbia's beautiful singing gallery illustrates a psalm. In its panels stately grown people and frolicking children are praising the Lord with

voice and dance, with trumpet, harp, and the "high sounding" cymbals. See how easily and naturally the many graceful figures are grouped.

been seized for taxes. I am all worn out, and I would rather die of hunger than live under so many cares."

Piero laughed, and then gave the artist an income without a troublesome farm.

The Importance of Perspective

But who were the painters in these great days of Florence? So far, we have been naming sculptors and architects, since these were more important in the beginning. There were painters too, however, and especially a frowny boy in whom Brunelleschi took so much interest as to show him the remarkable charts he had worked out in his study of perspective.

This matter of perspective (pĕr-spĕk'tiv) is so important that we must say a word about it. Suppose you are drawing a picture with a baby in the front, a man a little farther away, a tree in the middle distance, and a mountain in the background. The baby, being nearest, may look larger than the man—that is how a camera might show him—and the man might look taller than the tree or the mountain. In many an old

picture, indeed, that is just how things do look, with the people much bigger than the houses they live in and the houses bigger than the mountains a mile away. Now the man may really take up more space in the picture, than the mountains, so how do you make him *look* smaller, and make all the other things look their proper size? Or to put the whole thing another way, all the figures in your painting are really at an equal distance from the eye, for they are all on a flat wall, how are you going to make the man look ten feet away, the house ten yards, and the mountain ten miles?

The Man Who Started Modern Painting

To do that you have to know all about perspective. It is a difficult art, all governed by mathematics, and it took the painters many a century to master it. We are now coming to the man who showed them the secrets of it.

The boy whom Brunelleschi befriended had a very long name, but his friends shortened it to Masaccio (ma-sat'chō), which really means "sloppy Tom," because he

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Plot by Alinari

Masaccio began where Giotto had left off. These two great Florentines are each responsible for something new in art. Giotto had made his figures solid and real. Masaccio did that too, but he went still further; he mastered the science of perspective. His figures spread out, one behind another, far back into the

picture. If we could be transported into the fresco above, Masaccio's "Tribute Money," we could walk around and among the group of people, for there is plenty of space left in between them. But how puny we should look beside these noble figures who have more than human power and strength!



Plot by Alinari

We need not stand in awe before a painting by Fra Angelico. We may enjoy it for what it is, the outpouring of an earnest and devoted soul. Fra Angelico's paintings are happy dreams. His paradise is a fairyland carpeted with velvety moss and bright little

flowers, his angels are serene and happy children, and over all is the freshness of spring and the glow of warm color and gold. There is no great tragedy in his painting above. The scene is ecstatic and tenderly sad, and far removed from the world we live in.

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never cared about his looks. He was too busy painting. And even though he died at twenty-seven, he had done something for painting that no one has undone since.

By mastering perspective, Masaccio made his figures in deep space loom up and look real. No longer did they seem all to be standing on a flat wall; but the wall disappeared and the figures in the background were far away behind it. That is why the people in his day said that other artists had painted figures, while Masaccio was making living men and women.

He did not live long enough to paint very much. His great work is all in one chapel, in stories from the Bible. He could place the figures to tell his story very clearly, and we can read the gestures of his people as easily as those of our friends. In the "Tribute Money," for instance, the tax gatherer has come to collect money from Jesus and the apostles when they have none to give. As the collector holds out his hand, the apostles turn their troubled faces toward the Master, and Peter raises an angry hand to drive the man away. But Jesus tells Peter to go and cast his line in the water: in the mouth of the first fish he catches will be a coin to pay the tax. All this is as clear in the picture as our words can make it.

The rest of the story is told in the pictures at the sides—one of Peter drawing the money from the mouth of the fish, the other of the apostle handing it to the collector.

But how big and real the people look!

Yet they are not crowded—they have plenty of room to move about. They are not glued to the background, and are no mere outlines just filled in with color. Masaccio took paint on his brush and drew with it, blocking in the shadows and the lights as his eye caught them, and he created a living scene.

As in all such cases, these pictures do not seem so wonderful at first, because so many men have since learned the secret of them. But we must look at them the other way around. Before Masaccio no one had made pictures like these. It was he who worked out the secret of them, and ever since his time that secret has been open to any other painter. It is the secret of making things look real. That is what we mean if we say that he started "modern" painting.

When Masaccio died, in 1428, there were other painters in Florence who were less intent on making their pictures look real, and more eager to give them delicate outlines and lovely colors.

Cosimo de' Medici used to spend a good deal of time in prayer and meditation at the convent of San Marco. In this place there was an artist named Brother John who painted pictures for the convent walls. His pictures were made for monks who had their eyes on Heaven and who did not care much whether the works were like the real things in this world. And the pictures, in their lovely colors, look almost as if they had come down from Heaven. The picture of the Virgin being crowned in Heaven is bright



Photo by Bruckmann

This exquisite scene is the work of Fra Filippo Lippi, a painter who loved simple people and simple things. His Madonna is a little peasant maiden whose chubby baby is sucking his finger as babies have done from time immemorial. We have come a long way from Cimabue's and Duccio's other-worldly and mysterious Madonnas.

THE HISTORY OF ART



Photo by Alinari

Can you guess who are these richly dressed people riding in happy throng and winding in and about the rocky hillside? They are the Wise Men and their followers on their way to adore the infant Jesus. But probably you would not have guessed who they were,

for Benozzo Gozzoli, who painted the picture for the chapel of the Medici palace, had no notion of making the Wise Men as they may have been. Instead he gave us a pageant of mighty men of his own day, and his landscape he took from his own imagination.

with gold, with the blues and pinks, greens and reds that remain wonderfully fresh and bright.

In his convent Brother John came to be known as Fra Angelico (frä än-jël'ê-kō) because these pictures were so angelic in their purity. That is what we call him to this day. He was not unaware of the new discoveries about perspective, and when he made his picture of Christ being taken down from the cross, he showed that he too could paint a landscape with the figures taking their proper places in it. Yet it is like a fairy-tale landscape by the side of Masaccio's.

In his lonely monastery Fra Angelico had only one pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli (bā-nōt'sō gōt'sō-lē), who worked for the son of Cosimo. There was another monk working for Cosimo who was a very different sort of man from Fra Angelico. This was Fra Filippo Lippi (fê-lêp'pō lêp'pē). Born

about 1400, he was of the same age as Masaccio, and he was put into a monastery because he had been left an orphan. But he did not want to be a monk, and he was constantly running away to wild adventures, until it was finally decided that there was no use in trying to make a monk of him.

Filippo Lippi was very fond of the plain people. In fact, he was the first Italian painter to care much about ordinary folk, and he put them into all his pictures. We may see this in the beautiful Nativity he

painted for the chapel of Cosimo's palace. The Virgin, in a blue cloak, is kneeling before her child. The forest has closed in to form a dark grotto, where the sturdy John the Baptist is standing guard. The Virgin is just a simple peasant girl with a chubby baby sucking his finger, and thus very different from the older Madonnas on their stately thrones. But the picture is beautiful from the love we can read in it for simple people and simple things. Filippo has looked very closely at the flowers and the grasses that make up the bower of the Mother and Child; and he has made it dark night all around them so that their figures may stand out in the light.

Among all the painters of the time, it was Masaccio who taught the rest of Italy. Many a young artist set to copying his pictures, the very greatest men, Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, spent some of their student days at it. Almost every artist we are going to mention worked over the per-



Photo by Alinari

This swaggering figure is Pippo Spano, a soldier of fortune. Andrea del Castagno has given him so much power and strength and roundness that we can scarcely believe that he is painted on a flat wall!



Photo by Alinari

This gentle scene of the Virgin and Child with various saints was carved by Mino da Fiesole, who could

shape stone into the most delicate features, into soft hair and into the sweetest of smiles.

spective and the figures in those pictures.

Paolo Uccello (pa'ô-lô oot-chêl'lô) went mad about the new perspective. Born a few years before Masaccio, he lived a long time after him. The people used to laugh at him for a lunatic when he shut himself up for weeks and months and tried to find out just how the sun casts shadows. Donatello used to come and argue with him, and his own wife would complain that he loved perspective more than he loved her. But all this study made the figures in his paintings look amazingly solid, and the shadows are certainly where they belong.

Andrea del Castagno (ân-drâ'â dêl kâs-tân'yô) was another wizard at making solid bodies out of paint on a flat wall. His people look so real and so imperious that one

feels a little humbled in front of them. Such is his Pippo Spano (pêp'pô spa'nô), soldier of fortune, as he stands with his feet well apart and looks down as if to say that he could tell any man a thing or two about the way to rule a country. He was one of those men whom rulers hired in that age to fight their wars and put their affairs in order. Many a city called these men in at need, and many a portrait was made of them. Donatello's Gattamelata was another of them, and so was the famous Colleoni (kôl'lâ-ô'nê), whom we shall meet in a moment.

After Cosimo de' Medici came his son Piero (pyê'rô), a wise and good man, though not a very strong one. He did not live to rule very long, and was by no means so energetic as his father. But it was he who

made Benozzo Gozzoli paint the walls of the chapel in the Medici palace.

In that chapel Filippo Lippi painted the Madonna and Child to go above the altar. Then Gozzoli painted the walls with a procession of the Wise Men coming to adore the infant Jesus whom Lippi had painted in the altar picture. Gozzoli had no notion of painting these men as they may really have been. Instead, he gave us a pageant of wise and mighty men of his own day. There had just been a great church conference at Florence, with all sorts of famous visitors, and Gozzoli put some of these men into his procession. There is the Emperor of the East, John Palaeologus (pā'lē-ō-lō'gūs), clad in gorgeous raiment and riding on a white charger, and there is the Patriarch of Constantinople on a mule. The third wise man is no other than young Lorenzo de' Medici, son of Piero, who was so soon to be the splendid ruler of Florence. Behind these come old Cosimo and Piero, and many other great men of the city.

They all ride gaily in their fine clothes over the castle-crowned hills and through the forests where huntsmen chase the flying deer. The pictures are full of holiday splendor, and are lovely in color. Gozzoli shows us Florence at her happiest.

Gay and gentle like him was the sculptor Mino da Fiesole (mē'nō da fyē'zō-lā), who could shape stone into the most delicate features, into fine, soft hair and very sweet smiles. But by the side of these graceful artists there was a more strenuous man who was carrying on the work of Masaccio. This was Antonio Pollaiuolo (pōl'li-wō'-

lō), pupil of Ghiberti, sculptor, painter, glass designer, and engraver. A genius of great vigor, he worked at anatomy with the same frenzy as that of Paolo Uccello for perspective. He loved to put his figures into astounding poses, and his pictures are full of writhing and leaping forms.

At this point we may leave Florence for a moment to see what some of the other cities are doing. We shall come back again, for the story of Florence is not half told.

For ten years the city of Padua was the home of Donatello. There he made his famous statue of Gattamelata. And there a young boy named Andrea Mantegna (man tan'ya) was so fascinated by the stern face of that statue that he made up his mind to be a strong and vigorous artist like its maker. Mantegna also went to what was really the first true art school of the modern world in Padua, where a famous teacher put all his pupils to copying the carvings of the Greeks and Romans. And the boy kept drawing bits of the old marble statues and reliefs until he felt the very blood of old Rome running in his veins until he seemed to live again in the grand days of old.

Though Mantegna turned out as a painter, not a sculptor, the figures in his paintings have the firm, strong look of sculpture about them. He never thought of a picture as a flat thing on a wall. Instead, he made it melt away into the deep distance or lean forward right out of its frame as if it were a figure in a window.

A famous man at thirty, Mantegna was called away to Mantua, to work for the Gonzaga(gōn-zā'gā) family,

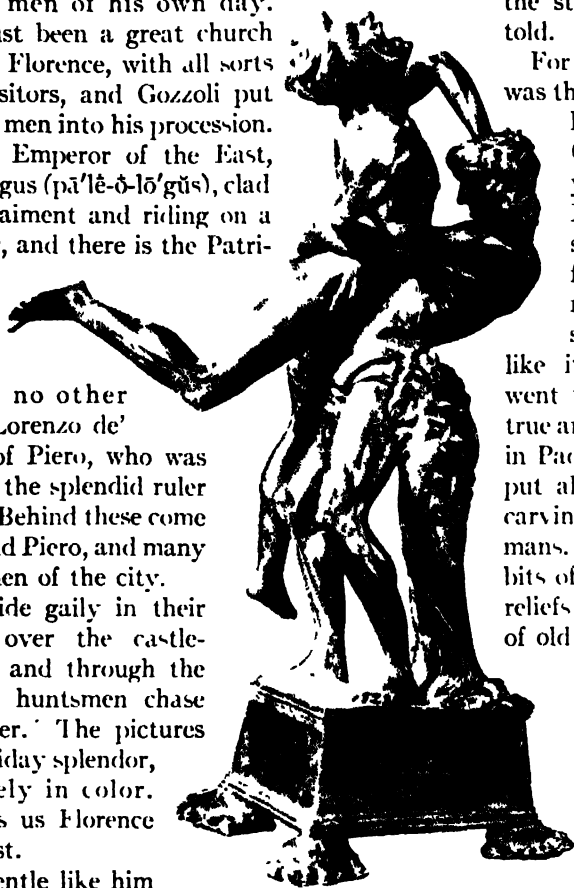


Photo by Alinari

That Antonio Pollaiuolo was a master of vigorous movement is easily seen in his "Hercules Strangling Antaeus," shown above. Antaeus, as you may remember, was a mighty giant, the son of Earth. His power was unlimited as long as he stayed in contact with his mother—that is, as long as he kept his feet on the ground! Hercules, who also was immensely strong, made no headway at all against the giant until he had the happy thought of lifting him into the air; then he was finally able to strangle Antaeus. Pollaiuolo has caught the mighty strength of both men. See how the muscles ripple along Hercules' calves, and how tightly he grips his struggling adversary!



Photo by Alinari

Gentile's procession of the Wise Men is perhaps the most entrancing procession art has ever made. The

people with their rich costumes and spirited chargers have stepped right out of a fairy tale.

who were the Medici of that city. He had a square room to paint, in honor of the marriage of one of the Gonzagas. For that purpose he chose no religious story or classical legend; he painted the Gonzaga family themselves, sitting in conversation or making ready for the hunt.

In that room you may see that Mantegna has played a more elaborate trick than even the old Romans. He has wholly painted away the real walls of the room, and has turned it into a pavilion with arcades looking out over the countryside. Of course the arcades and countryside are



Photo by Alinari

Piero della Francesca's portrait of Frederigo, duke of Urbino, is a delightful pattern as well as a delightful portrait. The Duke wears a red cap and robe, and his strong and kindly face is silhouetted against a low-lying landscape and clear sky. Piero painted things as he saw them, and he has shown faithfully the Duke's crooked nose - the result of a sword cut.

merely painted on the walls, but it looks as if the whole thing were real, and as if you were standing in a crowd and looking out over the landscape with them. Then you look up and see a round opening in the ceiling with blue sky and clouds above. Around the railing of the opening are people looking down at you, and little cupids with them - and then you see that the opening is merely painted too, with the sky and clouds and all the people.

Mantegna also painted some of the most beautiful of all Madonnas. The Mother bends her



Photo by Alinari

These are two paintings by Mantegna, the artist who made his figures look more like sculptures than like paintings. Above is his St. Sebastian. The martyr stands against a Roman arch and column. In the distance are stormy clouds.

head very tenderly over the Child. And you feel that the painter must surely have had babies of his own, because he likes to paint them so newborn and sleepy, and even ugly—as a father loves them.

The Gentle Art of Gentile

Mantegna married the daughter of Jacopo Bellini (bēl-lē'nē), one of the great painters of Venice. Her two brothers, also painters, greatly admired Mantegna, and he in turn learned something from their art. In his painting of the Death of the Virgin, for instance, he has an outdoor stillness and a quiet evening light that was one of the great contributions of Venice to the art of painting.

The district of Umbria is a gracious land. Lying in the center of Italy, it stretches over low and rolling hills. From the square before the church of St. Francis, in Assisi (ās-sē'zē),



Photo by Alinari

Mantegna's St. George stands as though he were a statue in a niche. But instead of a niche there is a landscape of hilly Italy. A long winding road takes us back into the distance to a hill that "wears its city as it would a crown."

you may look out over hills and valleys and more hills far off into the blue distance. The first great painter from this gentle country was the man whom Michelangelo called "gentle both by name and by nature."

For his name was Gentile (jēn-tē'lā). Born about 1360, he lived just a little later than the great Flemish painter, Hubert van Eyck, who also loved the countryside as no artist had loved it before. Whether these two painters ever met we cannot say, but they are much alike in the loving way they painted landscape.

The greatest picture we have from Gentile is one of a procession of the Wise Men coming to worship the infant Christ. Crowded with figures and very bright in color, it is one of the happiest processions that ever came from the brush of a painter. At the bottom of it is another picture—a little one of the Na-



Phot. by the National Gallery

This stately and spacious painting is Luca Signorelli's "Adoration of the Wise Men." The artist who tried

tivity. The only light in the picture is that which shines from the face of the newborn Child and illumines the figure of Mary and the cattle lying in the background. Far off over the hills we can see the angel appearing

so hard to make things as they are has given us a scene full of life and movement.

to the shepherds. The picture is dated in the month of May, 1423, and perhaps it was the season that led Gentile to put sprays of morning-glory, iris, and cornflower at the sides of the painting.



Photo by Alinari

Perugino is a painter of stillness and repose. His Crucifixion, above, is neither tragic nor dramatic, it

For a time after Gentile, the painters of Umbria ceased to be so gentle. The three great ones who came next were more strenuous.

Piero della Francesca (fran-chēs'ka) was gentle only in his soft and delicate colors, otherwise he was stern and stately and magnificent. The figures in his paintings are rather like statues—very far away from real life, but drawn with a clear eye and a steady hand. He painted strong men who stand firmly on their feet and look straight at you, like those of many of the Florentines. Yet Piero lived among those Umbrian hills, and his pictures are full of a silvery air such as still hangs over them.

His greatest pictures, painted on the walls

seems to breathe the stillness of deep meditation. The arches are simple, the landscape quiet and vast

of an Umbrian church tell the story of the tree from which the cross of Christ was made.

In one of them there is a great battle scene full of splendid horses and tall spears. Though they are all crowded together for the attack, the figures show no sort of confusion. Then there is the story of Constantine and his vision of the cross. Constantine lies dreaming in his tent as an angel appears with the cross in his hand. The whole picture is lighted by the glow of the angel, in the upper left corner, and the light falls on Constantine and his soldiers. How black the night around them looks, how deep and silent!

In his portraits Piero della Francesca painted people as he really saw



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This Madonna and Child is attributed to Verrocchio. The Virgin holds her sweet-faced baby upon a ledge. Her cloak is dark blue with a border embroidered in gold, and her golden hair is draped with a veil as light as a cobweb. Her baby is golden-haired, too. At his feet are a rose and three bright cherries.

them. The ruler of Urbino (ōōr-bē'nō), with his broken nose, was certainly no beauty, and Piero did nothing to make him look like one. But under the ugly nose he drew a powerful chin and a kindly mouth that leave you liking and admiring the man.

This painter had two pupils who were like their master in their eagerness and vigor. These were Melozzo da Forlì (mā-lōt'sō da fōr'-lī) and Luca Signorelli (se'nyō-rēl'le).

Melozzo painted angels who are strong and full of life as well as beautiful. Those that he did for the church of the Holy Apostles in Rome are among the most beautiful angels ever painted. You can almost hear their rich voices singing out in praises of the Lord.

Luca Signorelli never cared whether his work was lovely in the eyes of those who saw it. He was interested only in the way the body is put together and the way it works. He had too, a vivid and terrible imagination, and he could paint the scene of the Last Judgment in all its horror. Even when he does the coming of the Wise Men he makes a spacious and stately picture, rather than a gay one like Gentile's.

A Painter of Infinite Space and Peace

But the sweet Umbrian country comes back to us in the work of Pietro Perugino (py'ā'trō pā'rōō-jē'nō). His painting of the Crucifixion is a surprising contrast by the side of many a Florentine picture. There is no crowd of people. The two figures in each

panel are very quiet and not even very expressive, though they are placed just where they should be to balance the picture. It is the spacious air around them, the beautiful landscape, and the distant blue of the sky that give the picture its wonderful serenity. Perugino was a discoverer. He found out

how to put infinite space and infinite peace into a picture. But he was not a great experimenter, like Uccello. He found a beautiful way to paint and rested content with it. He taught serenity to Raphael, as you may see if you look at their paintings together. And he himself was taught by another great Florentine, the painter Verrocchio (vē'r-rōk'kyō).

The mention of that name will lead us back to Florence once more. We shall find a great deal happening there.

It is now the Florence of Lorenzo, greatest of the Medici—Lorenzo the Magnificent. The city is very gay. There are fine palaces decorated by the sculptors and painters, there are handsome villas in the country all around, and there are many gardens.

Even more than his ancestors, Lorenzo is a lover of old Greece and Rome. He wants Florence to be a second Athens, and he founds a school like the famous ones in that ancient capital of art. Himself a poet, Lorenzo gives a welcome to every author and artist. He takes them into his household and gives them a fine living. His gardens are full of the ancient carvings that have been recently dug up, and young artists go there to study and to copy.



Photo by Alinari

Verrocchio's David is quite different from Donatello's, although he has something of the same pose. He is a lithe and handsome youth, with the swagger of a young dandy.

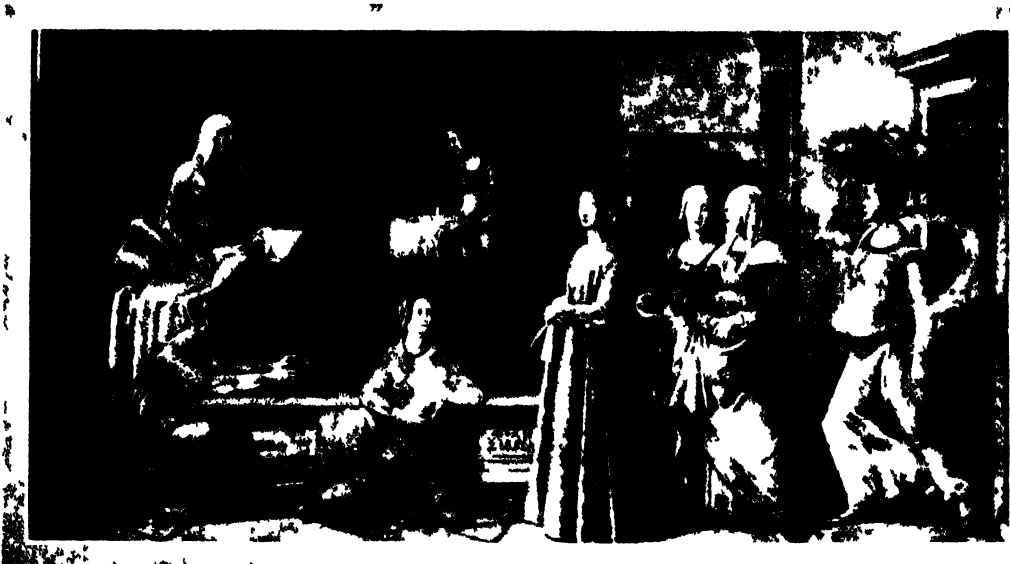


Photo by Alinari

Ghirlandaio is not a great painter—he is too fond of the obvious for that. But he pleases us to-day, with his pretty faces and charming color, just as he pleased the people about him. Above is his Birth of St. John the Baptist. The tall, queenly figure in the center is a portrait of a lady of his own day. Ghirlandaio made

many fine portraits. But see the woman who bears a basket of fruit upon her head and whose drapery swirls as she moves. What has she to do with this quiet scene? Nothing at all. She is just put there to look pretty, and Ghirlandaio would have done better to put her in a more appropriate spot.

A great age of art, it is also a great age of splendor, luxury, extravagance, display.

In the city there are two artists who have great studios and many workers. One of these is Andrea del Verrocchio, himself in turn a pupil of Donatello. A sculptor as well as a painter, Verrocchio is full of the exacting refinement of his time. He will carve a Madonna in a beautiful headdress, wearing a rich brooch, she must have the well-bred smile of a fine lady. But she will be very delicately carved. Verrocchio will always make her a beautiful lady as well as a beautiful mother.

He will carve David as a lithe and handsome youth with the swagger of a young dandy. Like his master

Donatello, he makes a heroic figure on horseback—of Colleoni, the soldier leader of Venice. A more commanding and aggressive pose was never given to a rider than to this man, who looks as if he were just on the point of spurring his horse right over you.

As a painter we know Verrocchio chiefly through the work of his pupils. Indirectly Perugino may have been one of them, but Perugino went quietly on in his own way, giving little heed to his vigorous master or to anyone else—not even to that fellow-pupil who was so soon to show himself as one of the most brilliant of



Photo by Alinari

This painting by Ghirlandaio shows good drawing and is full of charm. The old man whose nose is so amazingly smothered in warts is full of tender feeling for his loving, trustful little grandson.

all men in any age. We mean Leonardo da Vinci, but of him we must speak later.



Photo by Alinari

This is Botticelli's "Primavera," or Spring. Here are Mercury, Venus, and the three Graces. To the right is Flora in a flowery dress, scattering blossoms as she walks with graceful step. The secret of Botticelli's movement lies mostly in his use of line. He is probably the only European artist who has been able to

paint rhythmic line as the artists of China and Japan have done it. With one swirling line he gives us hair lifted softly by the wind. With another he models a wrist so that it looks round and solid. He, more than any other artist, has been able to give us painting that has the rhythm of music.

The other great studio was that of Domenico Ghirlandajo (go'lan-da'yō). A most contented spirit, this man loved nothing better than to paint his Florence in all its gayety of color, and the people in Florence loved him because he made them so attractive in his pictures. In 1485 he agreed with the rich Tuornabuoni (twōr'na-bwō'nē) family to decorate the church of Santa Maria Novella (mā-rō'a nō-vēl'la), where the fine people of the city went. He covered the walls with gay and graceful pictures of the life of the Virgin and of John the Baptist. At least those are the sub-



Photo by Alinari

Botticelli's "Magnificat" shows us the Coronation of the Virgin. The heads are thoughtful and drooping. Have you ever seen faces like these before? No--not unless you have seen them in another of the artist's paintings, for no one but Botticelli has been able to paint faces so unusual—so full of the beauty of another world.

jects. But what the artist has done has been to put into the pictures the pretty girls of the Tuornabuoni family coming to see the infant St. John or watching his baptism. The pictures are very beautiful, but we have come a long way from the reverence of older artists.

Ghirlandajo must have been a little worried by one of his pupils who could draw so much better than he could himself—a wild young fellow named Michelangelo Buonarroti (bwō'-nar-rō'tē). Sometimes the master's eyes must have seen a little scorn in those of the pupil, a little pride in

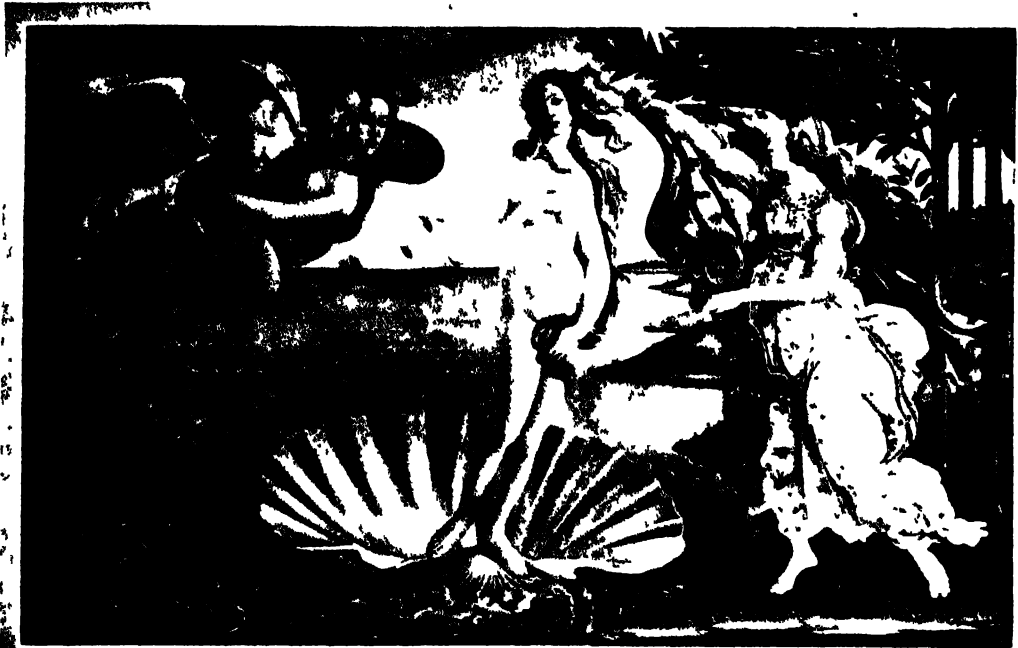


Photo by Altieri

Out of the dreams of Botticelli was painted this exquisite picture of "The Birth of Venus." The goddess of love and beauty has just risen from the sea foam and is about to be clad by one of the hours. Then

the feeling that he could do greater things than these pictures of pretty ladies. It made Ghirlandaio uneasy.

Thus Ghirlandaio and Verrochio each had a pupil far greater than himself. But Leonardo and Michelangelo must come into another story.

Yet Ghirlandaio has his great moments. He made a picture of an amazingly ugly old man with a nose all smothered in warts, and still kept it beautiful in its tender feeling and in the love and trust of the little boy who reaches up to the old man so fondly. And what a lovely toy landscape shows outside the window!

He made a beautiful picture of the bride of Lorenzo Tuornabuoni. She seems to stand for the very spirit of her Florence, gay and lovely and secure! But she died in 1488, and nine years later her husband was put to death at the order of a monk of San Marco, whose eloquent voice was thundering through Florence denouncing the luxury and vice of the city. It was no other than Savonarola (sāv'ō-nā-rō'là), calling on the people to repent of their gay lives, give up

two of the winds, with swelling cheeks, will waft her over the waves to join the other gods in their home on Mt. Olympus. The whole picture is filled by a gentle, wistful charm and a haunting beauty.

their worldly art, and turn in humility to God. With this man, at the close of the century, the mad, gay days of Florence draw to a close, and the days of turmoil and reform approach. But there is one artist who belongs both to the gay Florence of old and to the new Florence of Savonarola. That is Sandro Botticelli (san'drō bōt'tē chēl'ē).

Sandro's Strange Nickname

It is a nickname, and really means "casks." At first it was the nickname of his brother, but somehow it clung to Sandro, and he is nearly always known as Botticelli.

He studied under his brother and then under Lippo Lippi. Being very gifted and sensitive, he was quick to pick up the styles of artists who were already famous. Yet he was never a mere imitator, for he was an independent and creative artist. He must have had hands twice as sensitive as those of other men, even of artists, and eyes that saw fairy things which others did not see. His faces have a dreamy, wistful look all their own.

Botticelli was a great favorite of the

THE HISTORY OF ART

Medici, and he learned much from the poets and scholars who mingled in the gay life of their court. In his *Adoration of the Magi* he has painted portraits of all the Medici family—old Cosimo kissing the infant's foot, and Piero and his sons kneeling at the right. In the right-hand corner, standing and looking at you, is Botticelli himself. He looks a little slow and matter-of-fact—almost heavy of wit, indeed, and not at all what you would expect him to be.

One of his most famous pictures is the *Primavera* (prē'mä-vā'ra), or *Spring*. It is filled with figures from the old mythology, Venus, Mercury, the three Graces, and Flora scattering flowers. But it is not Greek or Roman: it is altogether Italian. The model for Venus was a beautiful Florentine lady. And all the lovely faces and dancing figures are a Florentine dream of an old Greek story.

Botticelli also painted the beautiful bride of Lorenzo Tuornabuoni. Once more he brought in the old Roman gods and goddesses. The bride is being presented to Venus by the Graces. Painted on the walls of a villa to celebrate the wedding, the picture is now badly worn away, and the figure of the gracious bride is partly gone.

Botticelli was one of the great throng who heard the voice of the great reforming monk.

The Thundering Monk of Florence

Savonarola came to Fra Angelico's convent about 1485, and rapidly grew famous as a preacher. In flaming words he thundered at the luxury and vice of Florence. He called for great bonfires to burn up all the vain and silly things so dear to the people of Florence, including their pagan works of fine art. He raged against the tyrants who were ruling Florence, until Lorenzo could not but take note of him. Indignant at first, Lorenzo finally went to see the monk and possibly to ask for his advice. But Savonarola refused to receive him.

"I shall remain, but you must leave," was his message to the visitor. And very soon after that Lorenzo was dead in his villa.

Botticelli became an ardent follower of the monk, and his later pictures are nearly all religious. When Savonarola himself met death at the hands of the fickle Florentines, the painter bitterly made his picture of *Calumny*, supposed to be a copy of a Greek one. An innocent prisoner is dragged before a foolish judge. Ignorance and Suspicion are whispering slander in the judge's ear, while naked Truth pleads in vain.

Far pleasanter is the artist's picture of the *Nativity*, with its wreath of dancing angels above the manger where the Child reaches up to the Mother, while below there are other angels welcoming souls into Paradise. The picture has the singing grace of the *Primavera*.

Sketches That Leap and Dance

In some ways the most remarkable work of this gifted artist is seen in his little drawings to illustrate the "*Divine Comedy*" of Dante. They are hardly more than scratches on the paper, and yet the tiny figures leap and dance over the pages. They are so delicate that they almost seem to twinkle.

And so we come to the end of a marvelous century of art. We are down to the year 1500. Of course there were scores of other painters in the century, many of them doing good work and leaving pictures that still adorn the churches, palaces, and great galleries. And there was one man so amazing that we have kept him for a separate story. That is the great Leonardo da Vinci, possibly the most astonishing genius that the world has ever seen. Along with him we are going to talk of Michelangelo, another mighty genius, who lives far over into the next century. The story of these two men and of their noble art will be found on a later page.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 12

TWO SUPREME ARTISTS OF ALL TIME

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

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Why he loved to put meaning in the faces he painted, 11-151
How he pioneered in the use of light and shade, 11-151
A universal genius, 11-152
Why the "Mona Lisa" is famous, 11-154
How Michelangelo marked an end and a beginning, 11-156

The ill fortune that drove him on tirelessly, 11-158
Why he was always undertaking more than he could finish, 11-161
How his mental and muscular fury made him the world's most powerful artist, 11-162
Why he and Leonardo typify the spirit of the Renaissance, 11-162

Related Material

Albrecht Dürer, a great German artist of this time, 11-207-12
Charles the VIII of France invades Italy, 6-176; and is crowned king of Naples, 6-302
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Pope Julius II, patron of Michelangelo, 12-95

Dante and Petrarch, poets of the Renaissance, 13-59-61
Story of the great Medici family, 6-301-2
Rabelais, a great mirth provoker, is born in France, 13-105-6
Martin Luther begins his work in Germany, 13-540-43

Practical Applications

The works of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci are to the

world of art what school textbooks are to education.

Habits and Attitudes

Though both Leonardo and Michelangelo were remarkably strong men, their variety of in-

terests was so great that much of their work was left incomplete.

Leisure-time Activities

Go to the library and look into the wealth of story and fable

about these two giants of the arts.

Summary Statement

The lives and work of Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo stand

out like mountain peaks in the world's history of art.



Photo by the Louvre

Leonardo painted his "Last Supper" on the wall of a convent near Milan. Many things have conspired to steal this painting from us—perhaps the greatest painting the master ever made. For one thing, the paint the artist used and Leonardo was always experimenting with one thing and another—would not cling to its plaster base. For many years a continual shower of

tiny flakes and grains fell from the painting, and all efforts to do something about it only made matters worse. By the time a clever artist of Italy had found out a way to save the masterpiece, there did not seem to be much left to save. The picture shown above comes from the Louvre in Paris and is an excellent copy of the one in Milan.

TWO SUPREME ARTISTS *of* ALL TIME

In the Work of Leonardo and of Michelangelo We Meet an Art as Subtle and as Heroic as the World Has Ever Seen

WE ARE now going to talk about two of the supreme artists of all time. Already we have spoken of many an artist, great or small, who went before them in Western Europe and cleared the path for them. Now we come to the master artists who arose in Florence in her days of glory. The two men are Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) and Michelangelo (1475-1564). It is not often that the world sees two such craftsmen living at the same time.

At the age of thirty Leonardo da Vinci (lā'ō-nār'dō dā vēn'chē) made a silver lute in the shape of a horse's skull on which he made such divine music that Lorenzo de' Medici (dā mēd'ē-chē) sent him to the court of Milan (mīl'ān) to play and sing for the reigning duke, Ludovico Sforza (lōō'dō-vē'kō sfōr'tsä). But Leonardo was going to do far more than play and sing there. He sent a letter ahead of him to tell the Duke what he could do. If his first proposals are all for fighting machines, it is not because

Leonardo cared for war, but only because he knew these would be important to the Duke. Here are some of the things Leonardo said he could do:

He could make portable bridges for use in chasing an enemy or in a retreat. He could drain the water from the ditches in a siege, and could build any variety of scaling ladder or other engine for assault upon a town or castle. He could make portable bombs for throwing showers of small missiles and for baffling the enemy with smoke. Without any noise he could dig winding, narrow tunnels to reach any point in the enemy's lines, even though he had to go beneath a river to get to the point. He could make mortars, or pieces of field artillery. He could manufacture gas for offence against the foe. So much for war! In time of peace he could equal any other architect in planning noble buildings, or any other engineer in carrying water from one place to another. He could do as well as anyone in sculpture, whether



Photo by Alinari

This is Leonardo's beautiful "Madonna of the Rocks," now one of the most prized possessions of the Louvre in Paris. The rugged, mysterious background, the

exquisite finish of the work in design and in detail, the loveliness of the figures, all unite to make this one of the finest canvases in the world.

in marble, bronze, or terra cotta, and in painting he could rival any other man.

This is not quite all he promised, but surely it is enough. If anyone doubted whether he could do all these things, they

need only put him to the test; and meanwhile he would commend himself to the Duke in all possible humility.

What a list! Even in our day, when all these things are so familiar, there is not a man

in the world who could do half of them. And in those days, when nobody except Leonardo had even dreamed of bombs or poison gas or tunnels under rivers, the letter that he wrote must have read like sheer madness.

But the maddest thing is that it was all true—and that the list is far from complete. Leonardo invented the wheelbarrow, and he also drew perfectly good plans for an airplane and others for a submarine. He was far ahead of all the scientists of his day. He knew more about anatomy, geology, or botany than any other man alive, and about many other subjects. Time and again he foresaw discoveries and inventions that were not to come for a century or more. In view of all this it seems almost a minor fact that he was one of the supreme painters of all time.

It is pleasant to say that this heroic man was also kind and gentle. They say that when he passed a bird store he would often buy the birds and then open the cages to set them free. Yet he was terribly strong. They also say that he could ride a horse that no one else could sit on, and that he could bend a horseshoe in his hands. And finally, he was a little whimsical. He loved to draw queer, fantastic faces, just for fun.

Leonardo's "Madonna of the Rocks"

And now look at one of Leonardo's pictures—perhaps his famous "Madonna of the Rocks." In a strange, romantic grotto that seems to reach far back into the distance where it finally opens out into the light, a most beautiful Madonna is bending over her Child and the young St. John. The

face of the angel on the right is, first of all, wonderfully beautiful. But it is much more than beautiful. It is a most thoughtful face, with a suggestion of a smile about the mouth and a faraway look in the eyes. It is as if this face had a new meaning every time you look at it; and you cannot quite understand

it, but you know it makes nearly all other painted faces seem to be without expression. The whole picture is a triumph of art.

It is rather dark, not because Leonardo did not know all about color, but because he did not want to mar the reality of his figures with too much color. The picture shows a rare control of light and shade, in which Leonardo was at once a pioneer and a master. In fact, he wrote a book about it, and about all the rest of the painter's art. For we forgot to say that this man was also an author—it is so easy to forget some of the things he could do! His book of instructions to the painter is



Photo by the Louvre

This fine portrait, sometimes said to be of Lucretia Crivelli, a lady of Milan, has been attributed to Leonardo. But some say that it is the work of Leonardo's pupil, Boltraffio, and not a portrait of Lucretia at all.

a valuable thing for artists to this day.

The first aim of the painter, he says, is to make things in a flat plane stand out in relief, and that is done by light and shade. The artist who does not know the secrets of shadows is ignorant of the glory of his art, and can succeed only with the foolish herd who care for nothing in pictures except beauty of color and who know nothing about the wonder of showing a flat thing in relief.

And he goes on to the rest of the painter's purpose. As the painter makes sure his figures have the relief which the place and the light demand, he must see that they are placed according to the story that he has to tell. Then the figures must be living ones, intent on the thing they are doing. And the

most important thing of all is that each figure must show, by face, position, gesture, and every other act, what is in his mind at the moment—whether it be desire, wrath, scorn, pity, or whatever else.

In these last words Leonardo is looking back to men like Giotto (jōt'tō) and Masaccio (mā-sāt'chō). The Florentine artists had been partially forgetting to make their figures speak out clearly what they felt. Ghirlandaio's (gēr'lān-dā'yō) pictures, for example, are full of people who seem to be there just to stand around and look beautiful without doing or meaning very much. Leonardo studied the urgent hands of Giotto's people, hands that tell so much, and he gave his own figures *speaking* hands. He painted such hands as had never been seen in paint before.

From the hands alone you could almost make out the whole story in his famous painting of the Last Supper. The hands of Christ are spread out with majestic calm. Judas is clutching his money bag with a start. Philip is pointing to his own heart, and you can almost hear him say, "Lord, it cannot be I." For Jesus has just uttered the words, "One of you will betray me," and the very hands of the apostles tell the shock the words have brought to them—while their entire figures complete what the hands are saying.

The Flaw in Leonardo's Perfection

In a genius so remarkable, so universal as Leonardo, what can be the flaw? For the man was human, after all; and even if he seemed to be all but perfect in mastering anything he set out to do, we are sure that we must look for some weak point in his armor of perfection.

The only thing would seem to be that he

could do too much. We cannot call a man like him an amateur; far from it, since he was such a master. But if we could call him anything like that, then Leonardo would be the supreme amateur of all the world. In other words, the one flaw seems to be a lack of concentration, or rather it is a concentration on too many things. Leonardo seems to have had more interest in how a thing could be done than in actually carrying it out to the end—for before he got to the end, some other thing had often fascinated him. Rarely was he interested long enough to finish a picture. When he had made a sketch of his idea and worked out his composition, he was through at least unless there was a client clamoring for a finished work. So some of his most fascinating things are only sketches, like his beautiful Madonna with St. Anne.

Such being his character, what of his life? Leonardo was born at Vinci, whose name he bore, a little town not far from Florence. His father was a fashionable lawyer, and the boy was charming and handsome, with a splendid gift for mathematics, for music, and of course for drawing.

His father showed some of the boy's drawings to Verrocchio (vēr-rōk'kyō), who at once took the astonishing lad into his school. There Leonardo stayed from his fifteenth year till his twenty-fifth. Verrocchio was an excellent teacher, and the boy was a very loyal pupil. In the studio he knew Botticelli (bōt'tē-chē'lē) and Perugino (pā'rō-jē'nō), and not far off was Antonio Pollaiuolo (pōl'li-wō'lō); and many a time the boy must have gone to the little chapel in the church of the Carmine (kār-mē'nā), to copy the famous frescoes of Masaccio. He went also to Arezzo (ā-rēt'sō), to see the



Photo by the Louvre

Leonardo loved to paint smiling faces with a thoughtful, far-away look. We are told that his sculptured heads were smiling, too, but none of them have come down to us. Above is his graceful painting of St. John the Baptist.



Photo by Alinari

The painting above is Verrocchio's "Baptism of Christ." Leonardo, then a mere boy working in the studio of his master Verrocchio, is said to have painted the head of the angel who kneels at the left and carries over his right arm a bit of flowing drapery. Certainly

work of Piero della Francesca (pyé'rō dēl'la fran-chēs'ka).

In this way he learned his art. Working faithfully for Verrocchio, he had a hand in at least two of his master's pictures. Verrocchio's "Baptism of Christ" has a beauti-

ful head of an angel that the boy is said to have painted when he was only eighteen. Many people believe that they can recognize Leonardo's hand not only in the angel's face, but also in the drapery of the other figures and in the landscape which stretches far out into the distance.

It was rather reluctantly that Leonardo set out on his own career. He must have made money enough, for he lived well, but for some reason, when he was thirty he left

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Florence with his lute and his letter, and went off to work for the Duke of Milan. The Duke had a beautiful young wife, Beatrice d'Este (dēs'tā), who was very fond of the arts, and he was himself a kind patron. So Leonardo fared very well. He could do so many things, however, that he was often called away from his painting, perhaps to make the ducal bathtub work, perhaps to look after the construction of a canal.

He painted "The Last Supper" at Milan, and worked at the problem of the huge bronze horse that was to carry the statue of the Duke's father. At first he wanted to have the horse rearing on its hind legs, but how was he to make the two legs carry all the weight? He finally gave up this idea and chose an easier one. In the end he made a model for the immense horse, which was to be twenty-six feet tall.

But that model was never to be cast in bronze. It would have taken eighty tons of the metal. The model was set up in front of the castle, but very soon afterward the Duke lost a battle to the French, and saw his city invaded by them. The French soldiers were fascinated by the huge horse, but not by its artistic wonder. They found it made a fine target, and for that purpose they used it till the great

beast finally crumbled and fell to pieces.

They say that when Leonardo was asked to make something to celebrate the coming of the victorious French king, he put together a clockwork lion, all golden, who walked a few steps and then opened his mouth to cough up a bundle of lilies—the royal lilies of France!

The artist soon went back to Florence after this. The Medici were gone for a time, and the city was ruled by an elected governor. Here Leonardo made the sketch for the Priors' Palace a wild battle scene, tumultuous in its frenzy of leaping and fighting men and horses.

He also painted the serene, mysterious, and fascinating Mona Lisa (mō'nə lē'zə) perhaps the most famous of all the pictures in the world. We have called it "fascinating," and that is above all the word for it. The face of the woman in this painting has thrown a spell over people who have looked upon



Photo by the Louvre

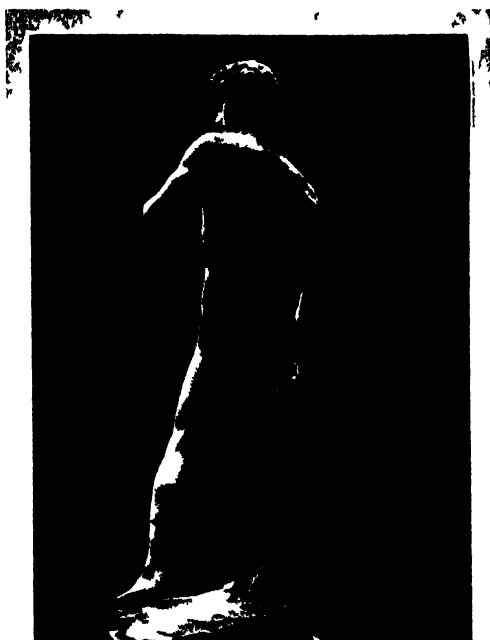
We must not expect to find the works of Italian painters so fresh and so clear as they were when they left the artist's brush. A writer who saw Leonardo's "Mona Lisa," shown above, not long after the master painted her, speaks of the marvelously lifelike flesh tones and details of the picture. Each delicate eyelash, he says, was sharply separated from the next. To-day Mona Lisa's eyelashes—and even her eyebrows—have disappeared. Her skin is yellowed and the dark base of the painting has come through the lighter paint which Leonardo put above it. But time has not been able to harm the artist's fine drawing nor his skillful composition.

her from the day it was first seen up to now. The beholder cannot take his eyes from her strange beauty, nor can he ever be sure he understands her face and what it means to say. She remains a haunting mystery, telling so much and still drawing a veil over the inner thoughts that we should like to read.

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This is the famous statue of Moses that Michelangelo made for the tomb of Julius II. You may remember this fiery pope from the portrait Raphael made of him. The "Moses" is a strong, menacing figure, with all the majesty of a prophet.



Michelangelo carved his colossal statue of David, sometimes called "The Giant," from a huge block of marble which some other sculptor had started to work on and had later abandoned. The figure is tense and watchful and frowning.



Photo by Alinari

The "Moses" and two "Slaves" are the only figures Michelangelo ever completed for the tomb of Julius II, which was to have been such a gigantic, imposing monument. The "Slave" above, tired of straining at his bonds, is a strong but pitiful figure.



Michelangelo carved this group for his own tomb, but he was never able to do much more than block it out. Even in its unfinished state it is a noble and pathetic work. We can feel the heavy weight of the relaxed figure of Christ.

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Fabulous prices had been paid for the street in Florence talking with a friend about the meaning of a certain line in the great poem of Dante (dān'tā). A small and shabby man passed by them, with burning eyes above his badly broken nose. He made a violent contrast with the handsome Leonardo, but Leonardo turned to address him graciously and with high respect.

"Ser Buonarro-
ti," (bw'ŋn'r-rō-
tē), he said, "you
are an authority
on Dante's poem.
Can you tell us the
meaning of the line
that is giving us so
much trouble?"



Photo by Alinari

Michelangelo's "Holy Family" shows how well the artist could fit figures and background into a circle. In the background you may see some of the fine nude figures Michelangelo loved so well to paint and carve.

that for four centuries has been so bewitching.

The Mona Lisa was not the artist's last work, but it is a good one with which to take leave of him. He wandered on to Rome, and finally to France, where he served the French king, a great lover of the arts. There the artist lies to-day, on a hill above the town of Amboise (ān'bwāz'), in a beautiful little chapel hanging at the edge of a precipice.

"When I thought I had been learning how to live," wrote the successful Leonardo once in his notebook, "I had been learning only how to die."

One day Leonardo was standing on the



Photo by Alinari

This is the sorrowful, haggard face of Michelangelo as it was painted by one of his pupils, Marcello Venusti.

The man with the broken nose turned savagely. "Ydu!" he shouted out. "You are the man that made a horse and could not cast it!" And with this taunt he walked on.

Leonardo remained unruffled. Perhaps he smiled a little at the rude reply as he looked at the retreating figure of the new and terrible genius who was taking his place as the new century after 1500 wore on. For the man with the broken nose was Michelangelo (mī'kēl-ān'jē-lō).

Michelangelo Buonarro-
tti marks at once
an end and a begin-
ning. Born in 1475, he did nearly all his



11 to 13 Clauff, in Rome

The Sistine Chapel, in the Vatican at Rome, is a picture book of mighty paintings. Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Perugino, and other great artists painted the side walls with stories of Christ and Moses. Michelangelo spent four long years in painting the great ceiling with

scenes from the Old Testament, marvelously framed with painted columns, mouldings, and mighty seated figures. Nearly thirty years later Michelangelo came back to paint his gigantic "Last Judgment" on the wall behind the altar.

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THE CREATION OF MAN

This is Michelangelo's 'Creation of Man' from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. God, a mighty and noble figure, is giving life to Adam. We can almost

feel the great vibrating force which flows from the Creator's outstretched hand through the limp body of His new creation.

work in the next century—that grand sixteenth century of which his own grand and terrific work was so typical.

The Splendid Art of Rome

This century belongs to Rome more than to Florence. The two greatest artists of the time—Michelangelo and Raphael (ra'f'el)

were neither of them born in Rome, but it was there that they did their most famous work in the service of the popes. This was the century when the great palaces and churches of Rome were built, above all the church of St. Peter, as those of Florence had been built in the century preceding. It was in Rome that the splendor of the papal court and the papal power gave birth to a vast expansion in the arts. The papal court was a place of great pomp and magnificence, and the art of the time reflects it. It is an age of big things done in a big way. And however small in body, Michelangelo was a genius for doing mighty things.

He was born in Florence, where his father was for a time a magistrate. The father was a stupid man, with stupid, churlish children—all but one of them. This one was very active, but sickly, nervous, and sensitive. Nursed by the wife of a stone carver, he grew up to the sound of mallets and chisels beating upon stone. His rather small frame

developed in extraordinary endurance as he grew, and he was always a most eager boy and man.

From the first he was devoted to drawing, though his father did not like it. But the boy would not give it up, and finally, at the age of thirteen, he is allowed to enter the popular studio of Ghirlandino.

Like all the other art students, he was sent to the chapel of the Carmine to copy the frescoes of Masaccio. He could draw without half trying, and his copies were so remarkable that he soon made the other boys jealous. He could say sharp things, too, and one day he let his tongue go too far at the expense of a big burly boy among the throng of students. A strong fist fell on his nose, and Michelangelo had a mark for life.

A Genius Comes into His Own

He had never been a beauty, and now his broken nose hurt his sensitive pride terribly. He knew he was a far greater artist than all the others, and he felt their scornful smiles deeply. He could not help looking ugly and inferior. So he grew more and more moody, more and more likely to burst out in sudden fits of temper. His pride would drive him to say sharper things than he really meant. It would also drive him to tasks of monstrous

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Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Michelangelo spent twelve years of his life in Florence building a new burial chapel and making tomb sculptures for his capricious patrons, the Medici. He never finished the sculptures, for troublous times descended upon Florence and the master went away, leaving his unfinished work in the hands of his pupils. Above are

the sculptures Michelangelo made for the tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici. To the left is the drowsy figure of Evening mentioned in our story; and to the right is Dawn, who seems just to be awakening and stretching her limbs. The brooding statue of Lorenzo on the next page belongs with this group.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Michelangelo's original plan had been to show all the great powers of heaven and earth mourning for the dead Medicis, whose tomb he meant them to adorn. It was a worthy subject for so great a genius. He finished but four of these: Evening and Dawn, which you have seen already; and Night and Day,

which were made for the tomb of Giuliano de' Medici and which you see in the picture above. Night is overcome with uneasy sleep and Day seems all ready to spring into mighty action. Giuliano, above them, is an alert figure in the attitude of a leader maturing a plan which is about to be set in motion.

size, partly to prove that he was a greater man than all the rest.

One day the great Lorenzo sent to Ghirlandaio for his two most gifted pupils to come and study the antiques in the Medici gardens. Ghirlandaio was glad enough to get rid of a boy who was too brilliant for him, and he sent Michelangelo off to the gardens.

Then there were three happy years. The young artist could feel all the beauty of the old Greek and Roman carvings. Moreover, there were workmen in the gardens cutting stone for Lorenzo's new library, and the sound of chisel upon stone had always been music in the boy's ears. He now learned how to use a chisel and he tried a bit of carving of his own. One day Lorenzo saw the work as he was walking in the garden.

"But you have made an old head and yet have left in all the teeth. Don't you know that old men always have a few teeth missing?"

The next time Lorenzo came that way he found a tooth out and a hole in the gum to show that the roots had come with it.

There must be something in a boy who was so careful to get things right. Would the boy like to enter Lorenzo's household?

But the boy's father only burst into tears when he heard the good news. Was his son to be nothing but a stonecutter? In vain did the boy try to explain that a sculptor was something different from a mere stonecutter, for the father could not see the point.

It was only menial labor, however you cut the stone. But since it meant good pay in the service of the great, the father finally gave a grumbling consent.

Then there were two more happy years. Michelangelo was treated like a son of Lorenzo. He was given a violet cloak, and money to spend as he chose. He had the keys to all of Lorenzo's collections of treasures. And all he had to do in return was just the one thing he wanted to do—to study his art.

Never was a boy more possessed with work. He might forget to eat and sleep, but never to ply his art. It was his passion, and it seemed to fill his whole being. His family and friends were distracted about the lad who had been so sickly. "He eats little and poorly," one of them wrote. "He sleeps badly and never takes a rest. If he does not change his habits, he will die."

But Michelangelo did not die. He spent a whole winter once in an unheated room. He lay for four years on his back with the paint dripping in his face from the pictures he was making on the ceiling above him. He

held his arms about a brother who was dying of the plague, and he saw many other hardships. Yet he lived to be ninety, and he worked like a whirlwind to the end.

In his misshapen frame there was prodigious energy, and a mad fire of creation was burning in his brain, turning out enough ideas to keep twenty artists busy. He was so eager to be always creating that he would



Photo by Mammeli & Co., Florence

This celebrated statue by Michelangelo is a portrait of Lorenzo de' Medici. It is placed above the figures of Evening and Dawn, which you have seen on another page. What crafty, deep-laid scheme can this brooding figure be contriving?



Photo by Alinari

The hand of Michelangelo carved this Pietà (pyá-ta')--or representation of the Virgin mourning over the body

of the dead Christ. It is now in St. Peter's at Rome, the great church the artist helped to build.

undertake far more than even he could carry through. He would agree to carve fifteen statues for Siena (syè'nä) when he already had more work than he could finish. He would rush to start the designs for the whole front of a church when he already had

in hand a tomb as large as an ordinary house, with forty statues to be placed in it.

His ideas were never too big for him, but only for the patience and intelligence of the men who hired him--too big for money to pay for, or for the time allowed to carry

them out. So the man's life was full of disappointments, of great schemes left incomplete, and of self-reproach. Yet he finished an enormous amount of work, and his very fragments left unfinished are a staggering achievement for any but a giant among artists.

During his long life Michelangelo lived in various places—at Rome for several periods, at Florence for several others, at Bologna (bô-lôn'yä), and elsewhere. Everywhere he worked like a hero, even if much of his work was left uncompleted. To follow him through all his travels and list all his works would take a whole book. We cannot do better here than to mention a few of his supreme triumphs and show the pictures of them.

The Mightiest of Artists

In all of his works there is a mental and muscular might that amounts to a sort of fury. The world never saw a more vigorous and powerful artist—so much so that any man who has had just a little practice in looking at sculpture and painting can tell any typical work of Michelangelo at a glance. No one can mistake the swelling strength of his figures. If Leonardo was the subtlest, Michelangelo was surely the mightiest artist of the time, and possibly of all time.

First of all he was a sculptor; that was what he took to be his chief profession. Look at his titanic figure of Moses and see if you can conceive of any man of more commanding might than this ancient lawgiver and deliverer of his race. Yet this was only one of the many great figures made to adorn the vast tomb that the artist was employed to build for Pope Julius II. Or look at his heroic statue made to represent Evening; he made one for each of the four parts of the day. Aside from the same power in the figure, have you ever seen anything in the figure of a person that could speak so well of the drowsy time of twilight? The two works are colossal triumphs, and they show the spirit in which this artist hewed his heroes out of blocks of stone.

In the second place he was a painter, and

one of the world's greatest, even though he felt that his main art lay in hewing stone. Of his many paintings the most famous are the frescoes of the story of Genesis, which he painted on the ceiling of the Sistine (sîs'tēn) Chapel in the Vatican (văt'i-kăn), and the vast picture of the Last Judgment on the wall above the altar. It was the pictures on the ceiling that kept him lying on his back for more than four years while he painted them. No pictures in the world attract more visitors from all over earth than these in the palace of the popes. Look at our reproductions of them and you will find the same colossal power you see in the statues—the power that is Michelangelo.

Later in life he was also a great architect. After other men had spent their energy in building the cathedral of St. Peter in Rome, he was made the architect of that largest of all Christian churches in the world. He did not live to see the end of the work, nor was it completed quite according to his plans. But the vast dome of the church, the largest dome we know, is his.

The Poetry of Michelangelo

Finally this heroic genius was a poet. In his elder years the comforting friendship of the famous titled lady, Vittoria Colonna (vêt-tō'rê-ä kô-lôn'nä), led him to a mighty utterance in verse. For while his pen is by no means so skillful as his brush or chisel, his poems are expressions of the same sinewy power that he put into paint and marble.

In the world of our day there are plenty of painters, big and little, plenty of sculptors, plenty of architects and poets and other artists. Very probably, in fact, a given man will not be a painter in general, but a portrait painter or a landscape painter or some other *kind* of painter. In the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sôNs') it was likely to be different. A man was an artist, and all art was more or less one sculpture, painting, architecture; it was even likely to embrace a good bit of the learning and the science of the day. We may find it hard to say exactly what the Renaissance was, but we cannot get a better idea of its spirit than in the work of Leonardo and Michelangelo.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 13

THE GRAND STYLE OF THE SPIENDID RAPHAEL

Note For basic information
not found on this page consult
the General Index, Vol. 15

For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
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Interesting Facts Explained

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like a prince among the artists
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| It has been said that Raphael was
one of the most widely imitated
of all painters. Examine the
paintings in your home or any | other painting with which you
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find traces of his style and in-
fluence |
|---|--|

Summary Statement

- | | |
|--|--|
| For a good while after their
day Raphael and Michelangelo
were the two great models for the
newer artists. Yet the great 16th | century comes to a rather shabby
close with vulgar people trying
to be grand |
|--|--|



The "Sistine Madonna" is probably the most famous of Raphael's paintings. One of the things that make it so beautiful is its simple but fine composition—it is

almost like a pyramid. If we follow the line of the kneeling figures, our glance is directed upward to the Madonna—who thus seems all the more majestic.

The GRAND STYLE of the SPLENDID RAPHAEL

Hardly Any Painter Has Been More Admired in His Own Day or More Influential in the Centuries Afterward

PAINTING is not my trade. Raphael is the man for that! So said the famous Michelangelo (m'kēl m'jē-lo) when he was ordered to paint the pictures in the Sistine (sis'ten) Chapel which he did not want to start but which once started he made into some of the greatest paintings in the world.

And painting was certainly Raphael's trade. To be sure, there was no such intense fire burning in his breast as in that of Michelangelo. But Leonardo da Vinci (lō'nā'dō dā ven'che) was a masterful genius in him all the same, and first of all it was a genius for learning. Never did a painter learn more from the other painters around him, or use what he had learned to better purpose. Raphael (rā'fāel) lived for only thirty-seven years, from 1483 to 1520, but in that short time he left us many a monument of his genius, and in his own day he was possibly the most popular and successful painter who ever lived. Fame came to him early.

Raphael was an Umbrian, born at Urbino (ūr'be'no). His father was a painter before him, and must surely have been the boy's first teacher. About the age of sixteen the boy went into the workshop of Perugino (pā'rōō jē'nō), where he learned his master's style so fully that his own paintings from this time would surely pass for his master's if he had not put his signature on them. Some five years later, having now won fame

at home in Urbino, Raphael left for the city of Florence, chief center at the moment of the vast creative movement in Italian art.

He first arrived in Florence in the year 1504. Michelangelo had just finished his gigantic statue of David, and

Leonardo was painting his masterpiece in the "Mona

Lisa. A monk of San Marco Bartolommeo (bār'tōlom-mē'ō) by name, was making noble and beautiful pictures of the Holy Family, and a certain Andrea del Sarto (an'drē'a dēl sār'tō) was another leader in the rich artistic product of those proud days in Florence.

Among such men of genius came the young artist from Urbino, and what did he discover? He found that his own way in painting was all out of date. The sweet and gentle style of Perugino which he had so fully mastered was out of fashion in the heroic world of Michelangelo or the subtle one of Leonardo. But this was no bar to a man like Raphael. With his genius for learning he had caught the

secrets of one teacher, and he could now master those of another or of many others. In great measure he soon learned his trade all over again.

He studied Leonardo, and he studied Bartolommeo. He could hardly study Michelangelo as yet, for that great artist had done scarcely any painting at this time. But Raphael also went where all the great artists of Florence had gone to learn—to the



DETAIL

This lovely Madonna and Child is a detail from Andrea del Sarto's "Madonna of the Harpies." The painting, which is one of Andrea's masterpieces, got its name from the winged creatures out of Greek mythology which ornament the tall pedestal on which the Virgin stands.



THE HOLY FAMILY
Andrea del Sarto painted many charming and graceful groups. Above is his "Holy Family."

paintings of Masaccio (ma-sat-cho) in the Chapel of the Carmine (kar-me-ni). He is said to have copied the famous frescoes in that chapel seven times. An excellent critic of his own work, he knew exactly what his painting needed—the realism and solidity of Masaccio, the delicate form of Leonardo, the staidness of Bartolommeo. From each of these the young painter took just what he needed, and he took no more.

Within a year he was showing how much he had learned in his portrait of Maddalena Doni (mad'da-la-ni-do-ne)—a picture far beyond the power of his earlier period under Perugino. By the time of painting this, Raphael had evidently seen the Mona Lisa of Leonardo, for he has imitated the pose of that famous lady.

Raphael's Instinct for Success

This newer work of Raphael is a good example of something that is to be seen in many a picture still to come from his brush. In addition to a mighty gift in art, the man had the very surest instinct for success. In fact, if there is any criticism to be made of him, it would probably have to do with that trait



St. Agnes," whose lamb rests so confidently at her knee, is attributed to Andrea del Sarto.

of careful calculation for success and popularity. It is as if he knew almost too well what would make his pictures look perfect to every eye. (Gatto (gat-to) and other older painters like Michelangelo and other newer ones had striven and struggled heroically to give their figures an urgent meaning. Raphael does not struggle—he does not seem to need to struggle—but if his figures full into almost perfect form as if without an effort, they still fail to carry so much meaning as do those of men like Michelangelo.

Raphael Learns from Michelangelo

Very well did Michelangelo know that. When his great work on the Sistine Chapel was about half done, the chapel was thrown open for a time to the public. Raphael came in with the rest to see, and we need not be told that he went away to put something of Michelangelo's tumultuous style into his own work. And when Michelangelo saw how pluckily another artist could borrow what he had created out of such bitter toil and anguish, he cried out that Raphael owed his art to study more than to nature. A proud soul like Michelangelo would never be very

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sympathetic with a Raphael. Raphael was genial and modest, while Michelangelo was anything but genial and had no patience with modesty. But this does not make Raphael any less of a genius. He saw all that was great in other painters, and he borrowed wisely and serenely all he needed from their work. In the end he made out of it all some of the greatest pictures in the world; and we owe those pictures, not to Michelangelo or Leonardo or Bartolommeo, who all furnished many a trait for them, but to the genius of Raphael in combining all the traits and adding a harmony of his own.

In a short time Raphael was painting the famous series of beautiful Madonnas that we remember first when we think of him. The "Madonna of the Chair," the "Sistine Madonna," and the "Belle Jardinière" (bél zhâr'-de'nyër') are only three of the many that he left us. They are among the most highly prized pictures in the world.

At the age of twenty-five Raphael was called to Rome. It was his fellow townsman Bramante (bra-man'ta), enemy of Michelangelo, who brought him there to have his part in the great outburst of art that was filling Rome with masterpieces of painting. About this time the bitterly disappointed Michelangelo was starting on his magnificent frescoes for the Sistine Chapel, and there could hardly be a greater contrast between the tortured, heroic work of the one artist and the serene and beautiful production of the other. The contrast lay deep in the characters of the two men. Handsome and lovable, Raphael was soon surrounded by a host of friends and admirers in Rome. He lived the life of a prince among artists.

It was the stormy Pope Julius II, a man

who knew what he wanted from his artists, who set Raphael at work covering the walls of some of the rooms in the papal palace of the Vatican (vat'i-kân) with frescoes. Raphael felt that he was now called on for the best that was in him, and in his frescoes he soon proved that he was the peer of any other artist.

In one room there are four magnificent pictures covering the four walls, with great semicircular arches swinging up to frame them. Above one of the pictures there is the arch of the sky which seems to provide an infinite space behind the picture. In a golden heaven sits Christ with the Virgin and Saint John, and with the twelve apostles enthroned on a curving bank of cloud. Below is an altar with the symbol of Christ upon it, and all around are those who have been witnesses on earth to the gospel—martyrs and teacher and fathers of the church. The great crowd of figures gives an impression of majesty, while the wonderful grouping and gorgeous color offer a serene and perfect harmony as gentle as Perugino's but infinitely richer.

On another wall we see a vast hall with round vaults and domes that seem to stretch backward as remotely as the sky in the first picture. This is the famous painting of the "School of Athens." It shows the venerable Plato and the younger and vigorous Aristotle, with their pupils crowding around them listening to the masters or debating among themselves.

The Beginning of the "Fresco Factory"

It is by no means enough to say that these pictures are wondrously spacious. They seem to lift us off our feet and to carry us far



Photo by Abner

This exquisite work, Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," was painted after the artist had been to Rome. Raphael's assistants helped him with much of his work, but this painting was made entirely by the master's hand.

back into their depths. They act upon us as does some great piece of music, some swelling strain of a full orchestra marvelously blended into rich harmony.

It was about the time of these works that Raphael saw the pictures that Michelangelo was painting in the Sistine Chapel. They made him feel that his own paintings were too calm and rather lifeless. That is why he tried to put a certain tumult into his next work. But tumult of any kind was not a natural thing for the gentle and contented Raphael, and when he strove for drama and energy he made pictures that were too restless—pictures that seem to jump out at you too much as you step into the room. This was partly because Raphael was not the man for vigorous drama, and partly because he had grown so successful that he had to employ a whole flock of helpers to do all the pictures to fill the orders flowing in upon him. Someone has called it Raphael's "fresco factory," and it certainly did a flourishing business.

The Great Portraits of Raphael

One of the frescoes on which Raphael himself worked has in it a portrait of the fiery Pope Julius II. This pope died soon afterward, to be followed by Leo X, a man who loved beautiful things and who worked his artists very hard. Under him Michelangelo was sent to work in Florence, while Leonardo was called to Rome. As for Raphael, his hands were very full indeed. He was made

architect for the cathedral of Saint Peter, and superintendent of all the excavations of ancient remains in Rome; he was commanded to finish the rooms in the Vatican, to paint a palace and plan two others, to design mosaics for a church, to design sixteen great

tapestries and half a dozen altar pieces, and, among other things to paint a portrait of the pope.

Even the fresco factory could not keep pace with all this. Raphael was literally worked to death. He lived only seven or eight years longer. But in these last years he found himself again. He gave up the stormier style which had never fitted him, and once more became his serene self.

To this last period belongs his famous Sistine Madonna, now in Dresden. With a glorious sky for

the background, Saint Sixtus and Saint Barbara kneel on either side of the picture, while in the center the Virgin appears in a softly flowing cloak which goes over her head and is gathered under her arm. Easily and gracefully she holds her sturdy child, while in the sky behind thousands of little cloudlike angel faces look out from the distance like a soft blue haze. It is possibly the most beautiful of all madonnas.

Aside from such pictures, Raphael was one of the greatest of portrait painters. Witness his portrait of his friend Baldessare Castiglione (bal'dēs-sā'rā kās'tē-lyō'nā), the perfect courtier, painted in remarkable grays and blacks that are still anything but drab in effect, but rich and warm. Witness his Pope Julius, with the rich red cape, the fiery



Photo by Alinari

This is the celebrated portrait Raphael made of Pope Julius II. The Pope is not quite so stormy here as history paints him, but Raphael has given him a determined mouth, and eyes that hint of fire. His cape is a rich red.



FIGURE 1

The statue of Aeolus above is attributed to Gianda Bologna. The figure is winged, as we should expect a god of the winds to be, and he seems about to whirl away to set the skies in motion.

eyes, and the mouth set in a firm straight line.

In the spring of 1550 all Rome was saddened. The body of Raphael lay in state before his unfinished picture of the Transfiguration. He had had a career of unusual brilliance, and he had given to his century its grand style. This was not really a mightier style than that of Leonardo or of Michelangelo, but it was more harmonious and more nearly perfected. Just because it was less heroic and individual, it was a style that other men could understand and imitate. For a long time, in many a land, Raphael was often held to be the perfect painter, and ever since his day artists have gone to him for harmony, for majesty and

FIGURE 2



Cellini has shown the young Ganymede seated on the back of an eagle—Jove, as the Greek myth will tell you, sent the eagle down to carry off the youth, who became cupbearer to the gods.

dignity. Indeed, Raphael came to be rather a way of painting than a mere person.

For a good while after their day, Raphael and Michelangelo were two great models for the newer artists. But these artists were not great creative geniuses; they were smaller men who kept on copying the creators who were now gone. And if Raphael himself had found the style of Michelangelo too much for him, how much more pitiful were the efforts of the lesser copyists that followed. Their main idea was to startle people with great flashing pictures. The art of portrait painting was the only one to keep much of its dignity, and in general the great sixteenth century comes to a rather shabby close with vulgar people trying to be grand.

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Reading Unit

No. 14

THE FAMOUS ARTISTS OF OLD VENICE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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- Why the splash and flare of light in Titian's last work led to the decay and death of the great styles of the Renaissance, 11-180
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- Correggio painted a dome in which you seemed to look straight up to Heaven, 11-184
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Picture Hunt

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Summary Statement

- As the fire and achievement of the Renaissance began to die out in Italy, the artists turned more and more toward the use of startling effects that said little.



This view of Venice is by Canaletto, an eighteenth-century Venetian painter who has given us many delightful scenes of his native city. He is noted par-

ticularly for his fine perspective and for his masterful use of color—things for which earlier Venetian artists, also, had been noted.

The FAMOUS ARTISTS of OLD VENICE

How a Group of Painters and Sculptors, with Titian at Their Head, Made the City of Canals a Place of Beauty

IN EARLIER pages of this book we have told many a story of Italian art and Italian artists in the great days when Italy was the home of nearly all the arts. Yet all the while we have been leaving out something.

Far up in the north of Italy lay a rich seaport which through her trading had come to know the gorgeous East and the Gothic North about as well as she knew her own land. This was Venice, of course, queen of the Adriatic, a city of noble merchants who took little part in the struggles of the other Italian cities. The Venetians came into great riches through their vast commerce, and then when they had won their way to leisure they

turned their minds to making their city the most sumptuous one in Italy.

They made over their marshy islands just off the coast into something like a fairy city that seemed to float upon the water. They had canals in place of streets, with their fine houses rising out of the water on either side, with palace after palace casting its shimmering image on the liquid surfaces. The air was clear and the sun was very bright and the Venetians who saw their ships with ruddy sails coming into port would glow with the thought of all the gold and ivory they brought, all the precious stones and silks and gorgeous carpets from the East. In such a city one could not help being gay.

In a place like Venice painting would flourish more than sculpture. There were so few places to put up statues! In such a place we should expect a great deal of brilliant color in the painting; and for a long time, indeed, the Venetians were content with the shimmer of the old Byzantine (bī-zān'tin) style in art, which we have already told you of. The newer painting of Italy came to Venice rather late. But about the year 1410, when the citizens wanted to decorate the splendid palaces of their dukes, it began to be said that the old Eastern style was out of date, and that down in Southern Italy there was an entirely new art of painting. Then the Venetians looked around for one of their own artists who would know about the modern style, and found that they had no one who had mastered it.

They had to send away for painters. They sent for Gentile da Fabriano (jēn-tē'lā dā fá-brē-ā'nō), Pisanello da Verona (pē'zā-nē'lō dā vā-rō'n.), and Antonello da Messina (ān-tō-nē'lō dā mēs-sē'nā). These men taught the Venetians the story-telling art of Florence and Umbria; and Antonello, who had studied from Flemish artists, showed them a way of using oil glazes that made marvelously brilliant color which never faded. After that Venice may be said to have gone wild about painting.

Just before this time a Venetian named Jacopo Bellini (jā-kō'pō bēl-lē'nē), a painter and a great traveler, was wandering around Italy taking notes on all the interesting things he saw. He came to Padua and visited its famous school of painting. There he met Andrea Mantegna (ān-drā'ū mān-tān'yā), and his daughter gave her hand to Mantegna in marriage.

That happy wedding was also a happy

event for Venetian painting. Old Jacopo Bellini had two sons who were painters, and were filled with the Venetian love of color. And now into the family came a brother-in-law whose great interest was to paint figures that would look as rounded and solid as statues. The combination was exactly what

the art of Venice needed. The Bellini brothers added the rich glow of Venetian color to Mantegna's solid forms, and so produced the proud art of their native city.

Old Jacopo died about 1470, leaving his notebook and his art to his sons. The elder of these, Gentile (jēn-tē'lā), was a traveler like his father. Called to the court at Constantinople, he there learned the delicate and exquisite brushwork of the Eastern painters. He brought back a portrait of a Mohammedan prince that looks more like a Persian painting than an Italian one. Then he used his skill in painting the brilliant processions that

the Venetians used to love. In his picture of the Corpus Christi (kōr'pūs kūs'tī) procession we may see the whole square of St. Mark's, with its great church in the background and with the procession winding through the square clad in the most gorgeous colors.

In this picture we can see one of the great differences from the pictures of the southern painters. The painters of Florence had a passionate interest in human beings, but had no great love for painting the outdoors except as a mere background for their human figures. But the Venetians, possibly because of their longer northern twilight, felt that the golden outdoor light of the late afternoon was as interesting and beautiful as any human beings, and they strove to wrap their pictures in its glow.

Gentile's story-telling art was carried over



Photo by the Louvre

This interesting portrait of a condottiere or soldier-leader is the work of Antonello da Messina, who was one of the first of the Italian painters to study the way the Flemish masters used oil in painting. No one could miss the force of the clear eyes and firm chin in the painting above.

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Photo by Alinari

This is Gentile Bellini's painting of the miraculous finding of a bit of the true cross. Here beneath a clear sky are high dignitaries, wealthy citizens, and

plump and pretty ladies—so typical of Venice all marvelously spread out in a spacious scene flanked by charming Venetian buildings.



The Madonna and Child above is the work of Jacopo Bellini. The winged cherubs in the background look like bright little medallions.



Gentile Bellini's portrait of the Sultan shows how well he had learned the delicate and exquisite brushwork of the Eastern painters.



Phot. by Alinari Florence

Carpaccio has told the story of St. Ursula in a series of paintings of which the above is one. They are as charming as a fairy tale. The artist seems to

have been fond of animals, and you will not have to look far among his paintings to find a dog or a little bird understandingly drawn.

into the realm of fairy tale by Vittorino Carpaccio (vēt-tō'rē-ō kār put'chō). We can see this, for instance, when Carpaccio paints the story of St. Ursula, who was a princess. The painting is full of turreted castles, of pavilions by the water where fine boats await the princess and her followers, and of lovely ladies clad in rose and blue, in deep, rich red, and in the softest yellow.

All of Carpaccio's pictures reflect the color of life in his own city. They also tell us how full the city must have been of Eastern traveler, for the artist paints the bearded foreigners in their long, loose robes and turbans as if he had seen a great many of them.

Giovanni (jō vī'ne) Bellini, the younger brother in the family, had a great gift for painting the warm glow of twilight. He



Photos by Alinari and Anderson

Giovanni Bellini's Madonnas are among the loveliest that we have. They are always gentle and

serene, but grand, too, and glowing with rich color. Above is his "Madonna and Child with Saints."

seems to have admired and studied Mantegna more than his brother did, and in turn Mantegna learned to soften his pictures with Giovanni's light. It is interesting to compare two pictures on the same subject as they were painted by the two brothers-in-law.

The subject is the Agony in the Garden where Christ prayed before the crucifixion. The painting of Mantegna shows sharp, clear-cut rocks that rise strangely from the ground and seem to crowd the picture up toward you. You may hardly notice the kneeling figure of Jesus, but all the brittle sharpness of the scene will speak to you of distress. In Bellini's picture the head of Christ is outlined sharply against the sunset, while the country stretches far away into the distance.

It is a flat and rolling country, with nothing looking sharp as in Mantegna's work. The air is full of the golden peace of twilight. The world is infinitely quiet, and Christ is alone in it, with all his followers asleep.

This outdoor peace is seen in many of Giovanni's pictures, especially in a little painting of Paradise which looks like a gentle fairyland bathed in the softest light one can imagine.

Giovanni is well known for his Madonnas. In these he used Mantegna's method of painting his canvas as if it were a deep room of which the frame was part of the decoration. There is always a rich and glow-



This is one of the finest portraits ever painted. It is a picture of the doge Leonardo Loredano, and is attributed to Giovanni Bellini—the only portrait of his that has come down to us.

ing color in the pictures, and a gentle dignity; they are among the loveliest Madonnas that we have.



Photo by Alinari, Florence

In this painting of the enthroned Madonna with four saints, Giovanni Bellini has used Mantegna's method of painting his canvas as if it were a deep room.

Toward the very end of the fifteenth century a big and handsome mountain boy came down into Venice to seek his fortune. He was called "Big George," for that is what his name of Giorgione (*jôr-jō'nā*) means. It is just possible that when Michelangelo (*mī-kēl-ān'jē-lō*) came up to Venice, this Giorgione was at work in the studio of Giovanni Bellini, and that Michelangelo may have seen him there. The two were of about the same age, for Giorgione had been born in 1478.

But in his native mountains his eyes had seen different things from Michelangelo's, and all his life they were going to see people mainly as bits of color in a landscape. What

The frame is a part of the decoration. This painting is in a church in Venice, and is one of the most imposing of the artist's altarpieces.

they really saw were lovely dreams that began in his native mountains and wove themselves into pictures of a country where no man has ever been a beautiful hilly country where people seem to have no cares and nothing to do but stand about or lie around in graceful attitudes while they bask in their own pleasant thoughts. But Giorgione's dreams seem so real that we imagine he must have lived his life in them, and we have to wonder whether he ever woke up to eat his dinner or pay his bills. He died very young, at thirty-three, and we know very little indeed about the facts of his life.

But we now come to a greater painter about whom we know far more. We may

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begin with a story that is told of him as a boy.

It is spring in the Dolomites (dōl'ō-mīt), those beautiful mountains to the north of Venice. The country is full of flowers. The boys and girls from the little village of Cadore (kā-dō'rā) are out on the hillsides gathering the flowers for a village festival. A little boy named Titian (tish'ān) has been out picking flowers with his sister, and now they are coming back to town with their arms full of blossoms. But as they enter the town the boy makes some hurried excuse and runs off to hide his flowers while his sister's eyes follow his vanishing figure in wonder.

Again and again the same thing happens. The sister knows that Titian is not taking his flowers where all the rest are going, but she keeps the puzzle to herself. Then, on the last evening before the festival, the boy comes to his sister with his eyes shining. "Come and see what I have to show you!"

He leads the girl to a deserted shed on the edge of the village. On the stucco wall he proudly points to a picture of the Virgin with her Child in her arms.

"O, Titian, how beautiful! But where did it come from?"

"I made it," answered the boy.

"You made it! But how? Where could you get the colors?"

"I made the colors, too. I made them out of the flowers. I just squeezed out the juices. And here is my Madonna—painted with flowers!"

In pride and joy Titian's sister ran for her father. Soon the whole village had come out

to see the work of art, and to wonder at the boy artist.

Whether or not this story is exactly true, it is certain that this boy Titian (1477-1576) showed such gifts for painting that he was sent to Venice for study, and before long was working in the studio of Giovanni Bellini—

where Giorgione was also at work, and where Titian too may have met the great Michelangelo. Titian and Giorgione grew to be great friends. Though a greater painter, Titian was never such a dreamer as Giorgione, and he must have envied his friend his visions. At any rate, he copied Giorgione's style so fully that when the two painted a picture together it is hard to tell which is which.

We can see this in a famous picture called "The Con-

cert," which the two painters probably did together. The dreamy, wistful face of the man at the clavier must be Giorgione's work, while the firm, strong hand of Titian must have painted the monk on the right.

After Giorgione's death, Titian carried on his golden style for another ten years; and all through his life he carried in his mind the mountain country where he and his friend had seen the light. In all his long life in Venice—and he lived to be nearly a hundred years old—Titian never put the canals and their boats into his pictures, but rather the Alpine scenery of his childhood.

Yet instead of being a dreamer, Titian was bent on practical success through his fine art. He was, indeed, fairly hard-headed about it, and he proved a good business man as well as an artist. He could paint very great pic-



Photo by the Louvre

In this portrait of "The Man with the Glove," by the great portrait painter, Titian, we see a young man of the world, handsome and elegant, sensitive and dreamy and proud.



Pl. 15. Altman Florence

"The Concert," which you see here, was probably painted by Titian and Giorgione together. It combines the firm, strong hand of the first artist with

tures with one eye on the money bags. He was very much a man of the world.

So in an early portrait such as "The Man with the Glove" we can see a glow that Titian had caught from Giorgione; and yet in the fine, firm painting of the head and splendid elegance of the whole we can see that this young man is a man of the world, just as Titian was himself.

Titian soon found out that the way to success as a portrait painter was to touch his people up just enough to give them a fine romantic air. He took care not to change them too much, for they wanted to look like themselves, and yet he made his portraits so flattering that people came flocking to him for their pictures. Who would not love to look like the Man with the Glove, or the splendid lady in blue velvet called "La Bella"?

Yet as Titian grew older he came to be less

the dreamy glow of the second. The sturdy monk to the right may be Titian's work, and the dreamy figure at the clavier may be Giorgione's.

patient with his sitters, and more searching in his study of them. We may see this in such a portrait as that of Pope Paul III. The old pope's figure is tense and uneasy, and his hands clutch the arms of his chair. There is tragedy in the air, and we hardly need to be told that Paul III died after his family had risen up against him. The family may have thought the picture a little too frank; at any rate it was never finished.

At the age of thirty-six Titian was very successful, but he was not yet satisfied. He asked the Council of Venice to make him the state painter, at a large salary. Old Giovanni Bellini held the office at the time, and of course he did not like his pupil's attempt to put him out of it. But after his death Titian came into the position, adding a fat salary to all his gains from his portraits.

It is even said that Titian was not above bargaining over the prices for his pictures.

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Photos by Anders in London

Above is Titian's "Last Supper," a work which was cruelly cut down to fit into a certain space in a palace

in Spain. Yet it still shows how well the master could group his figures.



This is Titian's beautiful and famous painting which is commonly known as "Sacred and Human Love"

If a painting was for some duke or prince who could pay a large fee, the artist could make it very gorgeous with glowing silks and satins, but if it was for some humbler person he could make it cheaper, without wasting any more time than was necessary. He even struck up a strange friendship with a famous blackmailer named Aretino (a'râ t'e'nō), who made money by threatening to spread scandal about people until they paid him to keep quiet. Yet this Aretino seems to have been a true friend of Titian's, and to have taught the painter how to flatter his royal patrons till they showered him with honors.

While striving for success in such ways, Titian also learned to paint in a majestic style that left all the dreams of Giorgione

far behind. This style may be seen, for instance, in the vast picture he painted for the church of the Frari (fra'te). It was such a colossal affair that the monks of the church were worried about its huge figures. But the picture gained such praise from the people that the monks decided they must have it.

The same great style may be seen in the Madonna that Titian painted for the Pesaro (pâ sa'rō) family. Two great columns loom up out of sight in the picture. The Madonna sits against one of them, while the saints stand or kneel on the steps below. The spectator has a sense of vast outdoor space, of splendid color, and of great dignity.

At times Titian could paint rather more

informal pictures, such as his "Holy Family with the Rabbit." Here he can be familiar. He is in his beloved Alpine country, and he paints a beautiful Venetian girl with a rosy baby who reaches out in delight for the rabbit his mother holds. The picture shows Titian at his warmest and most friendly.

Instead of retiring in his grand old days, after his seventieth birthday, Titian went on developing new ideas of painting. He had been to Rome and seen Michelangelo's mighty work in the Sistine (sis'tēn) Chapel. As a result he seems to lose much of his old interest in gorgeous color, and to conjure up bolder and more somber pictures. We can see an example in the picture of his patron, the emperor Charles V. The horse and rider are painted against a sky that is dull after sunset. The Emperor sits firmly on the horse, but he is no brilliant imperial figure; he is a frail

old man, silent and thoughtful. The painter has left behind the bright days of his youth. Perhaps his hand is feebler and his eyes are growing dim. Certainly he is thinking more. And somehow this kind of picture is more impressive than splendid ones of the earlier days.

The splash and flare of light in the paintings of the aged Titian may start us talking of something very important in the history of art—not only in Italy, but in all the lands of Europe, and not only in painting, but in all the other arts as well. Beginning in the

last days of Titian, and going on for the best part of two centuries afterward, there is a gradual but vast change in the art of Europe. In brief, the change shows the slow decay and death of the great styles in art which were the pride of the Renaissance (rēn'ē-sōNs'), that vast movement which is drawing

toward an end in the later days of Titian; and it shows the gradual rise, in the place of those older ideals, of the new style or styles which we call Baroque (bā-rok') which was coming into use in the seventeenth century and ruled through most of the eighteenth.

There is something very firm about Renaissance art. The buildings are firm; they stand solidly, calmly, quietly. The pictures are firm too: the forms of Giotto and Masaccio and so many of their followers are similarly solid, clear, and simple. But as we get into Baroque art, we feel less calm and quietude. We

feel more movement in the art, more swing and bounce. In the painting we feel a flame of moving and flickering light that constantly leaps and falls and changes. If you will look long enough at some of the pictures we are going to mention and show on these pages, you will see just what these words mean. But here is another way of illustrating it:

When, in a thunderstorm, a bright flash of lightning suddenly flames over the country, the trees and houses and all other things will leap out of the darkness for an instant and then vanish back into it. Now have you



Photo by Alinari Florence

This splendid lady in blue velvet is one of Titian's most successful portraits. People have called her "La Bella" because she is so beautiful.



It Is Anthon B. e

It is hard to believe that in the picture above we are seeing part of the great dome of the cathedral of Parma. Correggio was a master at painting away

walls and ceilings here, instead of a stone vault we see saints and angels soaring up to heaven on the softest of billowing, pearly clouds.

ever watched them to see just what seems to happen? In the flash they leap and vanish so suddenly that they actually seem to move themselves. And it is this moving sense of light that fascinated the Baroque artists. This is not to say that they were especially

interested in thunderstorms, of course, though one of them made a great painting of such a storm, but that they were very much interested in all the things that light does and that they saw this light not as a steady, constant glow, but as a changing



Photo by Alinari Florence

In Tintoretto's painting of St. Mark freeing a slave from torture you may see how much Tintoretto loved to put bold movement, power, and impetuous energy into his pictures. His saint comes hurtling down from the sky with a suddenness that takes our breath away. The figure is too much of a "stunt" to be

truly artistic, but it does show a remarkable knowledge of perspective. Tintoretto is famous, too, for his handling of light and shade. The light falls in brilliant patches on parts of his figures; other parts are hidden in the deepest of shadows. It is partly this effect of light that makes the figures move.

thing forever playing over objects and making us look at them.

So the Baroque painters do a great deal with moving light. The style started in the south, where the sunlight is brightest, and to see the full effect of it we have to go to Italy or Spain. But it fascinated the artists in the north too, where it had a profound effect on such great men as Rubens (rōō'bēnz) and Rembrandt (rēm'brant). In Rembrandt, to be sure, it is anything but a bouncing light, and Rembrandt gets many of his most marvelous effects with only a beam of light piercing the deep shadows of his pictures. But it is still the light that does the magic work. In the many lands where the Baroque style flourished it produced many different effects, but everywhere it produced something of the kind of motion in art that we have been trying to describe—motion that comes from the

flaring and falling and ever-changing light.

You can see a good beginning of all this in a famous picture called "The Marriage of Bacchus (bāk'ūs) and Ariadne" (ār'ī-ād'ne). It was painted by the Venetian Tintoretto (tēn'tō-rēt'tō), whom we are going to discuss in a moment. In this picture the beautiful, swinging bodies may not really be so different in form from those of Michelangelo or Raphael (ra'fā-ēl), but it is the light which, so to speak, plays the music in the picture. It ripples over the bodies so warmly, and makes them seem to move! If you get far enough away from this picture, what do you think you will see? Hardly any bodies at all, but rather flashes of light flaring out of shadow. That is the spirit of Baroque.

Of course this new style did not come all in a moment. The older artists helped to start it—Michelangelo with his turbulent

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THE SEVEN DOCTORS

This painting of "Christ among the Doctors" is the work of Veronese the last of the great Venetian

painters. Like the other Baroque artists he was interested in striking light effects.



Bernini's David is an early work full of nervous energy and frowning determination.



This is Bernini's statue of "pious Aeneas" carrying his aged father from the ruins of Troy.

figures and Titian with his riot of color. In fact, the very man who did the Bacchus and Ariadne wrote these words on the wall of his studio: "The drawing of Michelangelo and the color of Titian."

At this point we must mention another great artist who had his share in the Baroque movement even though he lived and painted in a small city and never gained any great fame in his own lifetime. This was Antonio Allegri (ă-l-lă'-grē), commonly called Correggio (kôr-rêd'jō). He was born in 1494, and did his work at Parma.

Correggio cared very little for stately grandeur, but he had a great love for pretty things and for soft, light colors. Yet Parma is not very far from Padua and Mantua, where the art of Mantegna had come to be the model for all Northern Italy; and it is one of the oddities in art history that Correggio, the painter of pearly loveliness, should have learned his art from Mantegna, that stern lover of ancient Roman ways. Yet it was not the sharp lines of Mantegna that Correggio studied; it was Mantegna's trick of painting away walls and ceilings and leaving landscapes, trees and sky, in their places. In another story we have told how Mantegna painted a hole in a ceiling with people leaning down over the balustrade and looking at the spectator below. Now we may show what Correggio did with the same idea.

Correggio's Wonderful Dome at Parma

The cathedral of Parma has a dome. On the outside it looks solid enough, but when you step inside the church and look up you have a great surprise. Instead of a round

stone vault above, you find you are looking straight up into heaven! You see billowing white clouds and soaring angels and saints; and far above, just ascending out of sight, you behold the Virgin going up into heaven. The picture almost takes your breath away. Yet the good people in Parma were not at all

sure they liked it when Correggio had finished it. There were so many flying feet and legs in the ascent! The people were not quite sure whether to pay Correggio for the work, and they

appealed to Titian in Venice. But Titian knew great art when he saw it.

"It is a miracle," he said. "If you turned your dome upside down and filled it with gold coins, you would not be paying too much."

Correggio painted many other pictures, including some very beautiful Madonnas. There is one called "The Holy Night" in which the Virgin and the Child are very rosy and lifelike, and in which a glow of light around the Child illuminates the entire

picture. But Correggio died at the age of forty, and not until after his death did the world begin to take note of his work. Then his lovely Madonnas, his rosy coloring, and his billowing clouds grew very popular in an age that was getting a little tired of what was grand and stately.

And now we may go back again to Venice. We go there to meet a "thunderbolt" among painters—that dyer's son whose name was Jacopo Robusti (ja-kō'pō rô-bōōs'tē), but whom we always call Tintoretto, a name which means "the little dyer."

Born in 1518, Tintoretto was sent at the age of seventeen to study in the studio of Titian. But he was not to remain there.



Photo by Chausfourier, Rome

This painting of Christ is by Guido Reni (1575-1642), a famous artist of Italy who is somewhat less admired to-day than formerly.

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Photos by Almari and Anderson

Salvator Rosa (1615-1673) was an Italian painter of the school of Naples. He was fond of painting romantic landscapes such as sea caves, desolate beaches, and rugged mountains. He was by no means a great

artist, but he was at least original, for not many had chosen to paint that sort of landscape before. His scenes are often haunting and majestic. Above is his painting of a harbor scene.



It is hard to recognize the rugged giant of the Bible in Guido Reni's "Samson" above.

One day, as Titian was walking through the studio, he saw some of Tintoretto's sketches lying on the floor. He went purple in the face, and very soon he sent Tintoretto an order never to enter that studio again.

Now Titian was known for a jealous man,



Caravaggio, who painted "The Lute Player," above, is noted for his murky shadows.

and some people said he was afraid to have such a gifted pupil as Tintoretto in his shop. But it may be that Titian was simply horrified by the sketches he had seen. For Tintoretto never did things in the way people had done them before. The man was a sor-

of whirlwind, and certainly the sketches from his hand that have come down to us are very vigorous splashes of color with hardly any drawing at all. The older artists, and many of the most modern ones, make a very careful drawing of their pictures on the canvas before they ever think of putting on a drop of paint. But Tintoretto was like some of the moderns in making no drawing at all, but simply splashing on his colors. In a word, he painted in color and not in outlines. And even if Titian himself did a little of that in his last days, he may very well have thought his young pupil was simply going to the dogs.

Once out of the studio, Tintoretto mainly taught himself. One of his first works of art was the painting of the walls of his own parish church. Here he made, among other pictures, one of the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple. In this we see the young maiden being brought up to the temple to study with the high priest. She looks like a very little girl indeed as she climbs the great flight of steps all alone. Two mothers point her out to their own little daughters, and far down at the left an old man reaches up as if he saw a vision of what was to come.

Already Tintoretto is different from the painters who had gone before him. He is painting excited people, people who are in sudden motion on account of some strong impulse. Yet his pictures are by no means

restless, for he knows how to give them a proper balance.

In 1560 the Brotherhood of St. Rocco (rōk'kō) decided to decorate their school and invited a number of artists to compete. For the competition each artist was to submit a sketch of St. Rocco in glory. When the time came all the other artists brought in their sketches, but Tintoretto submitted a picture all completed.

There was much complaint. "This man is too sure of himself," said the other artists. "He thinks he is so much better than the rest of us that he has gone ahead and finished his picture without waiting for the judges."

Tintoretto asked everybody's pardon. He had not meant to seem proud. He simply did not make full-size sketches. His way was just to go ahead and paint and he would be the only loser if his finished picture was not chosen to ornament the church.

The Genius of Tintoretto

Of course the picture was chosen, for none of the other artists could rival Tintoretto. Aside from his mere skill in painting, they did not have his bouyancy, his great sweep of energy—those qualities that he passed on to the best of the Baroque painters who followed him.

One of the paintings for the school of St. Rocco was that of the Crucifixion. If we place it beside the Crucifixion by Man-



Photo by Anderson, Itome

Domenichino (1581-1641) was a contemporary of Guido Reni, and these two artists of Bologna studied together under the same master. Domenichino's (dō-mén'i-ké'nō) "Diana Hunting," which you see above, shows that he was clever with his brush and could paint rich draperies and fine effects of light and shade. People of the eighteenth century admired him tremendously, but to-day we find him commonplace and without much to say.



Fig. 1013. Alinari. Florence.

St. Theresa had many visions. Sometimes she was tortured by a sharp pain that ran through her side and she fancied that an angel with a burning spear came to her and pierced her heart. Spanish painters

are fond of showing this scene. Above, you see how the Italian sculptor Bernini carved it in stone. The clouds on which the saint swoons and the heavenly rays that fall upon her are all of stone.

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tegna, we may see an illustration of all we have been saying about Tintoretto. The picture by Mantegna is frozen into a terrible stillness. That of Tintoretto is a host of struggling figures against a lurid sky. There is a crowd in the background, and a huddled group of friends in front of the cross— which is the only still thing in the picture. And you know that Tintoretto was asking of himself, "What was it really like on that day of terror?" After him the painters were constantly asking that same question when they painted the crucifixion.

At about the age of seventy he received a commission for a vast painting of Paradise. During the three years he worked at it there was a slender figure with him on the scaffolding, gaily chatting with him and running errands for him. It was his little daughter Marietta, dressed as a boy to make it easier for her to run up and down the ladders all day. The great painting was just completed when Marietta died, leaving the old painter to live on for three lonely years before he followed her. His painting of Paradise was probably his last picture.

Tintoretto did not leave the artists in Venice very much to say. He seemed to have spoken the final words. After him came Paolo Caliari (1528-1588), the painter whom we always call Veronese (vā'-rō-nā'sā) because he came from Verona. He is the last of the great Venetians, and he is mainly known as a painter of vast pictures showing gorgeous feasts and celebrations in the high life of Venetian palaces. There are greater pictures than this, but no others that give a better idea of the splendor of Venetian life in his time.

The great sculptor of the Baroque style in Italy was Giovanni Bernini (1598-1680). Bernini (bēr-nē'nē) did not love the hard

and solid qualities of stone as Michelangelo had loved them. Instead he wanted to make picturesque things out of stone, in the way of the other Baroque sculptors. When he carved "The Vision of St. Theresa," for instance, he made stone clouds for St. Theresa to swoon upon, and threw a glory of stone rays about her. Michelangelo would surely have been horrified at such things, and yet the work is very human and picturesque, and it made a strong appeal to the people of the seventeenth century.

We know Bernini largely for his celebrated fountains in Rome— those many carved fountains full of big, twisting figures and leaping dolphins that spout pure water and seem to keep the city cool through the heated months. They are the biggest fountains you will ever see, whole cascades of exuberant Baroque artwork.

We have now come near to the end of Italian glory in the arts of old. From now on Italy will not do much more than give her glorious past to others to a Greek who studies in Naples and Venice and then goes on to Spain, to build up an art there; to a handsome young man from Flanders who comes to live in Italy and study Titian, and then returns to be the glory of Flemish painting; to a Frenchman who comes and lives over again the forgotten splendors of old Rome; to a Spaniard who comes to study Titian and Tintoretto, and goes back to become one of the greatest of all portrait painters. All these men we shall meet when we come to tell the stories of art in their own lands, and we shall then see how Italy was their teacher.

For Italy has indeed been "mother of arts and men," and the bright light that shone in her days of splendor will shed long rays through many a century to come.



Photo by C. H. Flower

This head is another of Guido Reni's theatrical pictures of grief. They helped set a style in religious painting. But if you will compare this face with the face of the sorrowing Virgin in certain of the other pictures we have shown, you will see how much more impressive is the restrained grief portrayed by some of the greater masters.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 15

THE GREAT PAINTERS OF OLD FLANDERS

*Note For basic information
not found on this page consult
the general Index, Vol. 15*

*For statistical and current facts
consult the Richards Year Book
Index*

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| The homely subjects painstaking workmanship simplicity and | sweetness of the early Flemish painters still please us to day |
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Summary Statement

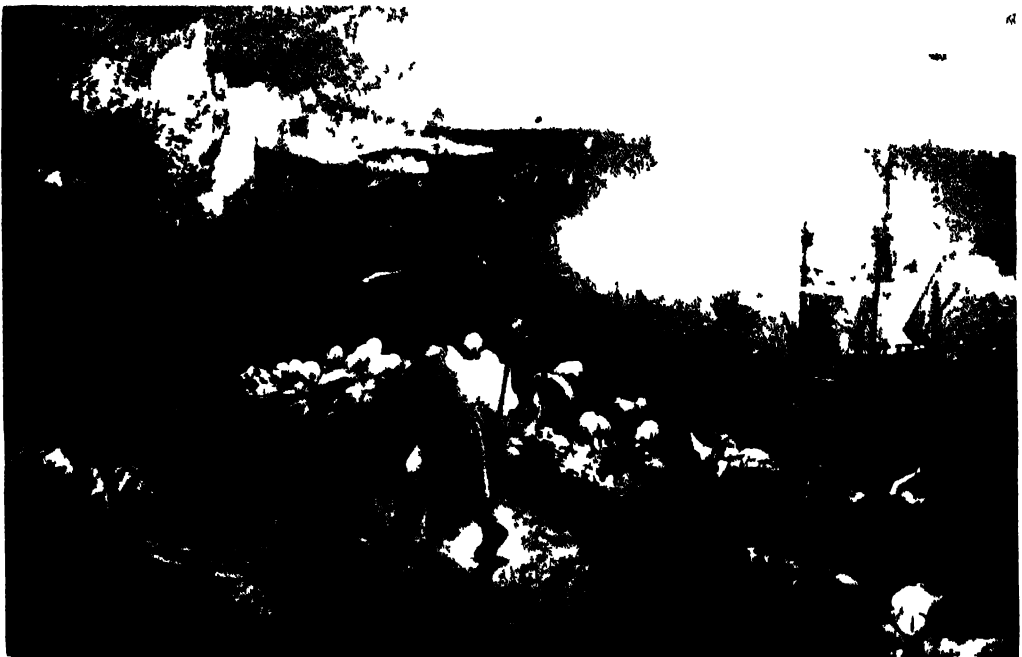
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| The earlier Flemish painters were marked by a genius distinctly their own. It had its roots in their daily lives and | though corrupted for a time by outside influences it produced one of the finest schools of art of all times |
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THE HISTORY OF ART



This beautiful winter scene was painted by Breughel, and is often called "February." It is one of a series

of five "Months," each one showing in faithful detail one of Breughel's charming landscapes.



These two paintings by Breughel are about the earliest pure landscape that we have. The lower picture is

part of "The Fall of Icarus," but one must search a long time to find the unlucky boy.

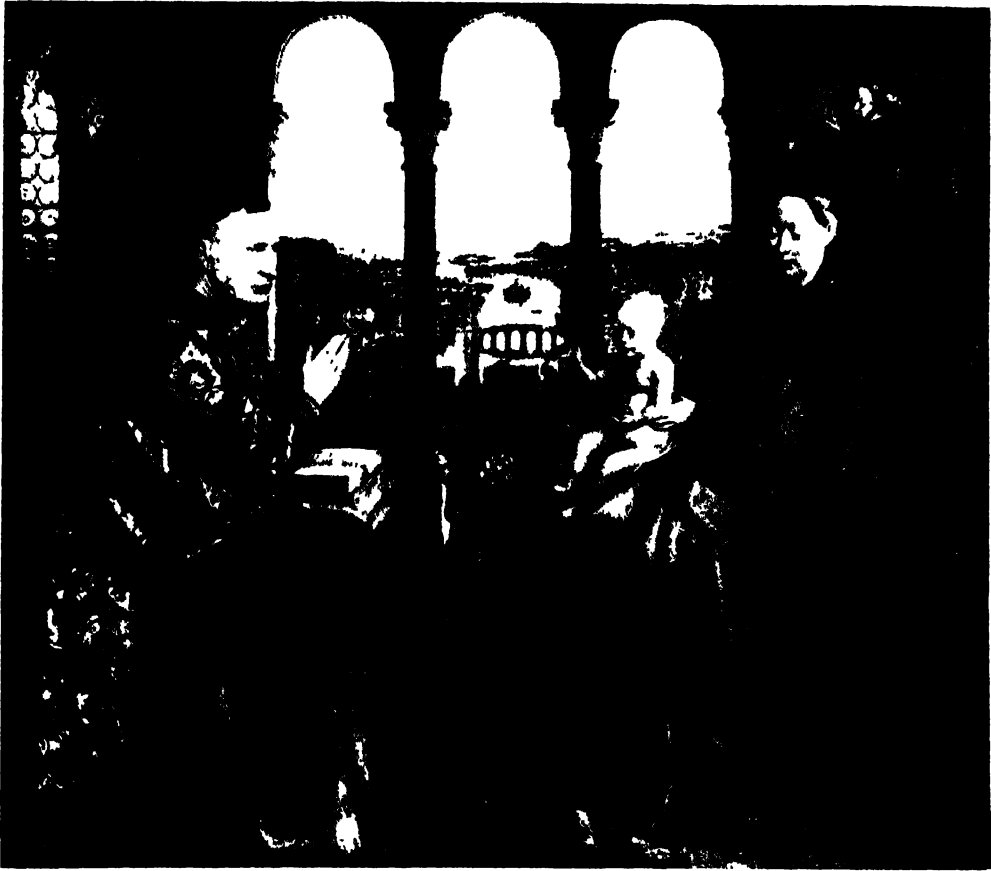


Photo by the Louvre

"The Madonna of Chancellor Rollin," as this picture is called, will tell us a good deal about old Flemish art. It is by John van Eyck, one of two brothers whose work is the greatest glory of the school. The lovely Madonna, crowned by an angel, shows us how deeply religious this art was. Then if we look at the face of the Chancellor Rollin we shall see how real a portrait van Eyck could make; and the exquisite

details of the columns and robes and the dainty Flemish landscape beyond show us how beautifully the old Flemings set down what they saw. But we must not be surprised to see the Virgin set in a fifteenth century Flemish background opposite a man living when the picture was painted. For it is only rather recently that it has occurred to some painters that they ought to be historically accurate in their pictures.

The GREAT PAINTERS of OLD FLANDERS

How the Genius of the North Worked Out Its Own Ideas of Truth and Beauty in Fine Art

IN ITS earlier stages the rise of modern painting is almost wholly an Italian story, and we have already given many a page to the growth of the fine arts in Italy. But if Italy led, some of the other lands were not slow to follow; and we must next tell of one small country in the north which was soon giving birth to a

line of painters who have remained famous down to our day. That is the country of Flanders.

In another story we have said something about a certain John, duke of Berry, who, for a man of his day, owned a great many books. Two of his books, especially, tell us a good deal about the difference between the

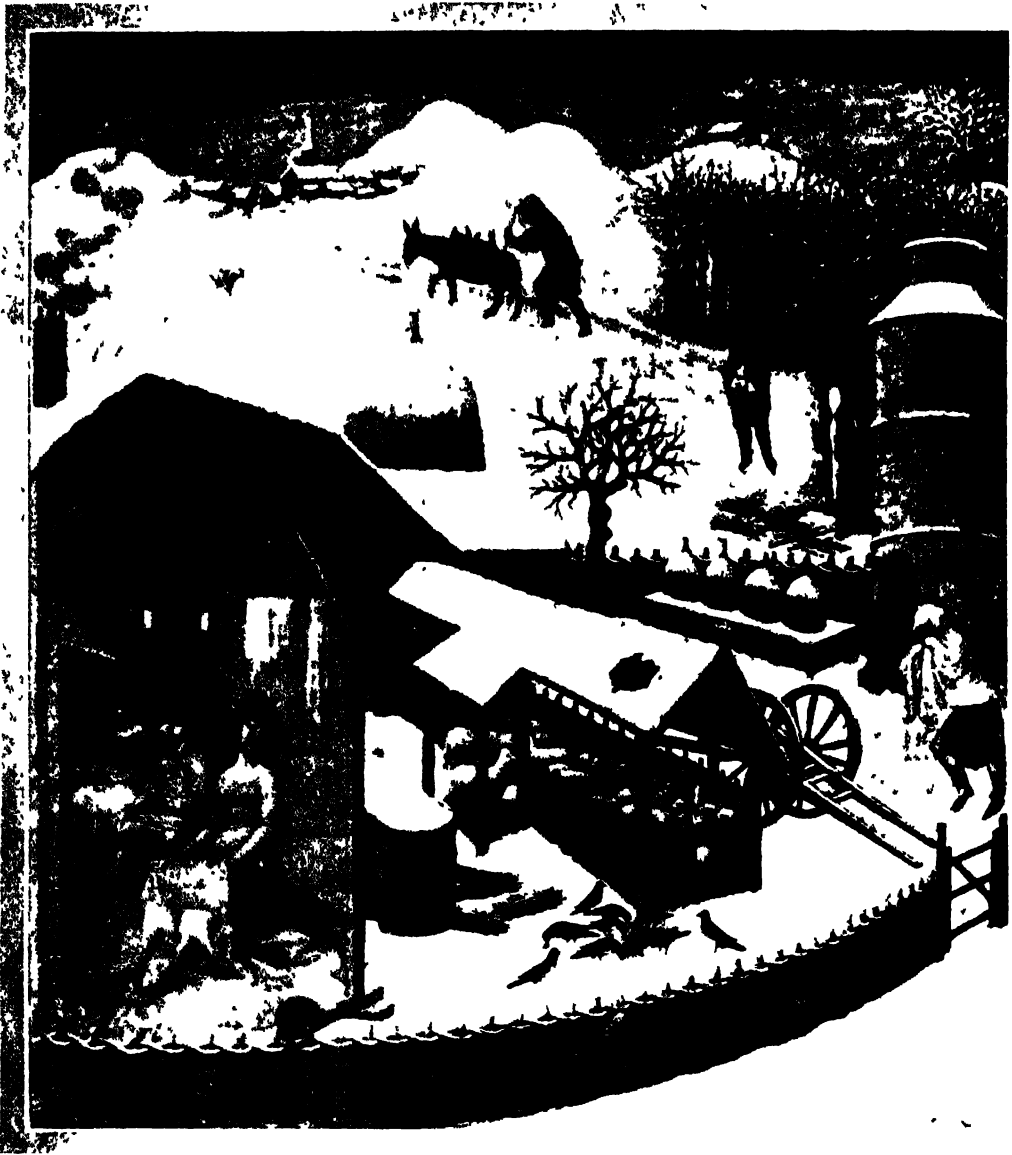


Photo by Oiraudon, Paris

Here is the picture of "February" from "The Very Rich Hours of the Duke of Berry." It was painted by one of the Limburg brothers, and shows that as

early as about 1400 the artists of Flanders were beginning to look lovingly at all the little homely details around them, and to set down what they saw.

art of the north and the art of the south. One of the books is called "The Very Rich Hours of the Duke of Berry," while the other is "The Very Beautiful Hours of Our Lady." Both the books have remarkable pictures painted in them.

Now if you were wondering about all the differences between Flanders and Italy, perhaps the very first one that would come into your mind would be the cold winters in the

northern land. And in the first of these books this very thing appears at once. A picture of February is possibly the most notable of all its pictures in the way it shows all the little details of winter until it almost makes you shiver. The people in one corner of the picture are sitting with their feet close to the fire, and a woman who has to go outdoors has thrown a warm shawl over her head. The sheep are huddling together to

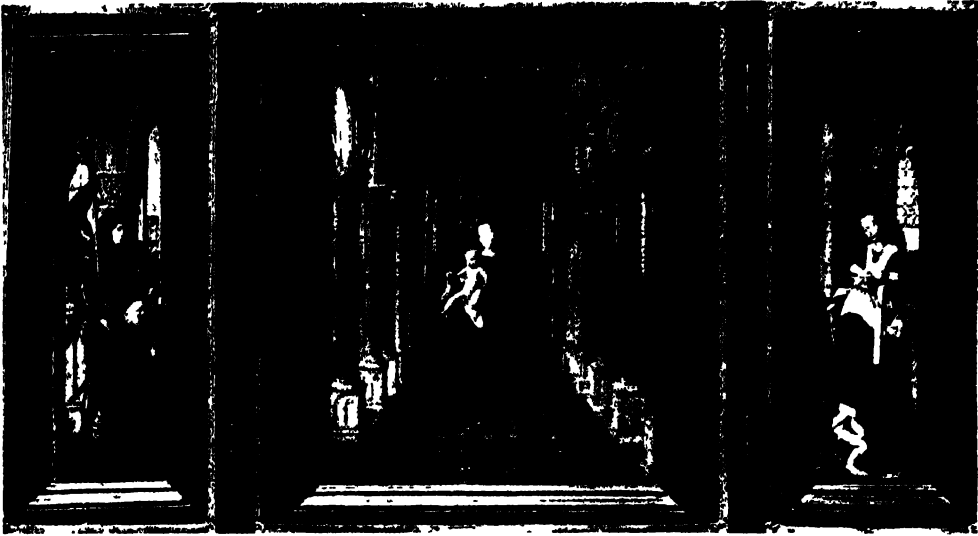


Photo by Bruckmann

This is a small altarpiece by John van Eyck; the wings on the sides are hinged, as you see, so that the whole could be made to stand upright. The old painters made many of these "triptychs" (trip'tik). In this one we see some of van Eyck's most exquisitely finished work.

In the center sit the Virgin and Child enthroned, at the right is St. Catherine, and at the left St. Michael, with a kneeling man who probably paid for the painting. Nothing could be more gracious than the faces and attitudes of these holy personages.

keep warm, and many another detail tells how keen the wintry blasts feel. This picture was made about the year 1400.

Painters Who Saw the Beauty of Nature

Of course it took more than winter to make Flemish painters, and the climate in their land is not all wintry. They had their summer too, and they seem to have loved it all the more for the winter that was gone. The Italians may have taken the sunshine for granted just because they had so much of it. The Flemish may have prized it more because they had so much less. At any rate it is in the north that a man first painted a picture which may be called a song of the beauty of the world in which we live, its sunshine, its outdoor air, its gay flowers.

For his other book the Duke of Berry did not care so much, possibly because it was unfinished. At any rate he sold it, and it did not grow famous until it had left his hands. It came into those of his nephew, Duke William of Bavaria, who was also count of Holland. The new owner called for an artist to finish the pictures in the book, and that artist did some remarkable work.

When you see some very beautiful view

of hill and valley, you may feel that it need not be so very hard to paint the view on canvas. But when you try to put it down on the flat canvas, you find the view doing very odd things. Everything in it is the same distance away. Everything crowds right up in front, and you have a hard time making any hill or tree stay off in the background, miles away, where it belongs. This was a hard problem for all the early painters, and we have told how some of the Italians struggled to solve it—how Uccello (ōōt-chēl'-lō), for one, spent years of work on it, drawing all sorts of diagrams and calling mathematics to his aid until people thought the man had gone mad.

Painters of the Flemish Countryside

The Flemings went at the problem in a different way. Instead of sitting in a studio and puzzling out how a thing ought to look, they went out and used their eyes until they saw how it did look. Then they painted what they saw—often with a marvelous truth to fact.

What they saw was not a very thrilling country. There were no high mountains or deep valleys in their land of Flanders, no

hilltops with little towns resting on them in sharp outline against a clear sky. There was little enough romantic scenery. All the same, there was a gentle country, with wide rivers flowing quietly through fertile fields. The slopes were not so steep and the air was a good deal more misty, but the flowers blossomed easily and when the sun did shine it was very precious.

Duke William's painter loved the sun. When he made a picture of the Baptism of Christ, he showed how softly the slanting sunlight falls in a late afternoon, and how it is reflected from a peaceful river. In our day we are familiar with pictures in which the sun lights up a path across the water, but in 1416 no one had thought of painting that ordinary sight. The first great Flemish painter put it in his picture because he loved it.

He made a picture of sunset too. It comes in his painting of Judas betraying Christ. The scene is at dusk, and the towers of the city are outlined against a fading sky, while the lanterns and torches of the men make blotches of light.

The Joyous Work of Hubert van Eyck

We have not given the name of this painter yet. We are not quite sure who he was. But because he did such wonderful work, most people think he must have been the greatest and best-loved of the Flemish painters in the fifteenth century—Hubert

van Eyck (van ik'). It seems unlikely that anyone else could have made these pictures, and from what we know of Hubert it seems probable that they are from his hand. What we do know of him comes largely from one

great picture in a Flemish church.

It is a dark church, the cathedral in Ghent (gènt). But one of its chapels is illuminated as with a light from heaven. In that chapel is Hubert van Eyck's painting of St. John's Vision of Paradise. Against a pale blue sky tinged with the light of early morning rise the distant bluish mountains, and in front of these the towers and spires of the new Jerusalem. Then there is a ridge of darker hills and a lawn of richest green dotted with Flemish flowers—violets, lilies, daisies, cowslips.

In the center is the white lamb on a white altar, with angels in white kneeling around;

and on either side are the spotless saints who may appear before the throne of God. They troop over the little hills in bright blue and red, yellow and green. Above all, on a throne, sits the Creator of the world.

No words can describe the rich color of this great painting. It is almost as if we had never seen color before, for the Italians had never risen to the brilliance of this coloring. And the color is very joyous; indeed, the whole picture is one of the most joyous in the history of painting. In every gentle, earnest face shines the glad faith of Hubert



Photo by Hanfstaengl, Munich

Here is one of John van Eyck's marvelously realistic portraits. It is supposed to be a picture of Cardinal della Croce (dèl'la kró'chá), though there is some question as to whether it is really he. For us it does not in the least matter what the man's name was. The thing that interests us is the way the great portrait painter has put in every detail of expression, every lump and wrinkle, until his subject seems very human indeed. This was John van Eyck's peculiar genius—the thing in which he differed from his idealistic brother Hubert and from all the Italians.

van Eyck, who must have loved God's earth and God's people very dearly.

When Hubert van Eyck painted "The Three Marys at the Tomb," he caught all the wistful sorrow of the devoted women who came to the sepulcher only to find the Master gone. The scene is very early morning; the light is just beginning to creep over the hills, while the city of Jerusalem looms in the distance.

Hubert also made a picture of the Virgin with her Child in her arms, standing in a Gothic church. Since the church is only a fanciful frame for the Virgin, we need not trouble if she is so tall that she could almost reach the ceiling with her hand. The interesting thing in the picture is the sunlight that filters through the window and makes a patch on the floor.

What Italian had thought of painting sunlight as early as 1420? Up in Venice, Giovanni Bellini (jō-van'nē bēl-lē'nē) was not even born yet. These were the early days of Masaccio (ma-sat'-chō) and Fra Angelico (fra an-jēl'ē-ko) in Florence. And far north in Flanders was Hubert van Eyck, a lonely genius finding new ways to put his dreams into color.

The Realistic Art of John van Eyck

Hubert van Eyck had a younger brother Joān, whom he taught and who worked with him. John was also a remarkable painter, but he was no dreamer like his brother. He painted exactly what he saw, with the most

astonishing accuracy. In spite of all the difference between the brothers, however, we cannot always tell whose work is whose. The great painting in the Ghent cathedral was Hubert's design and mainly Hubert's work, though John helped with it and completed it after Hubert's death in 1426.

How much John gained from his brother and how much is due to his own genius may be hard to say. Such a picture as the one called "The Madonna of Chancellor Rollin," by John, is surely one of the loveliest of paintings. The grave Virgin wears a great cloak of the most glowing red, while Chancellor Rollin is clad in sumptuous brown and gold cut velvet. His face is a marvel of workmanship. Every tiny wrinkle is put in, and yet the result is no mere collection of lines, but a very vivid countenance. The beautiful round arches in the picture frame a lovely view of a



Photo by the National Gallery

This is the famous portrait of John Arnolfini and his wife, by John van Eyck; it is the one which bears the words "John van Eyck was here." These people are a little stiff and not especially beautiful, just as they doubtless were in real life. Yet it is hard to believe that in "real life" they were any more real than van Eyck has made them here!

little bridge, a river, and a town, with bluish distant mountains.

There is a famous portrait by John van Eyck of John Arnolfini (ār'nōl-fē'nē) and his wife. As we look at it, we almost feel we are inside the room with the two people. In his strange hat that swallows up so much of his face, the man looks like a typical merchant as he stands by his prim, sedate wife in her rich fur-lined dress. Everything is put into the picture exactly as it looked—the little dog, the shoes, the chandelier, even the mirror on the wall, reflecting the whole scene.

Under the chandelier are written the words "John van Eyck was here." And he certainly was. When that old house was torn down, not so very long ago, a room was found with his very window in it. There was a ring in the ceiling to hold the chandelier, though of course the chandelier was gone. We could replace it from the picture. John van Eyck painted precisely what he saw, little or big, for little things were just as interesting to him as big ones.

A man like Michelangelo (mī'kĕl-ăn'jĕ-lō) could never understand such an art. Here is what he said of Flemish painting:

"It will please the women, especially the very young and the very old ones. It will also please friars and nuns, as well as some of the nobles who have no true eye for harmony.

"The painting is of cloths and bricks and mortar; of the grass in the fields, the shadows of trees, and bridges and rivers, which they call landscapes; as well as of little figures here and there. And all this, though it may seem good to some eyes, is in truth done without taste or art.

"I do not speak in this way about Flemish painting because I think it is all bad, but because it tries to do too many things at once—each of which would be enough for a great work—so that it does not do anything really well."

An Art for Plain People

If we remember what heroes Michelangelo carved and painted, we can understand how he would not love an art that made so much of plain people and of the small details in their lives. The art of Flanders was largely

an art for plain people. Great frescoes did not last very well on the walls there. The damp air mildewed them, and smaller pictures on wooden panels wore better. The great picture at Ghent is an exception, and even that is made up of a number of panels.

"It tries to do too many things at once."

The Flemish people loved all the little things of life. A very plain folk, they took an honest delight in their fine goods and in gay colors, and they wanted their pictures to tell all about their enjoyable life. By sheer force of watching long and lovingly, their painters solved most of the problems that had worried the Italians; and they learned to use their paints so perfectly that the pictures they made remain unaltered to our day, five hundred years later.

Painting was a craft in Flanders very much like carpentry or any other craft. A man learned to draw under strict rules, and even after he became a licensed painter and a member of the guild, he was by no means allowed to buy and use whatever paints he liked. The guild decided what colors the amount of them he

he could use and he could buy.

Only the court painters were exempt from these strict rules. They were responsible solely to the prince or duke who employed them. The van Eyck brothers were court painters, working together for Duke William of Bavaria. We have a picture which they made of him as he came back to Holland from England, where he had been for some time after the great battle of Agincourt (ă'zhăN'kōō'). His daughter is going out to meet him, and the sun, though half hidden



Photo by Bruckmann

There are several fine paintings by Memling in St. John's Hospital at Bruges, among them the small altarpiece of which this is a part; it is called the Floreins Altar after the treasurer of the brotherhood, who ordered it. In our picture St. John the Baptist is painted with the lamb which was his symbol in art. We notice the delicate Flemish landscape and the fine drawing of the face and figure of the saint; Memling was also a notable portrait painter.

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One of the finest of Roger van der Weyden's masterpieces is this "Descent from the Cross." All these early painters, as you have noticed long ago, always chose religious subjects unless they were painting portraits. Many a great picture is still in the cathedral for which it was painted.



In this picture van der Weyden has not given us a landscape background, as the Flemings so often did, but has drawn all our eyes and thoughts to the sorrowful people at their tragic task. All the light centers on the drooping body of the dead Christ, all the lines of the pattern lead to it.



behind the clouds, is sparkling on the water.

Later in life John van Eyck was in the service of Philip the Good of Burgundy, who took the rule of Flanders in 1425. Besides painting for this duke, John seems to have served him as an ambassador as well. The Duke was looking for a wife, and he was also eager for an alliance with Portugal. So he sent John down to Portugal to paint a portrait of the Princess Isabella. From the portrait the ruler might decide more easily whether to marry the lady. Of course he may have told John van Eyck to make some notes about the disposition of the princess; though frankly he would hardly need to do that, since a van Eyck portrait can tell nearly everything there is to say about a person. John van Eyck was never known to flatter one of his sitters, nor does he ever seem to leave out any important trait of character.

Isabella seems to have stood the test, for John was again sent down to marry the lady by proxy and to bring her home to his duke.

The van Eyck brothers were the makers

of Flemish painting, though they were not born in what we now call Flanders. They came from the neat town of Maastricht (mäs'trikt) in Holland. Another of the early Flemish painters, Hans Memling, was a German by birth, and still another came from the Walloon (wō-lōn') country, a district in what is now Southern Belgium—it is French in speech and manners. But all of these in the early days were in the Flemish city of Bruges (bruzh).

When Bruges Was a Great City

In that day Bruges was one of the great cities of Europe. The center of the woolen industry which made the wealth of Flanders, it had a fine harbor full of ships from all over the world. The Flemish weavers made cloth for a large part of Europe, and they grew rich from the industry. In Bruges was the court of the Counts of Holland, and the town saw plenty of gaiety and high living. When Philip the Fair, king of France, made a triumphal entry into Bruges, the splendor in the dresses of the townsmen's wives



Photo by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Could anything be more charming than this "St. Luke Making a Portrait of the Virgin," by van der Weyden?

was enough to make his queen jealous.

What the Queen envied was just what the Flemish townsmen wanted to see in pictures, and the van Eyck brothers faithfully worked out an art which would keep the fine clothes of the citizens bright and glorious long after

The faces of Mary and Luke are like loving portraits; the dainty landscape might be by the van Eycks.

their wearers had vanished and been forgotten.

The van Eycks are often called the inventors of oil painting. Yet they did not paint in oil as we do to-day. They painted in tempera ('tēm'pâ-ra), like the Italians;



Photo by the National Gallery

Dirck Bouts (1415-1472) was from Haarlem, and therefore by birth a Hollander, but he counts as a Fleming, for he settled in Louvain and learned his art from the van Eycks and van der Weyden. In this picture

of "The Entombment" we notice that the people are rather tall and thin and that there is a sort of angular stiffness, not at all unpleasing, about their attitudes. These things are part of Bouts's style.

but they covered their pictures with layers of clear oil glazes which "locked up" the colors away from the damp air so well that the paints have never lost their brilliance.

The Italians were much impressed with the skill of these Flemish painters. The

Duke of Milan sent a painter up to Bruges to study with the celebrated Roger van der Weyden (van der vī'dēn). To this day we have a letter written to van der Weyden by the Duchess of Milan on May 7, 1463. The Duchess thanks van der Weyden for teach-

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ing her painter his secrets of putting on colors. Possibly it was from this painter that the Flemish use of oil glazes came down into Italy to be employed by Leonardo and by the Venetians.

Roger van der Weyden (1400-1464) was born at Tournai (tōōr'nē'), in the French part of Flanders. There is a certain French grace and elegance in his character and in his work. When he paints a portrait of a lady, for instance, he can make a very pretty pattern of her headdress and can paint the white cloth so that we may see through it to her forehead underneath.

Roger took a journey down to Spain to work for King John of Castile (kās-tēl'). Here he left one of his greatest paintings, "The Descent from the Cross." There is no landscape in this picture, such as was so common with the Flemish painters; there is only a flat background with large figures looming up against it. The figures are very tense and their grief is pitful indeed; yet the sorrowing people are formed into a beautiful pattern which reminds us of the pretty patterns in the books of the Gothic days in France.

The Official Painter of Brussels

Roger also went to Italy, being one of a long line of Flemish painters to travel in that land. He learned a good deal from the Italians and taught them a good deal in

turn. He seems to have especially admired the Umbrian painter Gentile da Fabriano (jēn-tē'lā dā fā-brē-ā'nō). Roger's picture of "The Adoration of the Magi" shows the influence of Gentile in its gay procession. Roger painted also for the Medici (mēd'ē-chē) family in Florence. He was there in

the days of old Cosimo (kō'zē-mō), called the "father of his country," when Andrea del Castagno(an-dra'a dēl kas-tan'yō) and Paolo Uccello were so busy in their studies of perspective.

Roger van der Weyden was a very popular painter. The city of Brussels passed a law making him its official painter, and when he came back from Italy he opened a studio in Brussels to which many other painters came to study. Among these were a Dutchman named Dirck Bouts, who put beautiful landscapes into his pictures, and the

German Hans Memling (1430-1494), whom we look upon as a Flemish painter because he lived all of his life in Flanders.

The talent of Memling is well shown in his picture of the Marriage of St. Catherine. In this picture a beautiful piece of velvet hangs behind the throne of the Virgin and a rich carpet lies under her feet. On one side St. Catherine is holding out her hand for the Christ Child to place a ring on her finger. The old story of St. Catherine, who was an Egyptian princess, tells us that her father wanted her to marry a certain prince,



Photo by Bruckmann

This beautiful young girl is Mary Magdalene as painted by Quentin Massys. Doubtless the jar she carries held the rich ointment with which she anointed the feet of Christ. The picture shows very well how beautifully Massys could combine the grace of Italian forms with the Flemish background.

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Photo by Alinari

With Jan Mabuse (about 1472-1534), who painted this picture of "The Adoration of the Magi," Flemish art

but that all of her devotion was given to Christ. In her day and age a Christian was held in horror, and when she said that Christ himself had called her to be his spiritual bride, she was put to death. But long after her serene death, the Christians honored her by painting her with a ring around her finger. On the other side of the picture we may see St. Barbara reading in a book, and behind we behold the two St. Johns.

The people in Memling's pictures are slim

becomes very definitely Italian. Most of it is imitative—and therefore unimportant—for a century.

and gracious. Their long robes sweep out around their feet and seem to flutter about them. Graceful pictures of this kind were very popular in Flanders.

By the end of the fifteenth century the fine harbor of Bruges had filled up with mud. The great ships could no longer get to the city and the leadership in Flanders passed to Antwerp.

Like Bruges and Ghent, Antwerp was a city of tapestry weavers. From far-off Italy came huge drawings up to Flanders to be

woven into tapestry pictures by the clever Flemish workmen. These artists in tapestry could not help noticing that the Italian drawings were very different from those of their own land - grander, more stately, and with larger figures. Then Roger van der Weyden brought some of the Italian style when he came back from the south, and the Flemish artists began to grow rather discontented with their own homely paintings. They suddenly decided that the genial landscape of their country was too dull and flat, and that they would like it to look more Italian. The greater painters, like Roger van der Weyden, were wise enough not to try to be too Italian, but when a small host of lesser painters went trooping down into Italy the result was rather different. It was often a good deal like a grocer's lady trying to play the part of a queen.

A Blacksmith Who Became an Artist

The best of these painters was Quentin Massys (1466-1530), who fell in love with the marvelous soft effects of the Italian masters. So he has left us, among many other things, a portrait of a young girl painted so delicately that we can almost feel the softness of her cheek and of her silky hair. But however lovely the young girl may be, she is still very different from any Italian.

Quentin Massys (mă'sīs') was born in Louvain (lōō'vāN') and started life as a blacksmith, but never was a man less fitted for that trade. Massys was meant to be a fine gentleman, and an eager student of the arts - music especially, as well as painting.

So in 1491 we find him enrolled in the painters' guild of Antwerp. Here he grew up a famous painter, as well as a musician, a poet, and a friend of such a man as the great scholar Erasmus (ē-rāz'mūs) and the famous painters Holbein (hōl'bīn) and Buer-
ra, who came visiting from Germany.

More than once Massys painted a portrait of Erasmus. His portraits of his friends are among the best things that he did. When you look at his portrait of Peter Gillis, a friend of Erasmus, you cannot help feeling that the man has just finished speaking and that his face is still bright with the

animation of his words. In the madonnas of Massys we have a good example of one way in which the Flemish artists were trying to imitate the Italians.

When the Hapsburgs Ruled Flanders

About this time the land of Flanders passed out of French hands into those of the Hapsburg kings who ruled in Austria and Spain. The Hapsburgs also furnished emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, and their sway stretched into England and Germany, as well as over Austria, Spain, and Flanders.

The court of the emperor Charles V, in the sixteenth century, was famous for its art and its artists. The Emperor had the great Titian (tīsh'ān) in his train and he also employed the Flemish portrait painter, Anthony More. This artist later worked in Spain for King Philip II, as did also a strange Dutchman named Jerome Bosch (bōsh). In the work of Bosch we see human faces twisted into the weirdest of shapes, sometimes amusing and sometimes horrible. Bosch seems to have felt that men were a rather queer race of apes and to have painted them just that way.

Flanders came into her own again with Peter Breughel (brū'kēl). Breughel clung to the homely subjects which have always belonged to Flemish art. His work is all devoted to his dear homeland and its simple people. Usually he sees these people as a hearty folk, a little coarse perhaps, but getting a good time out of life. He loved the peasants especially, and he used to go to peasant festivals where he could watch the people at their dancing and merrymaking. That is the way he painted them.

A Picture of the Fate of Icarus

There is an old Greek story telling how Daedalus (dēd'ā lūs) and his son Icarus (ik'ā-rūs) escaped from the prison of King Minos (mī'nōs) on the island of Crete. Daedalus made two wonderful pairs of wings which he stuck with wax on his own shoulders and on the shoulders of his son; then the two prisoners flew up into the air and away. The father of Icarus had warned the boy not to fly too near the sun for fear that the heat might melt the wax and loosen the wings,



Angels and awestruck shepherds have gathered to worship the newborn Christ, and into their faces Hugo

van der Goes has put the solemn emotion that this deeply religious Flemish painter put into all his pictures

but Icarus was so delighted that he struck out with great sweeps of his wings—and the first thing he knew he was too close to the sun. Off came the wings, and down fell Icarus—down into the sea and to his death.

It is a dramatic story, but how do you think Breughel painted it? On one side he puts a headland with trees and a house and a peasant looking out. Then there is a great expanse of rolling hills and valleys—and over on the other side there is the sea. In the other corner there appears just one leg—and this is all you see of Icarus as he vanishes into the water. Now what does this mean? It means that the story of Icarus was not at all what fascinated Breughel as it might have fascinated many an early Italian painter. It was the Flemish country that Breughel wanted to paint, and the tale of

Icarus was just an excuse to put in hills and valley and sea.

We begin our story of Flemish painting with a calendar—with the picture of February in the Duke of Berry's book. We may end this first great epic of Flemish painting with another calendar—a calendar that Breughel himself made. Anyone who looks at his picture of November in that calendar will see how northern the Flemish painters still are and how much they have learned since the days of the Duke of Berry. The sturdy backs of the cows are marvelously painted in this picture. The landscape may be a little more mountainous than is usual in Flanders, but the picture is full of the glow of late autumn and gives a strong feeling of the real outdoors. It is full of the homely vigor in these northern painters

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Reading Unit

No. 16

MASTER ARTISTS OF OLD GERMANY

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Why he has most to say in his engravings, which are still unsurpassed, 11-212
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the Middle Ages, 11-212
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Things to Think About

What was the effect on German artists of the invention of printing?
For what peculiar abilities was Dürer admired in Italy?
What, in turn, did he take from the Italians?

From what studies and travels did Holbein get his ease and polish?
How did he get his solidity and remarkable strength?
Why was Holbein popular as a court painter?

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Practical Applications

Dürer and Holbein could give us lessons, even to-day, in seeing

sharply and putting down with great care exactly what we see.

Summary Statement

The German painters, though lacking the Italian sense for pure beauty and singing colors, nevertheless produced masterpieces of

drawing and portraiture. The engravings of Dürer and the portraits of Holbein occupy a high place in the history of art.



Photo by B. Ackmann

This charming picture of "The Garden of Paradise" was painted by some artist in the Rhine country about 1420. The "school" of painting which arose in Germany about this time is on the whole international—that is, it painted the sort of pictures people were

painting pretty much all over Europe. Yet already we notice the loving care with which our German artist has painted the dainty flowers. Going through a gallery of German paintings, you are almost sure to notice how many German artists have loved growing things.

MASTER ARTISTS *of* OLD GERMANY

This Will Be Mainly the Story of the Genius of Dürer and Holbein, the Greatest German Painters

THIS is a story of the rise of fine art in the land of Germany, of the way the Germans learned to be great painters. In art, of course, there are really no national boundaries; there is nothing to keep an idea or a style hidden away in a single country. To be sure, Italy was long supreme in the centuries when modern art was beginning. And we have already told a good many stories about the rise of Italian art. But we have also told how fine art spread to Flanders, and now we are going to tell about its beginnings in other northern lands. We shall take Germany first.

German painting starts quietly about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and for some time there are no great names to mention. In the days when Hubert van Eyck (van ik') was painting his great vision of heaven, at Ghent, the Germans around Cologne were having their dreams of heaven too, and were beginning to put them into pictures. They loved to think of Paradise as a garden of flowers, and to paint pictures of the Virgin and the saints sitting in such a garden. In one such picture made about 1420, there is a pretty walled garden in which the Virgin is sitting by a table reading a book,

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while St. Cecilia is teaching the Christ Child to play on her lute. This picture has a great deal of the grace and charm which had become international by the time of its painting. It is like a dream of heaven.

In the south of Germany, near Switzerland, the painters had a good many beautiful lakes to look at, and they seemed to feel that their own country was lovelier than any dream. From this district we get a good many pictures showing the beauty of the local landscape--such as one in which Jesus is directing the fishermen to cast their nets into a quiet and lovely mountain lake.

In the second half of the fifteenth century the artists in Germany fell so deeply in love with the work of the Flemish painters that nearly all of them went to Flanders to study. During this period a great deal of German art is a very close imitation of Flemish work.

Yet there is something German about the art in spite of all foreign influences. When the old Romans built up their vast empire they conquered the lands which are now France and England, but they never fully managed to subdue the fierce German tribes. In a land like France some of the ancient culture lingered on through the centuries, and it was only natural for the French in any period to look down toward Italy for inspiration in the arts.

But Germany had little or no memory of that ancient culture. She had struggled up-

ward in her dark forests, and for a long time had kept a part of her barbarian spirit. The Germans liked hardy action and loud laughter and even sharp, tortured grief. It was a good while before they learned to love the graceful flow of color in painting such as we see in Italy, and stately elegance came rather late among their artists.

Some of their best art was made out of the very wood in their forests, for the Germans early became marvelous wood carvers. Not only were they very skillful in making wooden pictures with wooden blocks, but they carved their wood into fine statues, and behind the altars of their churches they set up great screens of wood all carved into myriads of little scenes and gaily painted and gilded. Any true German artist was very likely to have this kind of skill.

Such an artist, for instance, was Martin Schongauer

(1445-1491). He could draw a perfect maze of little lines and shape them deftly into the image of dense forests. He excelled in engraving--that is, in drawing a picture with a sharp instrument on a smooth copper plate. The lines drawn in the copper are filled with ink, and the plate is then pressed on a piece of paper until the ink is sucked out of the lines and leaves the drawing on the paper. The art of the woodcut, also a favorite in Germany, is a similar process with a block of wood; except that in this case the lines may also be raised on the wood



Photo by Bruckmann

Stephan Lochner, who painted this "Madonna in the Rose Arbor," settled in Cologne in 1442 and became the chief glory of the Cologne school of artists. One look at this picture will tell us why he is famous for his tenderness and charm. He was heir to a group of medieval painters who tried to put into their art the gentle, mystic spirit of St. Francis of Assisi.

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by cutting away the rest of the design.

Both of these processes involve printing, which can be done over and over again from the same plate on new pieces of paper. As soon as someone thought of printing the letters of the alphabet in this same way—in other words, as soon as the printing press was invented—the number of books to be had grew by leaps and bounds. This meant a sudden call for artists to make pictures for all the new books, and the German engravers and woodcutters were kept very busy.

Martin Schongauer (shón'gou'-er) lived to see the beginning of printed books. A famous man, he was known even down in Italy as a master draftsman. As a boy the great Michelangelo (mí'-kēl-ān'jē-lo) was set to copying a drawing by Martin Schongauer. It is said that he copied it so well as to make his own master jealous of him.

Mathias Grünewald (grun'-e-valt) was another true German artist and one of the few at this time who had an eye for color. His pictures are full of the extraordinary vigor and violence of action which the old Germans loved. But at this time the great Venetian school of painting was at its height

to the south, and Southern Germany in her dealings with Venice could not help hearing of the brilliance of the great Venetian masters. This fact brings us now to speak of one of the greatest German artists of that time, who was indeed one of the great artists of all time. We mean Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528).

The ancient city of Nuremberg (nū'rēm-bürg) is one of the most beautiful and picturesque places in the world. Rising along its river and near its old bridges, there are many quaint houses with sharp, steep roofs and with wonderful carvings over their fronts. It is a very old town indeed, and it speaks to us to-day, straight out of the Middle Ages, of the Gothic art of the north.

In one of these carven houses lived Albrecht Dürer (al'brēkt du'rēr). Born a goldsmith's boy, he early showed that he had unusual gifts. "My father took great delight in me," he writes, "and seeing that I was eager to learn and to work, he put me to school until I could read and write; then he brought me home again and taught me the goldsmith's trade."

But even in his childhood Dürer had notions of being something more than a goldsmith. He wanted to be an artist. At the



Photo by Bruckmann

Mathias Grünewald, who painted this very dramatic picture of "The Resurrection," was an artist who could get the most amazingly beautiful effects by his use of color and light. His most famous paintings, done in the early 1500's, are in the great Isenheim Altar now in a museum at Colmar, in Alsace; "The Resurrection" is one wing of that altarpiece. It is his masterpiece of light. See how Christ has risen from the tomb in a great burst of light, like a mighty vision born of the light. The soldiers fall back stunned into the shadows. The colors in the original painting are tremendous—Christ's robe is flame-color and yellow, but purple in the shadows and an unearthly blue where it trails back into the tomb. The heavenly light back of the figure is yellow at the center, shading into rose and rimmed with soft blues and greens.

age of thirteen he was already making sketches of himself in a mirror, and the sketches that are still left to us show that he was a very good-looking boy. The eyes may seem to stare a little too much, but that is because it is hard to draw your own eyes from a mirror. Their expression is strange.

A boy who was so clever at drawing would be very likely to become an engraver in those days when the new books from the printing press were calling for so many illustrators; so the young Dürer was apprenticed to an engraver, and the very finest work he ever did was in the black and white of engravings and woodcuts. Yet he certainly thought of painting in colors as a more splendid thing than engraving in black and white. He had plenty of chances in Nuremberg to hear about the glorious work which the painters were doing down in Italy, for in spite of its ancient Gothic

character, his town was one of the free imperial cities, having a thriving commerce and many a distinguished visitor. The charming and gifted Dürer must have wished to be like the famous Italian painters of whom he heard so much. So he set out to seek his fortune in travel through Germany, and a little later down into Italy.

Dürer's Marriage

Coming back to Nuremberg again in 1504, Dürer married Agnes Frey, a good German housewife who does not seem to have cared much for art or to have been a very fit mate for her famous husband. We have a good

many stories of how she scolded him, though they may not all be true. At any rate Dürer hardly ever mentions her in his letters, and he usually left her at home when he went gaily off on his travels into the realms of art. It certainly was his art in which he mainly lived. It seems to have filled his life.

His next trip, very soon after marriage, took him down into Italy, where there was so much for him to learn. The full Italian influence, however, does not appear in his work as yet. After this short trip to Italy he settled down to work in Nuremberg, busily painting and engraving, and coming rapidly into great fame. In one of his early pictures of the Nativity we may see the kind of work, still almost wholly German, that he was doing at this time. Mary and Joseph are kneeling in what looks like a whole forest of complicated ruins. Through the arches little figures are peeping, and at



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Dürer's pictures of the Holy Family, such as this "Madonna and Child with St. Anne," always have a fine, solid quality which is very German. In his most characteristically German pictures, the background is all filled with flowers and castles and forests and other delightful details. Even when, as in this picture, he groups his people gracefully against a blank background more in the Italian manner, no one could possibly doubt that the people themselves are German.

the bottom, like little dolls, kneel the members of the German family who paid for the picture and who therefore wanted to have a place in it!

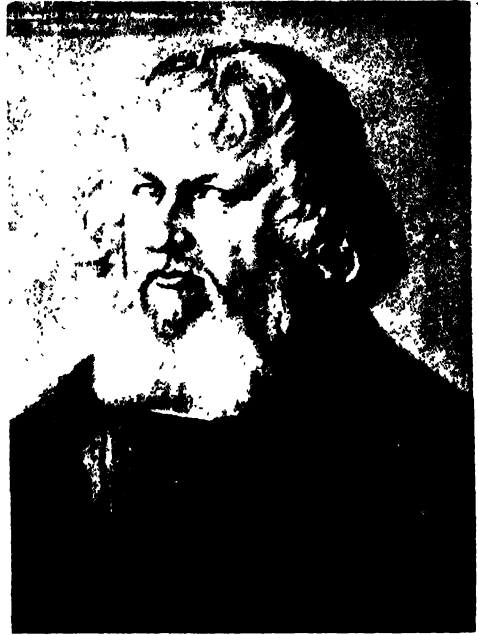
After ten years Dürer heard that a famous Italian engraver was making copies of his engravings and selling them as his own. He set out for Italy at once, and stayed for the best part of two years. In many ways it was a very important trip for him. He had much to learn in Italy, and also much to teach.

He now found Italy a land of dreams. "How I shall freeze back at home," he wrote, "after this sunshine!" And in addition to

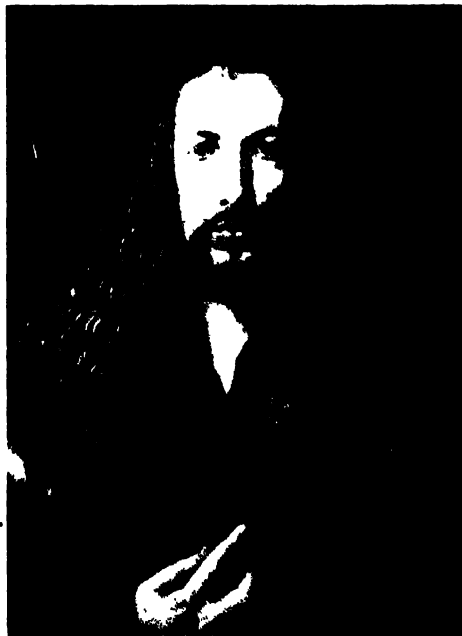
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Here is a page of portraits by Albrecht Dürer. First we have his earliest self-portrait, made in 1484, when, as he himself wrote, "I was still only a child."



This good citizen, with his look of whimsical alertness, is Heronymus Holzschuher, city councillor of Nuremberg.



This is another self-portrait—Dürer made many of them. The Latin means: "I, Albrecht Dürer of Nuremberg, have painted myself in colors in my twenty-eighth year."



Dürer made many other portraits and studies both of important people and of ordinary folk about him. One of them is this "Portrait of a Young Woman."



Photo by Bruckmann

Here are the two famous paintings of apostles. In them Dürer tried to combine the flowing design he had learned to admire in Italy with his own native strength. At the left is John, in a magnificent red

robe and green tunic, and with him Peter, holding his enormous key. At the right are Paul, with dark beard and flashing eyes, and Mark, dressed in a great, green-white robe and armed with holy book and sword.

the sunshine, the gay life of Venice and the gay colors of her painters fascinated him. The splendor of the south made him feel rustic and out of place. What a world of art he had entered! Michelangelo was at work in Florence, and Raphael (ra'fā-ēl) was com-

ing into fame; old Giovanni Bellini (jō-van'nē bēl-lē'nē) was still the grand old man of Venice, though Titian (tish'ān) had already tasted glory. There has never been a greater period in painting.

Yet Dürer was at home among these great

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men, and they could love him and admire him. Bellini was amazed at the way the man could paint hair, and he begged for the brush that could paint such fine lines. Dürer simply picked up a handful of ordinary brushes.

"Take your choice," he said generously.

"But no," insisted Bellini; "I mean the brush with which you can draw several hairs at one stroke."

Dürer took one of the common brushes and drew some very long, wavy tresses. Bellini watched his lines in wonder and later said that if he had not seen it with his own eyes he could never have believed such painting to be possible.

On his own part Dürer loved and admired the grace of the Italian painting, its color and harmony and stateliness. He made a trip to Mantua to

visit Mantegna (man-tān'ya), whom he admired as painter and en-

graver, only to find that Mantegna had just died. He exchanged sketches with the young Raphael, and he was invited by the city of Venice to make his home there. But he turned north into Germany at last, with his head full of Italian dreams. In much of his further work we can see how he is trying to put parts of those dreams into pictures—to paint more simply and gracefully, without so many little lines as he had used before.

The next dozen years were a very busy time, as indeed was the whole of Dürer's life. Aside from all other work, he was taken into the employ of the emperor Maximilian,

where he painted portraits of the ruler and his court. Here he saw a great deal of other fine work being done, such as the statue of King Arthur in armor that was made for Maximilian's tomb. Dürer himself did a little carving, but was mainly busy at painting and engraving at this time.

Then the Emperor died, in 1510, and Dürer made a trip to Flanders to ask the new ruler for a renewal of his pension. Here he was received with high honors. He visited the Flemish painter Quentin Massys (mă'sēs'), and in Holland made a friend of the great scholar Erasmus (ê-rāz'mūs). He even went out to Zeeland to see a dead whale that had been hauled up on the shore; for like so many men of his day, Dürer loved to pry into all sorts of secrets in this interesting world.

Back in Nuremberg once more, the artist set to work on what was possibly his last piece

of art. He presented it to the city with a modest and patriotic letter. It is called "The Four Apostles," and gives us pictures of John, Peter, Paul, and Mark. In this picture the heads are drawn with great strength, with the rugged power that Dürer always gives to his people, even to his women; but in the figures he has tried to copy the graceful sweep of drapery and color which he admired in Italian painting and which he always found so hard to manage. But fine as the painting is, it is stronger than it is graceful. It has more of the strong up and down lines of the old German Gothic



Photo by Bruckmann

The portrait of Martin Luther shown above is only one of the portraits of Protestant leaders Cranach made. He also did religious pictures from a Protestant point of view, after he himself became a Protestant. And he was a printer as well as a painter; Luther often made use of his press.

than of the beautiful curves of the Italians of his own day. After all, Dürer was still in large part a man of the Middle Ages.

But it is in his marvelous engravings that Dürer has the most to say to us. It is these for which he is most famous, and still unsurpassed. No greater pictures were ever drawn in copper than

such things as this artist's "Melancholy," his "St. Jerome in His Study," and many other engravings. We can look at these pictures for a very long time before we see all that Dürer has put into them, and we can come back to them time and again to find them ever fresh and full of suggestion. As we look at St. Jerome in his homely, cluttered room, with his friendly lion asleep like a watch dog and with the sunlight filtering through the round panes and making patterns on the walls, as we wonder at the marvelously fine lines in which the whole thing is drawn, we are looking at what is truly a miracle of fine art.

We must pass over the work of Lucas Cranach (1472-1553), a very popular and distinguished painter and engraver. Cranach (krä'näK) was a personal friend of Martin Luther and has left us, among many other works, a portrait of Luther himself. We shall need all our space, in the rest of this story, to speak of the second great artist of Germany. That is Hans Holbein (1497-1543).

If you will look at any typical work of Holbein (höl'bin)—his portrait of Christina of Denmark will do very well—you will see

at once what it is that separates this painter from his great predecessor, Dürer. As we said, Dürer never wholly emerged from the Middle Ages. But as you notice the shimmering black robe of Christina, her round, sweet face, and her delicate white hands, as you look upon the aristocratic grace and

elegance of the whole picture, you know that Holbein was a man of the Renaissance (rén'ë-sô'Ns').

Holbein was born in Augsburg, then the most Italian of the German cities. His father was a painter before him, a disciple of the Italians and especially of Giovanni Bellini. The son inherited and deepened all these interests. He grew up to be a court painter. He lacked the intensity and rugged strength of Dürer, but he had a remarkably observing eye, great ease

and polish in his art, a fine sense of tact, and a wide knowledge of the world. The most splendid of the German painters, Holbein is the one who comes nearest in style to the great Italians.

Holbein's Famous Portrait of Erasmus

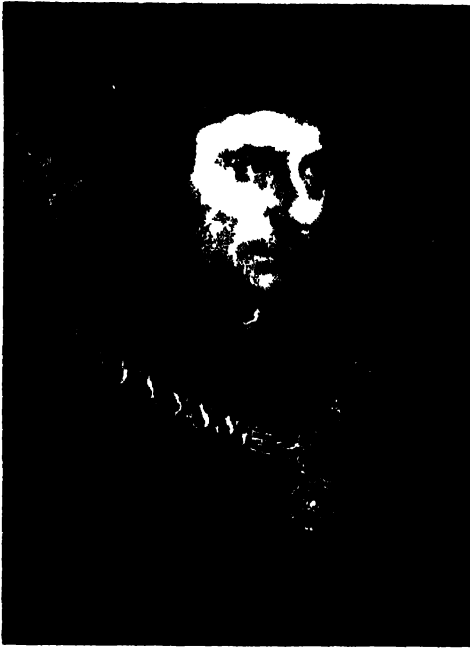
As a young artist, Holbein traveled about Germany for a time and then settled for a while at Basel (ba'zël). There he knew the great Erasmus, and, having taken up engraving at this period, he gained some commissions to illustrate the books that Erasmus was then publishing. His famous portrait of Erasmus, done at the age of twenty-seven, is one of the finest pieces of work he ever did. If you will look at the keen eye and the sharp



Photo by Chauffourier, Rome

Here is Henry VIII himself, whose heavy, imperious face and enormous bulk are so familiar to us because of Holbein's genius. The hearty, honest strength of Holbein's art made him the perfect portraitist for those strong and lively times.

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This is a page of Holbein's portraits done in England. Above is one of his great portraits of Sir Thomas More.



Holbein painted several of Henry VIII's many wives. This is the third of them, gentle Jane Seymour, mother of the boy who later became Edward VI.



This is by Bruckmann.

Holbein also painted many notables of Henry VIII's court. This is the strong face of John Chambre, the King's chief physician, who did much for English medicine.



This is by Hufstaengl.

Robert Cheseman, whose portrait is above, was King Henry's falconer. That is why Holbein has painted him with one of his hunting falcons perched upon his wrist.

nose of the man in this picture, and at the mouth that is just a trifle scornful, you will have a fairly clear view into the mind of the great scholar and critic whom it represents. The portrait was painted for the famous Sir Thomas More in England, friend of Erasmus and of many other important men all over Europe.

The Famous Painter of Henry VIII

Holbein did various other pieces of fine work at Basel. There is a beautiful Madonna, for instance, painted for the Meyer family of that city. But the period in which these pictures were done was a very troublous time in many parts of Europe, with the king of France at war with the emperor and with religious strife raging nearly everywhere. So in 1526 Holbein was glad to receive from Erasmus a letter of introduction to his friend Sir Thomas More in England. He set out for London, and the fact is important for us: a good deal that we know about Henry VIII and the men around him is told us by the faces of those men as Holbein has put those faces down in his portraits. For he saw them very clearly.

Not at once did he become a court painter in England. On the contrary, he nearly got into trouble by being a friend of Sir Thomas More. For a short time he went back to Basel. Sir Thomas later lost his head for standing out against Henry VIII, and to have been a friend of Sir Thomas was no way into the graces of the King. But Holbein found another road to the court. Through some of the German merchants in London he began to gain commissions from certain of the lesser nobles.

In this way he made his fine portrait of Robert Cheseman, the King's falconer. What

distinction he has given to the man! There are few heavy shadows in the picture; the figure is built of flat color, and of the finest and most delicate lines; and yet it has a remarkable solidity. The plumage of the bird in the picture is a masterly piece of work.

Portraits like that soon brought Holbein into great favor and honor, and by 1536 he gained the title of court painter to Henry VIII. He painted the heavy, headstrong face of the King, and the faces of many of

the court ladies and the ambassadors. We can get acquainted with many of the people of that day from the mere sketches in red chalk that Holbein made of them. In that time kings and princes were not always patient enough to sit for hours while the painter did his work. Holbein might have only a short time to dash off a sketch of his royal or noble patron, and might have to finish the portrait from the sketch and from memory.

When Henry VIII was searching Europe for a marriageable princess to be his fourth wife, he sent Holbein to Brussels to

paint a picture of one pro-

spective bride. This was Christina of Denmark, who escaped Henry and married the Duke of Milan instead. He also painted a great picture of Anne of Cleves, Henry's fourth wife. He made several other trips to the Continent, painting busily there and in England until his death of the plague in 1543. Few men have ever had a keener eye for human features, and few have taken greater care in putting them into pictures.

With Holbein's death, the first great period of German painting comes to a close. Dürer and Holbein, like the great Spanish painters of their time, had no successors worthy of them.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Holbein painted this portrait of Margaret Wyatt, Lady Lee, sister to Thomas Wyatt, the poet who, with the help of the Earl of Surrey, introduced the sonnet into England from Italy. In early years Wyatt had been the lover of pretty Anne Boleyn.

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Reading Unit

No. 17

THE MASTER PAINTERS AMONG THE FLEMISH

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not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
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How did Rubens manage his famous workshop and pupils?
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Summary Statement

Rubens and Van Dyck represented the very peak, in the north, of the Baroque influence

in painting. In many respects, their results have never been equaled.



Photo by Alinari

On this page are portraits of King Charles I of England and his queen, Henrietta Maria, all by Van Dyck. The above picture of the King and Queen is one of a dozen he did of them before he had been in England

a year. He pleased the King so much from the very first that within three months of his arrival he was appointed court painter, given a royal pension, and made an English knight—Sir Anthony Van Dyck.



Photos by the Louvre, and Anderson

Here are two of Van Dyck's most famous portraits of the King alone. Probably there is no English king before the days of photographs whose face is so familiar to us as that of Charles I—because of Anthony Van Dyck. He painted all the nobility of the time,



too, and English galleries are very rich in his pictures. So it is sometimes hard to remember that he was not really an Englishman after all. Certainly the British artists took him for their own, and the work of the later British school of portraitists is based upon his work.



The *to* by Hans J. eugl. Monch

Rubens loved to paint beautiful children, with their plump, vigorous bodies and merry eyes for they are as full of brimming life as he was himself! Sometimes he puts wings on them and calls them cherubs

or cupids, but at other times he makes them just laughing human children. In this famous picture, called "The Garland of Fruits," he has used light, soft colors that make the scene seem very gay and real.

The MASTER PAINTERS among the FLEMISH *In the Work of Rubens and Van Dyck the Art of Flanders* *Reaches a Glorious Climax*

IN OUR long series of stories about the rise and growth of the fine arts in Europe we have already told of the birth and early history of a glorious school of painting in Flanders. We may now go on with the story of this Flemish school as it continues in the work of two very famous masters - Peter Paul Rubens and Anthony Van Dyck.

Before we come to these masters, however, we ought to say a word about the history of their troubled country, for the fortunes of the country had a great deal to do with the painting that was done in it.

In Flanders the close of the sixteenth century and the opening of the seventeenth saw a bitter struggle between the Catholics and the Protestants. The country had been handed about from one ruler to another.

In the days of John van Eyck (van ik'), its first great painter, the land had belonged to the Dukes of Burgundy. When the daughter of one of these dukes married the emperor Maximilian, the land passed under his sway, and then it came into the hands of his successor Charles V, who was king of Spain and also emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

Charles V had spent his childhood in Flanders and knew that the rich little country was well worth cherishing. But the next king of Spain, Philip II, was by no means the same sort of ruler. Philip looked upon Flanders merely as a place from which he could get money. He was altogether a foreign king and he was very much hated by his Flemish subjects.

Philip began by taxing Flanders so harshly that its people were nearly ruined. At the

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Here is a glimpse of Rubens in his famous studio. All the finery and magnificence that here surround him probably give us none too splendid an idea of

his house and friends. For Rubens was not one of the company of artists who have been poor and neglected. On the contrary, he was a very rich man.

same time many of the Flemish people, especially in the north, joined in the Protestant revolt against the Catholic church, and the violent king Philip felt that death was the only proper answer to his stubborn subjects. So he sent an army into Flanders under a ruthless governor who would teach the land a lesson, and a terrific struggle went on for a long time.

The Two Great Schools of Painting

The northern provinces of the low countries—that is, the land which we now call Holland—were almost entirely Protestant. Their people had always been sturdy lovers of liberty, and they stood out stoutly against the Spanish kings until they finally won their freedom in 1648.

The southern provinces, making up the country which we now call Belgium, had the worst of the struggle. They were partly Catholic, to be sure, but they were very wealthy; and the Spaniards thought their rich cities of Antwerp, Ghent (gĕnt), and Bruges (brŭzh) would be good places to

plunder by way of teaching the Protestants a lesson. These provinces saw terrible suffering and did not gain their liberty until much later.

In art one result of all this is that henceforth we have two great schools of painting where there had been only one before. The northern country gives birth to the magnificent painters of the Dutch school, while the Flemish school continues under Catholic patronage in the southern provinces. In a later story we are going to tell all about the great Dutch painters; for the present we have to do with the main masters of the Flemish school, Rubens and Van Dyck.

How Young Rubens Became a Painter

With Peter Paul Rubens (rŭo'bĕnz), the Baroque (bā-rŏk') style, lately born in Italy, comes to the north. Rubens discovered the style in Italy, brought it back to his own land, and through his own overflowing energy impressed it upon the entire heart of the north. For Rubens had an enormous influence over the history of painting—not

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only in his own land, but also in France and England and even in Spain. Indeed Rubens is something more than a single painter; he is rather like a whole school of painting. As you travel through the galleries in Europe you are likely to see more pictures from the brush of Rubens than from that of any other great artist, and you very quickly learn to recognize his work at a glance. You are tempted to think that this extraordinary man who painted so much must have been busy every moment of his life in his studio. Instead of that, however, you find that he was very much a man of the world—a good husband and father, a splendid host, the kindest of friends, an adviser to kings, and several times an ambassador with important missions. He was a man of sunny and serene temperament and a marvelous creative energy.

Rubens was born of simple Flemish people who had been tradesmen on his father's side and tapestry weavers on his mother's. His own father had been ambitious enough to become a lawyer, but his mother seems to have had the brains of the family. As the youngest child of the family, the boy was spared the sight of the terror with which the Spanish rulers were scourging his country. His father had had to fly into Germany; and so Peter Paul was born, near Cologne,

in 1577. But at the age of ten, after his father's death, the boy was taken back home to Antwerp. By this time the Spanish rule was somewhat gentler, and as Catholics the Rubens had little to fear from the oppressors.

His mother meant to make a fine gentleman of Peter Paul. She sent him to a good school where he learned his Latin very well indeed. He was a clever boy at languages. Of course he had spoken German in Cologne, and before very long he could talk in English, French, Italian, or Spanish; in fact, by the time he started out as an artist he was a master of seven languages.

When he left school at the age of thirteen, the boy was sent by his mother to serve as a page in the household of a countess. In a year at this palace he learned

fine manners, but after the one year he came home to announce that he had determined to become an artist. His mother had wanted him to be a famous lawyer, and she was very much disappointed; but Peter Paul spoke up so graciously and eloquently in a family meeting that his relatives gave in and sent him off to study art.

By this time the artists in Flanders were trying their best to be Italian. Peter Paul studied under three of these artists, and while working for the last of them, in 1500, he helped to make the decorations for the



Among his many accomplishments, Rubens could count that of being a great portrait painter. He left us several portraits of his first wife, Isabella Brant, besides the pictures for which she was merely his model. Judging from this one, she must have been a vivid, spirited young woman, bright-eyed and charming.



Photo by the Louvre

Rubens painted a great many story-pictures—scenes from the Bible or from history or legend. This one shows Lot's family escaping from the doomed city of

Sodom. The stormy sky, the beckoning angels, the expressive faces of Lot and his wife—all these have the vigor and life we expect in Rubens.

triumphal entry into Antwerp of the Spanish princess Isabella and her consort Archduke Albert. They had come to be the new rulers of the land.

The next year, at the age of twenty-three, Rubens mounted a horse and started off for Italy, then the goal of all young artists. No sooner had he arrived in Venice than people began to talk about this tall and handsome young man from the north. For Rubens was a very courtly gentleman. He had a high forehead with long auburn hair, a ruddy complexion, and brown eyes that were full of gaiety and gentleness. He wore fine clothes and a beautifully trimmed mustache and beard; and his manners were those of a young prince.

At the Court of Mantua

It was obvious, too, that he had the genius of a painter. So the Duke of Mantua, grandson of the man for whom Mantegna (mān-tān'yā) had worked, sent for this remarkable young man from the north as soon as he heard of him, and Rubens remained in

the service of the Duke for the next eight years. He was the court painter and also something more; for the Duke made a friend of him and employed him as an ambassador.

When an Ambassador Turned Court Painter

As court painter, Rubens had every chance in the Duke's palace to study the works of such masters as Mantegna and Perugino (pā'rōo-je'nō). He also made frequent trips to Venice for the study of Titian (tīsh'ān) and Tintoretto (tēn'tō-rēt'tō), as also to Florence and Rome, where he saw a whole world of new art; as ambassador he was sent to Spain with a large number of gifts for King Philip III and the people of his court. They were bulky presents to take on such a large journey. For the King there was a coach and seven bay horses; there was also a rock crystal vase filled with perfume, a silver chest, candlesticks, crucifixes, and many other things. Among the other things were a good many copies of famous paintings.

It rained a good deal during the long trip



11.1.14. A. 1481

He is Marie de' Medici stepping off the boat at Marseilles perhaps the best known picture in the mighty series of Marie's life, in the Luxembourg palace in Paris Above the Queen floats an angelic trumpeter, below her the gods and goddesses of the sea rise to

do her homage We could study for hours the marvelous detail and the balance and design of this picture But the thing we shall remember longest is the feeling of power and movement To go through a gallery of Rubens is like moving through a whirlwind



Photo by Vernacis Madrid

In this picture of a "Peasant Dance" the figures seem almost to move before our eyes, so vividly has Rubens caught the swirl of their dance. And what a fine landscape it is, too! In our amazement at his great can-

by land and sea and the paintings were seriously damaged, but this made no great trouble for our ambassador. All he had to do was to turn court painter again for a while and paint the pictures over again. Then the Spanish court was so delighted with his work as to order twelve more pictures from his brush.

Back in Italy a year later, Rubens kept painting and traveling until 1608. Then he received word that his mother's health was in a dangerous condition, and he set out at once for home. He rode to Antwerp with all speed only to find that his mother had died before he left Italy.

Chief Painter to the Court in Antwerp

Remaining now in Antwerp Rubens was highly honored by the rulers, Albert and Isabella, for whom he had painted decorations just before leaving for Italy eight years earlier. They made him their court painter and thus set him free from the

vases of stories and people we are likely to forget that Rubens was also a great landscape artist. The Englishmen like Constable, who started modern landscape painting, found inspiration in Rubens.

painters' guild; and he now started on a long and magnificent career as the chief painter of his day in his native land.

The Vigorous Art of Rubens

He soon married Isabella Brant, whom we know so well from the great number of pictures he has left us of her. The daughter of a famous lawyer, Isabella was a fulsome Flemish beauty whom we behold in hundreds of his pictures scattered through the galleries.

The first thing that strikes us about one of these paintings, as about almost any picture from the brush of Rubens, is that it is so happy and vigorous, so rich and brilliant in color. If we remember that for years the Flemish painters had turned out almost nothing except poor imitations of their Italian models, we can see how the pictures of Rubens must have astonished them. His paintings were like a strong, fresh breeze blowing into the art of the north. In Italy,

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he had learned how to compose his figures and how to make them look round and solid, but all the time he had kept to his native Flemish honesty. So he never tried to make an Italian of Isabella, as so many of the painters around him would have done. He loved her as she was, and he painted her with a joyous vitality which was far beyond the power of any other painter in his land.

These traits appear in all of the multitude of pictures that now came from his hand. His "Peasant Dance," for instance, has a swing in the dancing figures, and even in the very landscape, which speaks of the joyous surging of the blood in your veins when the outdoor air is clear and cool and the sun is shining, and when you cannot keep still because you feel so lively.

At once this joyous, athletic painting became the wonder and the delight of Flanders. And Rubens was overwhelmed with orders, so many that he could not think of filling all of them. That is why he started a workshop with a number of assistants to help with his pictures - some of them to paint figures, others to paint landscape, and still others to put in flowers and minor things. The master himself supervised the design and added the finishing touches.

Rubens always told the truth about the way he did such work. Most of the artists of the time had assistants to help them, but not all of them were so careful as Rubens to state how much was their own work and how much came from their helpers. Rubens would say, "The eagle is by Snyders," or

"This is by my own hand except for the very beautiful landscape, put in by a man who is extremely clever in this type of work." or "This is by my best pupil, but I have gone over it thoroughly myself." Of course the work of the assistants was less expensive than that of the master.

Here is a description of the famous workshop as written by a Danish traveler who saw it:

"We visited the famous and eminent painter Rubens, whom we found at work. While he went right on



This is one of Rubens' portraits of Helen Fourment, his sixteen-year-old second wife. It is easy to see from the picture that she was beautiful; we may marvel, too, at the richness of her dress. She was the perfect model for Rubens, as well as the perfect wife, for she was exactly the type of buxom Flemish beauty he loved best to put on canvas.

with his painting, he was listening to a person who was reading to him and was also dictating a letter. We kept silent for fear of disturbing him, but he spoke to us without stopping his work or the reading or the dictation, and answered all our questions as if to give us proof of his remarkable faculties. Then he ordered a servant to take us around his magnificent palace and to show us the great number of antiquities and all the Greek and Roman



Photo by Gesellschaft, Munich

This is the painting in which Rubens pictures himself walking hand in hand with his bride through their fine garden, on the way to show her her new home. Rubens did some of his best work during the ten years he lived with Helen Fourment in the magnificent

Château de Steen. Not only did he make many portraits of his wife and their children, but he painted many pictures of the beautiful landscape around the château. It was these landscapes which later inspired Constable and the other English landscape artists.

statues which he possesses. We also saw a fine room without any window, lighted only by a large opening in the middle of the ceiling. There a number of young painters were gathered, each busy at a different piece of work for which Rubens had made a pencil drawing with a touch of color here and there. These young artists have to put the ideas of the master into paint, and then the master will give the pictures a final finish."

The Daily Life of the Master

In this way Rubens grew to be a very wealthy man. But he was never tempted to take a rest. He always got up at four o'clock in the morning, heard Mass, and then went at once to his studio, where he worked until the daylight began to fail. Late in the afternoon he would run over his collections and then go out riding on one of his favorite

horses. In the evening he would entertain his learned friends.

At the court of the Duke of Mantua in the old days Rubens had met the sister of the Duchess that Marie de' Medici (mà-ré' dā mēd'ē-chē) who later became queen of France as the wife of King Henry IV. Many years afterward, when her husband had been killed, the Queen built a new palace in Paris, and remembering the painter she had known down in Italy, she sent at once for Rubens to decorate her splendid home. Of course the French painters did not love her idea of giving the work to a foreigner, but she merely answered that no one in the world except Rubens could do the vast paintings she desired so finely as he.

By this time the Queen had grown to be a fat old lady, and she had never really done anything remarkable. But she had grandiose ideas for the paintings in her new palace,

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and she gave Rubens a heroic set of commissions. There were to be a great many pictures and some of them were to be as much as three stories high; and they were all to tell about the life of this rather dull old lady. The task was large enough, but it would hardly seem to be very hopeful or inspiring.

But if the life of the fat queen was a little lacking in romance, the abundant imagination of Rubens was quite ready to add it. In those days kings and queens stood on a pedestal far above any ordinary mortals, and in Rubens' pictures the lady is attended, to the delight of her court, by all sorts of nymphs and goddesses as she goes through life. No one was allowed to see the pictures until they were all finished and in place, and when the full splendor of them burst upon the eyes of the beholders there was great applause for their magnificence.

Very rich and beautiful these paintings certainly are. As we look at the picture of the Queen arriving at Marseilles, we stand in admiration of the whole scene—the boat with the splendid sweeping pattern of the sails, the Queen's billowing robe, the sea goddesses attendant below, and the light and rosy colors which make us think of clear air and billowing white clouds and sea foam.

The Princess Isabella was another old

friend of Rubens. After her husband had died and left her the sole ruler in Flanders she turned to Rubens for help in settling a treaty with the Dutch. The painter went to Holland as her confidential minister, but he could not manage to arrange the treaty with the sturdy Dutch, who were bent on having their full freedom or nothing.

Down in Spain, however, the King heard of the painter's tact as an ambassador and sent him over to England to see what could be done about affairs with that country. Even if he was not entirely successful in arranging matters with Charles I, who was now king of England, he made a most delightful impression at the English court, where of course he was already a famous man. But it was while he was away on this mission that his wife died, and he hurried back in sorrow to Antwerp. "I have lost the best of

companions," he wrote, "and since her death there is universal sadness."

To ease his sorrow, he plunged again into affairs of state, and went down to Spain in the heat of midsummer. There he remained for a year while Philip IV tried to make up his mind what to do about the English. In the meantime, Rubens kept busy painting. He painted the King and Queen and the royal family. He was very kindly to the



Of all Van Dyck's portraits this one is probably the most familiar. It is usually called "Baby Stuart," though a more exact title would be "Infant Son of Charles I of England." Yet doubtless most people who now cherish this picture of the little prince do not think of him as a prince at all, but just as a plump baby with a bright, winsome face about to break into a smile.

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A row of children's heads like those above shows us that Van Dyck could make children as well as grown

people look aristocratic and elegant and yet show each person as an individual, with traits of his own.



Photos by Andersson, Rome

The family above is one of Van Dyck's portrait groups of the children of King Charles I.

young court painter whom he met at Madrid; this was no other than the great Velasquez (vā-lās'kāth), destined in due time to be one of the chief painters in all history. The young Velasquez was every inch a gentleman, like Rubens himself, but he had been tied down to the court and never permitted to travel. Rubens spent a good deal of time explaining the work of the Italian masters to the younger painter, and especially the

work of Titian; and so eager was the interest of Velasquez that Rubens persuaded the King to let the young gentleman go off to Italy, to see the glory of Italian painting for himself.

At last the King sent Rubens again to England, where he was received with the highest honors. He was knighted by Charles I and given a jeweled sword, a diamond ring, and a diamond hatband; and he received an



It is always pleasant to imagine the friendships of famous people or important moments in their lives.

This picture shows Van Dyck taking leave of his master Rubens as he sets out for Italy.

honorary degree from the University of Cambridge. We are told that one of the English courtiers asked Rubens: "Does the ambassador of His Catholic Majesty amuse himself with painting?" No, replied Rubens, "I sometimes amuse myself with being an ambassador."

Rubens' Marriage to Helen Fourment

Once more at home. Back with honors, the great painter married a second time. I have married a young woman of the middle class, although everyone advised me to choose a lady from the court. But I was afraid I should find my companion afflicted with pride, that plague of the noble class. That is my reason for choosing a wife who would not blush when she saw me take up my brush.

The painter's new bride, just sixteen years of age, was the celebrated Helen Fourment (foor'môN'), said to be the most beautiful girl in Antwerp, and intimately known to day by everyone who visits galleries of art. For Rubens left us her picture on many and many a canvas. In its own way every one

of his splendid pictures tells us of the happy life he lived with her. There is one of the pictures in which he is showing his new bride the beautiful house which is to be hers. At the left we see the pavilion of the splendid chateau while Helen and her painter are walking happily through the garden hand in hand.

The pictures of this period are among the most beautiful that Rubens left us. After ten more happy years the great artist died, full of honors, in 1640. But his art has never died. He has had a mighty influence over painting ever since his day, and his genius was so many-sided that in each country in Europe something different was made under its inspiration. He loved to make vast pictures, glowing pictures, pictures of vigor and happiness. He has been called the most magnificent of artists. This does not imply that he is the greatest, of course, though he was a very great one. It means that he is one of the most splendid in vitality.

When Rubens said that any given picture was "by my best pupil," he meant that Anthony Van Dyck (vân dik') had painted it.

Born in Antwerp, Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641) was an accomplished painter at the age of nineteen. At about that age he came to work in the studio of Rubens, and it was not long before he was the master's right-hand man. After a short first trip to England, he went down into Italy to paint and study, and remained there for about five years. He was very quick to take up the great manner of the Italian painters. He then returned to Antwerp, finished his training under Rubens, and came into fame as a painter of very elegant portraits.

The Refined Elegance of Van Dyck

Van Dyck was exactly the kind of portrait painter who was wanted at the court of Charles I in England. Rubens may have been a little too hearty, a little too fleshy for the English, but the highly refined work of Van Dyck made a very strong appeal to them. So Van Dyck went over to England in 1632, and as court painter remained there mainly for the next nine years.

He was so highly popular that he had to start a workshop like that of Rubens to fill all of the orders that flowed into his studio. The orders were chiefly for portraits—though, like Rubens, he also painted many religious pictures—and sometimes the rush of trade forced the painter to neglect the likeness a little in order to be sure to produce a fine picture. All of the Van Dyck portraits look a little alike—partly because the painter was too hurried to study individual faces and partly because he had an ideal of grace and grandeur and slender elegance which he felt ought to be shown of any noble sitter who came to his studio.

That is the kind of elegance which Van Dyck gave to Charles I himself when he painted the King's picture—the elegance of a fine gentleman, with an aristocratic air, a thin face, and very delicate hands. The same grace appears in his painting of Queen Henrietta Maria in her dress of shimmering white satin and her pearls, as she appears before a velvet curtain of gold and dull blue, green, and soft dull red. We can be pretty sure of a painting by Van Dyck if we look at nothing but the hands; they are always

very delicate hands which touch lightly, but never seem to grasp. Even King Charles does not grasp his sword like a soldier. All the royal children are just such offspring as a king and queen ought to have—stiff little dolls in fine clothes, who are going to grow up to be just like their fathers and mothers.

When Van Dyck paints his own portrait for us, he shows us just the same kind of gentleman. He looks like a man born to be a courtier. Perhaps it is a very faithful likeness and perhaps not; but certainly it is the way Van Dyck wanted to look, and the way he wanted everyone to look. It seems also to be the way the English gentleman and ladies wanted to look, at least in their portraits; and so there is a great contrast between the vital, athletic figures of Rubens and the slender, gentlemanly ones of his pupil Van Dyck. Over in Flanders it was a distinction to be a bit fleshy, while in England it was distinguished to be thin.

Within the limits which this ideal of elegance sets around a painter's art, Van Dyck is a very great painter of portraits. If you will study all his pictures which you will find in this book, you ought to have very little trouble in recognizing his work wherever you may see it in the galleries of the world.

When Rubens died in 1640, Van Dyck went back to Antwerp with the idea of taking over the work of his master, but his high prices frightened people, and he also lacked the vitality to carry on the vast work of Rubens. Indeed, he survived his master only one year, and came back to England to die.

When English Art Was under a Cloud

Not long after his death his patron, Charles I, went to his own end on the scaffold and England was convulsed by a revolution. In the days of Cromwell's sway, a great deal of fine old art was swept away in England by the Puritans, who thought of it as vanity or something worse than vanity. The fine arts did not have much chance again in England until the Puritan Revolution was over, and they hardly flourished again until after the beginning of a new century.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 18

THE ARTISTS OF THE SUN KING

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

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Why his age was the most splendid period the modern world has ever seen, 11 231

How Nicholas Poussin and Claude Lorrain started a new French art in Italy, 11 234

How Poussin was called back to Paris to decorate the Louvre, 11 236

Why Poussin's figures were often only an excuse for painting lovely landscapes, 11 237

Claude Lorrain was among the first to take his easel out of doors, 11 237

How the French Academy in Rome was founded, 11-239

Why Versailles shows both the best and the worst that art can do under royal edict, 11-239

Things to Think About

What did Louis XIV do to make his palace and his country the art center of the world?

How could a new French art begin in Italy?

Poussin seemed to feel that he

had the blood of ancient Greek shepherds in his veins. Why was this?

How did Lorrain achieve the dreamy grandeur of his harbor scenes?

Picture Hunt

How did Girardon heighten the flattery in his sculpture of the "Sun King"? 11 231

How did Poussin come to be one of the earliest landscape painters? 11-234

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Molière, the great dramatist, was

a friend of Louis XIV, 13 111

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Louis XIV fought a good many wars, 6-75, 184, 219, 331, 12-411

The execution of Charles I of England, 6 66, 127, 12-409

Summary Statement

The reign of Louis XIV saw France established as the art center of the world, a position which she has held even to the

present day, even though greater painting was being done in other countries.



Photo by An Ierson, Rome

This is one of Claude Lorrain's famous paintings of harbors, it is called "The Ancient Port of Ostia" Nothing could be more characteristic of Claude than this picture. There are the ancient Roman buildings with their calm beauty and strong, soaring pillars. There are the proud galleys, with banners flying. There are the little human figures, moving serenely through some happy dream. All is arranged, or composed, into a beautiful pattern, and all is lighted by a strange glow

that comes from the far sky at the back of the picture. Much as he loved nature, in his paintings Claude was not very "natural", he always arranged the landscape to give an effect of dreamlike beauty, and he usually put in a good many fine classic buildings. It was in his sketches and notebooks that he showed his love of ordinary nature, his famous sketch book called "Liber Veritatis," or "The Book of Truth," inspired Turner two centuries later to make a book in imitation

On his proudly-stepping charger, Louis XIV is presented to us done in lasting bronze. The sculptor is François Girardon (1628-1715), one of the best-known of the artists who labored to make the splendid palace of Versailles one mighty song of praise to Louis, the "Sun King." Characteristically, Girardon has tried to heighten the flattery by giving the bewigged eighteenth century Louis a suggestion of the look of a Roman emperor.



FIGURE 14

The ARTISTS of the SUN KING

These Are Some of the Men Who Made the Reign of Louis XIV Illustrious in Art

IF YOU ask almost any man what nation seems to have the best taste in the arts, you are very likely to be told that it is France. In Paris the very workingmen and shopgirls know a good picture when they see it and can often talk about it with a good deal of intelligence. This has been true of the French for a good many centuries, during which they have probably done more than any other people to set the standard of taste in the fine arts of the world. In the light of these facts, it is a strange thing that the French themselves have not produced more heroic figures among the painters and the sculptors. They have certainly produced a very large number of excellent artists who have had many imitators in many lands. They are fine teachers

and critics of the arts. Yet if you call the roll of the supreme artists, you will name men like Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Titian in Italy; like Durer and Holbein in Germany; like Rubens in Flanders, Rembrandt in Holland, Velasquez in Spain, Turner in England, and certain other men of these and other countries; but you will find it hard to think of a French painter to include in your supreme list. That is what an English poet, Matthew Arnold, meant when he spoke of France "famed in all great arts, in none supreme."

We are going to talk about French art in the period when the French were most intent on splendor of artistic production. That is, of course, the age of Louis XIV, doubtless the most splendid period that any nation in



Photo by Museum at Versailles

This sculptured group at Versailles is called "Apollo Served by the Nymphs." The artists of Versailles were fond of showing us the gods and goddesses of Roman myth, and of trying to make their statues remind us of Roman art. This Apollo, for instance, is

certainly copied after the Apollo Belvedere. The sculptor is Girardon, but he probably worked from plans by Le Brun, the director-general of art at Versailles. For at Versailles all the artists worked together, and it is sometimes hard to tell which is which.

the modern world has seen - Louis XIV, the Sun King, who was so eager during his very long reign to make his palace and his country the artistic center of the world. If we could travel to the palace or the city of Louis, we should see many a splendid piece of fine art in every form still remaining to remind us of his day, but in the major arts we should meet with no single master workman who can rank with the great artists whose names we have just been calling.

When Art Stood Still in France

Possibly the reason lies in part in the character of Louis XIV himself and in the theory by which he ruled his country. He was king by divine right, he thought, and therefore he could do no wrong. He was the state, as he said, and the realm of France was the creation of his edicts. The art of that realm must therefore befit him and be worthy of him. It must be always correct, elegant, proper, and above all, stately.

His way of making sure that art would be

proper and elegant and stately was to found academies made up of the most proper artists of the land, who would dictate what should be done in the arts - which too often meant dictating what the great king wanted done. In this way art came in for a good deal of tight lacing, a thing which is seldom or never good for it, especially when it is mainly commanded to glorify a pompous gentleman who happens to be king and who is getting a little old.

What happened in the day of Louis XIV is what will very often happen when the fine arts are put into too tight a strait-jacket. The best artists went off in their own way, rather like truant boys, and did what they loved to the best of their ability far from the confines of the academy. That is why the two main French artists of this period did nearly all their work in Italy and were unknown in France during their lifetime.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century there were no outstanding artists in the land of France. As we have told in another

THE HISTORY OF ART

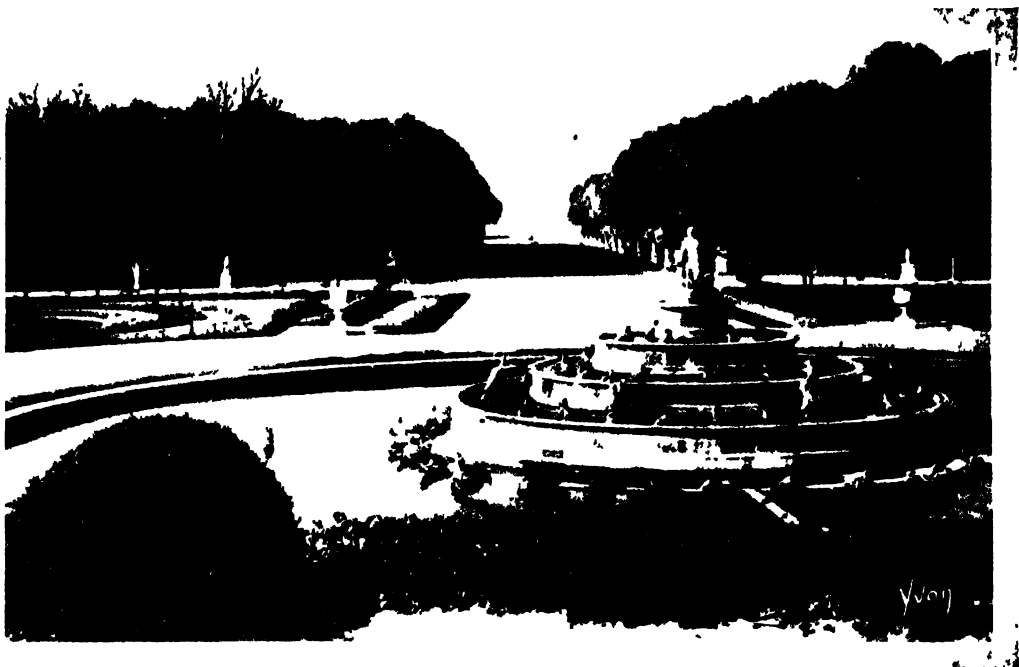


Photo by Museum at Versailles

Here is a glimpse of the celebrated gardens of Versailles—the Fountain of the Goddess Latona and the green vista beyond. This park was planned by André Le Nôtre (ôn'drà' lē nō'tr'), one of the greatest of

landscape gardeners. It is laid out in formal geometric designs, and scattered thick with fountains and pools and statues. It is a park, in fact, which matches well the magnificence of the palace.



Photo by Museum at Versailles

This is the bedroom of Louis XIV at Versailles, as it looks to-day. For many years the Grand Monarch slept here whenever he was at home, and here in

1715 he died. Surely one would need to be a Grand Monarch to feel at home in all this crowded splendor of carving and tapestry and elaborate furnishings!



Photo by Hanstaengl, Munich

The official subject of this painting is "The Angel Dictating the Gospels to St. Matthew"; but the figures are so nearly lost in the vast distances of the picture that it is sometimes called just "Landscape near Rome." This is the way in which Poussin came to be

one of the earliest landscape painters by painting landscape and putting in a few figures to give the picture a name. Notice the soft, diffused light. These landscapes were only one sort of picture Poussin painted. Many show scenes from history or mythology.

story Marie de' Medici (má'rē' dā mēl'ē chē) insisted on sending for Rubens (rōō'-bēnz) from Flanders to do her painting when she wanted to decorate her great new palace. A little later, in 1648, the great minister of the King founded the Royal Academy of painting and sculpture, and this academy proceeded in a very royal way to do very little indeed.

The New French Art in Italy

But in the meanwhile two Frenchmen down in Italy were starting a new French art about which Frenchmen back home knew little or nothing. These men were Nicholas Poussin (1594-1665) and Claude Gellée (1600-1682), who is always called Claude Lorraine because he was born in the province of Lorraine.

A Norman by birth, Nicholas Poussin (pōō'sāN') as a young man came up to study

in Paris, but he had no success there and found it very hard to make a living, so he started off, as did all of the artists who could in those days, to go to Italy. Twice before he found his way into that country, his money gave out, but he finally arrived in the land of his dreams and he stayed there for the rest of his life. He was thirty years old when he reached Rome, twenty years after Rubens had been there. He had seen the work of Titian (tīsh'ān) in Venice and in Bologna (bō-lōn'ya) he visited the well-known art school of the Caracci (kā-rat'che) brothers, who were doing all they could to mingle in painting the grandeur of Raphael (ra'fā-ēl) and the prettiness of Correggio (kōr-rēd'jō).

These were the days when a good many nations in the north had broken away from the Catholic church. England, Holland, and most of Germany had become Protestant

THE HISTORY OF ART

In the southern countries the Catholic church was trying to make the old religion more real and more appealing, and one of the paths of appeal lay through the arts. The Protestants often denounced statues and pictures and shrines as mere vanities if not idolatries. The Catholics in reply filled their churches more than ever with pictures and statues to appeal to the people. So even if the greatest of the Italian artists were all gone there was a ferment of artistic creation in Italy all through the time when Poussin lived there.

However much he admired the great Italian painters, Poussin was little interested in the newer Baroque (*châ-rôk'*) style, which we have described in some of our other stories; he went his own way and rather independently made himself into a great painter. And the Italians recognized him as such a painter.

When the Italians admired him, it was in spite of the fact that his art was rather different from theirs. What had captivated the imagination of Poussin was the ideal of ancient Rome, and of ancient Greece as seen through Roman spectacles for in those days no one knew much about Greece except through what she had taught to Rome. Poussin was taken captive by the marvels of the ancient remains in the city of Rome and the country lying around it. That city

seemed to him to have sat and watched all history go by and to have grown wise and mellow and peaceful in its long experience. As he walked the streets of the Eternal City, he could almost hear the spirits of the ancients whispering in his ear, and could almost feel himself going back to live in the great days of old.

Other men before Poussin had tried to go back to those ancient days. Mantegna, (*mân-tân'yä*), for instance, had felt ancient blood running in his veins, but for him it was the stern blood of Roman soldiers and conquerors. For Poussin, it was rather the blood of Greek shepherds on the slopes of the mountains in Arcadia.

So we have his pictures of such shepherds and their land. The costumes are not those that any Greek shepherd ever wore, and doubtless no shepherd anywhere ever looked very much like the ones in Poussin's pictures. Poussin was not a Greek; no matter how hard he tried he could

not help being a Frenchman of the seventeenth century living in Italy. But for all that, his pictures of shepherds seem strangely real because he had a genius for making his own beautiful dream come true on canvas. He has studied real people and knows how to draw them, but he prefers to give them flowing draperies and an ancient world

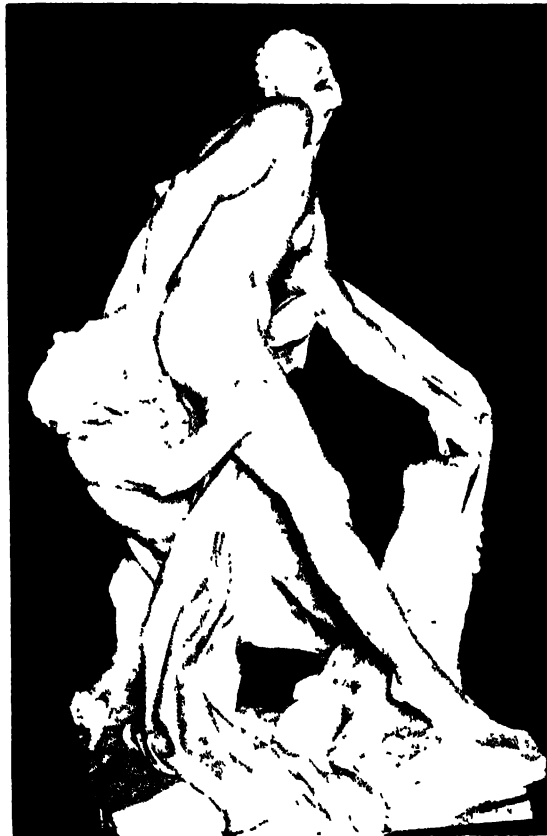


Photo by Gersulion, Paris

Pierre Puget was a famous sculptor of Louis XIV's time, but he had nothing to do with the decorations of Versailles. He came from Marseilles, in Southern France, and did his finest work there and in Toulon. He had much power and energy, as we can see from this statue of Milo of Crotona. Milo was an athlete famous in Greek legend for his mighty strength. The sculptor has chosen to show him in his death struggle. He has tried to tear open a half-split tree; his hand is imprisoned and useless and wild beasts set upon him and devour him.

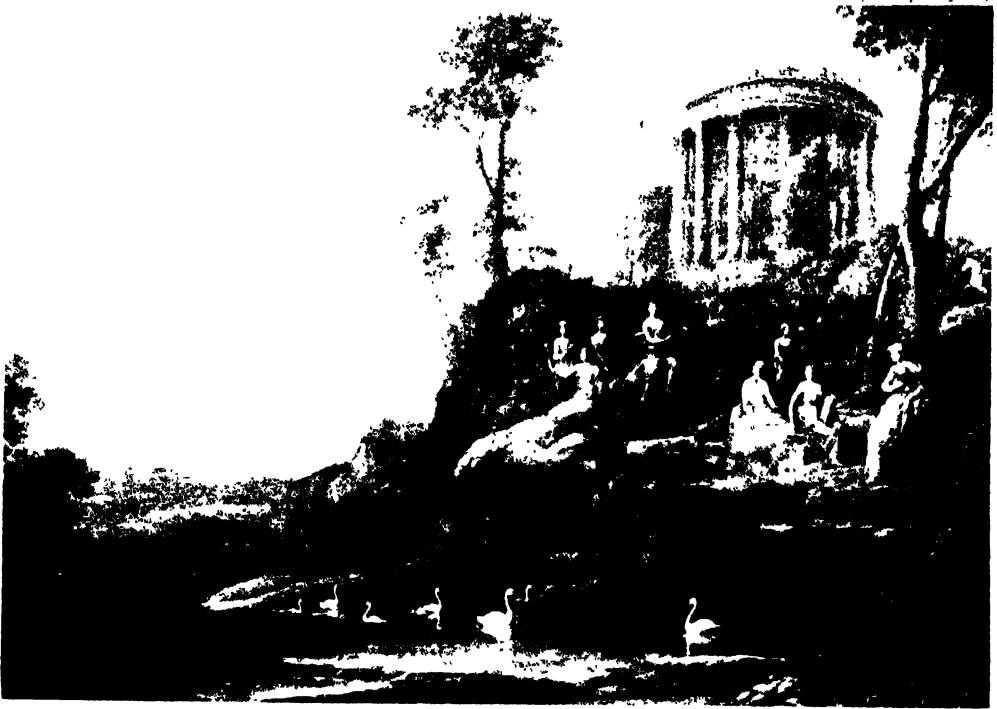


Photo by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

This is another of Claude Lorrain's serenely beautiful dream-landscapes. It is called "Parnassus." Parnassus, you remember, was the home of the Muses, goddesses who ruled over the arts. But even when he is showing the Muses at home, Claude is much

more interested in giving them a beautiful, light-drenched landscape to live in, and a gracious old classic temple, than in painting the goddesses themselves. In fact, he was so little interested in the people of his pictures that he often let assistants paint them.

to live in, both made chiefly of his own imagination.

When Poussin Went to Paris

Poussin did not paint such large canvases as most of the Italian artists, perhaps because he did not have enough money, but his art is nevertheless full of dignity and grandeur. He took the art very seriously, and felt that any good picture must always have a fine and noble subject. In this last respect, he was in sharp disagreement with the painters of the time in Naples, who were rather tired of painting nobles and wanted to paint street urchins and gamblers rather more than they wanted to paint saints and heroes. It may have been this nobility in the painting of Poussin that finally brought him to the attention of the French king, Louis XIII. When this king died his great minister Richelieu (rē'shē-lyū') looked around for a suitable painter to glorify the royalty of

France, and sent down into Italy for Poussin. Then Poussin came back to Paris to decorate the King's palace of the Louvre (loo'vr'). At once the jealous Parisian painters who had protested when Rubens was called from Antwerp set up a new clamor over this unknown painter from Italy. Poussin could not be very happy at the court, even though nobles now pressed him with orders for paintings, and after two years he went back to Italy for the rest of his life.

An Artist Who Loved Landscapes

Poussin had a tender love for the beautiful Italian landscape. He had seen that landscape as painted by the Venetians and he had watched it lovingly with his own eyes. When he paints a picture of it, to be sure, he does not call it simply a landscape picture; for as yet the time was hardly at hand when it would seem fitting to make a picture of scenery alone. Poussin obviously felt that

there was something nobler in painting human beings; so into a given picture he will put two little figures and then say that the painting is a picture of the angel dictating the Gospel to St. Matthew. But of course the title and the figures are not much more than an excuse for painting a lovely view with sunshine and shadow lying far back into distance. Now it surely was not landscape that made the people back in France think of Poussin while they were trying so hard to be grand. It must have been the stately gods and goddesses from ancient times which we find in his pictures.

The other great French painter in the Italy of that day met with less success and fame than Poussin at least until a long time after he was dead and gone. This was Claude Lorrain (kłod lô'-ra-N'). Claude was a very poor boy, and he had hardly any schooling; indeed, there is a story, though a doubtful one, that he began life as a pastry cook. But his heart was set

on being a painter, and somehow he found his way to Italy there to get an education in the arts, largely through his own study and practice.

Italy was the land of Claude's dreams, from first to last. The beauty of the country filled him with such delight that he was

happy to spend all his days watching it and painting it. He admired the ancient gods and goddesses in the pictures of Poussin, and in the fashion of the time he tried to give his own pictures noble subjects too; but somehow he could never bring himself to make the figures in his pictures much more than small details. It was the outdoors that he really loved—the sunshine and shadow, the wonderful distances, the deep green of trees, and above all the sunlight falling on the water. These are the glory of his pictures.

In our day it is a very common thing to see an artist standing, palette in hand, by some water's edge or in some country nook, painting the scene before him. But that would have been a stranger sight in the old days. Up to the time of Claude, painting was an indoor affair, carried on in a studio. A man like Leonardo da Vinci (lă'-ô-nar'-dô da vên'-chê) might indeed stop to sketch some flower or clump of trees that caught his fancy, and the

painters of the Flemish school must have made sketches out of doors. But to make up a whole picture of these sketches was quite another thing, and that was not yet being done. Mere outdoor scenery was not yet a fit subject for the painter.

Then came Rubens and the Dutch painters



Photo by Girou Jon, Paris

This is a bust of a sculptor by another sculptor—of Nicholas Coustou (kôo'-stôo') by Guillaume Coustou. The Coustous were famous toward the end of Louis XIV's reign. They carried on the work of Coysevox (kwâ'-rê-vôks'), probably the most vigorous of the artists working under Le Brun at Versailles.



It is interesting to compare this painting by Claude Lorrain it is called "The Departure of Cleopatra"

who loved so much the sight of their own land and down in Italy the simple hearted Claude was about the first painter to do much work outdoors. He studied Nature in a way that hardly any man had studied her in before, watching to see how she did her tricks with light and shade and atmosphere, and the sketches that resulted are so full of keen observation that our landscape painters often study them to this very day.

When Claude came to do the painting, however, he went back to the studio and wove his picture out of memory. He did not care so much about the various kinds of flowers as old Hubert van Eyck (van ik) had cared, and it did not make much difference to him whether a given tree was a pine or an oak. What he loved in the outdoors was the pattern of light and shade, and the airy space, and these are the things he wanted to paint.

We can see how he painted these things in such a picture as his 'Repose during the Flight into Egypt'. Here he has a dark

with his seaport already shown. The patterns of the two pictures are almost identical.

foreground with trees framing a river valley, while back in the distance the light opens out to far away hills.

Perhaps the most interesting of Claude's pictures are his scenes of harbors. These are not exactly the harbors he saw in his travels, with gallant sailing ships riding at anchor and sturdy fishing boats tied up to old wharves. They are dream harbors, where Aeneas is bidding farewell to Dido, or St Ursula is setting out for the Holy Land. Stately buildings rise up at the harbor's edge with steps leading down to the water, and the mists of the fairs are outlined against a low sun which makes a flare of light in the background and a shining path across the water to the shore.

These two painters, Poussin and Claude, may be called the fathers of French painting, even though Claude did not come into his own until long after his death. While these two were working in Italy, a great deal of art was being produced up in France, for under Louis XIV the land saw a great outburst of art that aimed to be grand even if

it seldom managed to leave us masterpieces in painting or sculpture.

When the Royal Academy was founded, it took art out of the hands of the guilds which had directed it ever since the Middle Ages. It placed art in the hands of the king, or of his ministers, and gave it little to do except to glorify the king himself. And whatever else art may now try to do, it always strives to be as grand as the king and his brilliant court.

The fountain of artistic inspiration was still in Italy, and there the French artists would go for study. To that end was founded the French Academy in Rome; and to this day the highest honor a young French artist can win is the Rome prize, which takes him for three years of study at the French Academy in Rome.

The favorite painter of Louis XIV was Charles Le Brun (1619

1690). A picture from the hand of Le Brun (le brŭN) showing the King's coronation will show about the best he could do, though all the splendor of the spectacle fails to make it a very good piece of painting.

The sculpture of the period, like the painting, is grander than it is gracious or beautiful. The King liked to think of himself as another emperor like the emperors in old Rome, and his sculptors were likely to make a rather odd thing of him as he played the part. They might give him a wig of his own

time with a breastplate and armor from ancient Rome; and then leave his legs bare like those of the warriors of old!

The chief French sculptor of the time was Pierre Puget (pyĕr pu'zhĕ'). He did some very fine work, but like the two great painters of the period, he lived most of his life (1622

1694) in Italy. He was not employed on any of the endless statues that adorn the vast palace and gardens which the Sun King made for his glory at Versailles (vĕr'sa'y').

Versailles! With its vast, grand, cold palace, and its vast, grand, formal gardens all laid out in patterns from geometry, Versailles shows us thousands of examples of what the taste of the Sun King could inspire in the painting, the sculpture, and in all the other arts and crafts of that day. It shows the best and the worst that art can do by royal edict. It shows us almost

nothing in bad taste, but almost nothing that bears the regal stamp of genius. It seems to offer to its millions of visitors a perfect mirror of the life at court under the grand monarch of three hundred years ago. It spreads out a vast panorama of bygone grandeur, only to leave us frigid in the presence of so much magnificence. A monument to so much else, it is also a monument to the truth that genius cannot be born at the nod of a monarch, and that supreme art must always wait for genius.



Photo by Olivier

Antoine Coysevox (1640-1720) did this bust of Colbert, the Sun King's famous minister of finance.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 19

THE GLORY OF SPANISH PAINTING

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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| What do El Greco's paintings of Spanish gentlemen reveal to us? 11 243 | How did Velasquez control the eye that looks at his "Maids of Honor"? 11 251 |
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Summary Statement

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| Though Spanish art was greatly influenced by the Italian Renaissance, as were all other national arts of the period, it nevertheless | developed a style of its own and became, for a time, one of the greatest national arts. |
|--|---|



Most of his life the great painter Velasquez spent at the court of Philip IV of Spain as the King's chief portrait painter. Philip often visited the studio, as he

is doing above. He liked to dabble in painting himself, and it certainly looks here as though he were actually touching up one of the master's canvases!

The GLORY of SPANISH PAINTING

Above All Else, This Is the Story of Velasquez, the Master Painter of Spain and a Supreme Genius in the History of Art

THE sunny land of Spain has had many an owner. It is hard to say just who were the first people to live there, long before the Romans came and settled in the country. After them the Goths swarmed down into the land from the north, and later still the Moors came over on their conquering way from Africa. For the best part of ten centuries there was then continual struggle to see whether the Spaniards, driven to the northern mountains, or the Moors who had spread over most of the peninsula, were going to own the land, and the question was not finally decided, in favor of the

Spanish until about five hundred years ago.

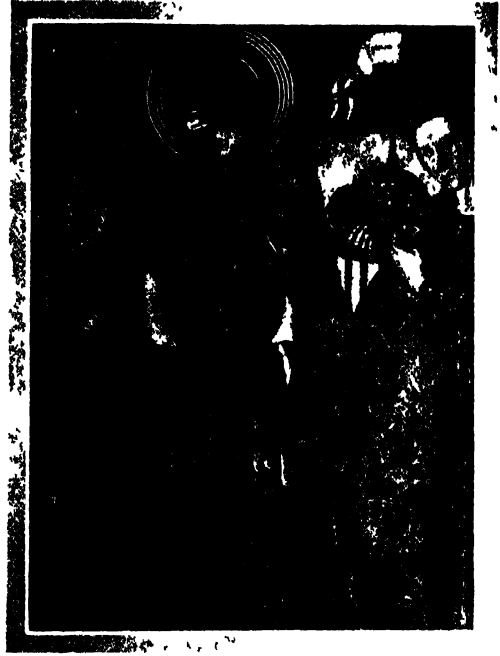
In the meantime all of these peoples had left their traces, more or less clear and important, on the country, where we may see the results to this day. Two of the peoples above all, the Moors and the Spaniards, left their stamp on the glorious Spanish art that has come down to us. Sometimes the art is clearly Moorish, sometimes clearly Spanish, and sometimes it is an extraordinary blend of the two styles.

Only the sunshine of Spain, during all these centuries, has remained the same. It is a marvelously brilliant sunshine, and we



Photos by Vernacci, Madrid

Above are two Spanish pictures painted before El Greco's day. The Madonna is a detail from a fifteenth century painting of the school of Castile, "The Catholic Kings and their Families at Prayer before the Virgin."



The Virgin's sweet face and the delicate details are like the Flemish Memling, the impish figures on the back of the throne are like Bosch. At the right is a picture of St George, killer of dragons.

motion it at once because it has left its radiance in Moorish and in Spanish art alike. We are going to see that just a little later in the work of the Spanish painters.

There are few places where the sun is brighter than in Spain. Not very long ago an American lady, out to see the sights in Spain, was wearing a brightly printed silk dress with a thin black coat which she left open in the front. After a few hours in the sunshine, she took off the coat and was amazed to see what had happened to her dress. Straight down the front, where the coat had been open, the sun had made a stripe a few shades paler than the rest of the dress. The sun alone can do a great deal to make or mar a picture in Spain, as it can do far more to inspire one.

The Mohammedan religion of the Moors forbade them to make



Photo by Vernacci, Madrid

This very Spanish-looking medieval carving of the Virgin and Child is on the main portal of the cathedral of León.

pictures or statues of human beings. Instead of that they worked out an art of beautiful and intricate patterns in line and color—a kind of lacework of decoration that is often very wonderful, but hardly alive. Once in a while there is an animal in the design, but seldom a human figure. We call all this work "arabesque" (ar'â-bèsk'), from the Arabs who perfected it.

The Christian art, in Spain as elsewhere, is full of human figures—saints, martyrs, and other holy persons. Just because the Spaniards had to fight so long and so hard against the Moors for their religion, the religion came to be a very intense thing for them, in their art as in their daily lives. So for a long time there were two great kinds of art flourishing in the Spanish land—the pattern art of the Moors, and the living

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art of the Christians—and sometimes there would be an interesting blend of the two.

By the time when the Spaniards came to be the masters of the country, the stage was all set for an outburst of Spanish and Christian art; and by that time Spain was fast becoming one of the richest and mightiest nations in the world. But it sometimes happens that a country does not create its greatest art in the days when it is doing its mightiest deeds. It may be too busy doing other things. Its art may burst forth fully after the land has reached its peak of power and riches, and has begun to decline a little; then the art may come to commemorate the great deeds of the days that have just passed.

In general, that is what happened in Spain. In her days of greatest glory, when she was ruling a large part of Europe and exploiting America, she was not yet famous for her painters. But after her empire had begun to crumble, she gave birth to some great artists, including one painter who ranks among the chief masters of the world. That is Velasquez, as we shall see in due time.

Long before him, in the fourteenth century, the sculpture of Spain was fairly similar to that of the French Gothic style, while the painting was of the international fashion to be seen in France or England or Germany. In the next century the kings were rich enough to send for more artists from other lands. Craftsmen came from

Germany and Flanders, including masters like John van Eyck (văn ik') and Roger van der Weyden (văn dēr vī'dēn), and the impish Jerome Bosch (bōsh). The Germans gave the Spanish some fine lessons in carving. But all through the Renaissance (rě'n'ě-sōNs') the main influence was naturally

that of Italy, and when Spanish art came to maturity its great teachers included such masters as Leonardo and Michelangelo, Raphael and Titian. So by the end of the fifteenth century, when the Spaniards were at last triumphant, they had inherited the skill of the Moors, the skill of the north, and the skill of Italy, and out of it all, under their radiant sunshine, they made an art that is Spanish.

Yet the first great painter in Spain was not a Spaniard. He was a Greek, and his name of El Greco (ĕl grĕk'ō) means simply "the Greek." His real name was Dominico Theotocopuli (dō-mīn'ī-kō thī-ō'tō-kō-pōō'lē)

though no one ever calls him that now. He was probably born on the island of Crete, about the year 1550.

El Greco's Teachers

As a youth El Greco came to Venice, where he studied under Titian (tīsh'ān), and then went on to Rome. But his early work makes us think of Tintoretto (tĕn'tō-rĕt'tō) far more than of Titian, and it is from that master mainly that he seems to have learned the Baroque (bā-rōk') use of light that is so important in his work after



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is one of El Greco's many portraits of unknown Spaniards; they reveal to us what the finest type of Spanish gentleman was like in the days of Spain's great glory. Perhaps these pictures do not look very much like any one person; El Greco had a way of exaggerating the leanness and length of the face, the burning earnestness of the eyes. But in such a portrait it is as if he showed us the very soul of the Spain of his day: its aristocratic pride, its disdain of bodily suffering, above all its ardent faith.



Photo by Vernacci, Madrid

This is the lower half of El Greco's great painting of "The Burial of Count Orgaz"; above the heads of the people the picture arches into a dome and shows the Count's soul at the feet of Christ in Heaven. In this part we see how, according to the legend, Saints Augustine and Stephen appeared to lower the beloved Count into the grave. The faces of the mourners seem

to be portraits; the fourth to the right from St. Augustine's miter is supposed to be El Greco himself. It is the marvelous pattern, the sharp, cool colors, and above all the intense spiritual life of such pictures as this which make some think El Greco greater even than Velasquez. But the two can hardly be compared; each is great in his own way.

he goes to Spain. He was still a young man when he went to Spain, there to spend the rest of his days, until his death in 1614.

A Painter of Visions

If he learned to paint in Italy, El Greco saw his vision in Spain. It was there that he used the light to tell so ardently the message from his soul, to express the fire of the spirit. He never felt himself to be a Spaniard, to be sure, nor did the Spanish accept him as one, though they greatly admired him. But the burning sun and the ardent religion of Spain made the land a natural home for such a spirit.

He had been brought up in a place where he saw many a stiff pattern in Byzantine (bĭ-zăn'tĭn) mosaic, and the mosaics had helped him to feel that ordinary people are hardly worth putting into pictures. Yet as you look at his paintings you see that his figures are by no means stiff and still, like those of the Byzantine saints. El Greco

uses the light of the Baroque to illumine, not exactly moving bodies so much as moving spirits, if we may so speak. For his pictures hardly seem to belong to this solid earth, but rather to a vision that we see just for a moment, before it fades away.

El Greco's Picture of Toledo

Look, for instance, at his picture of Toledo, the city where he spent most of his days. We might expect a picture of a city to be a pretty solid affair, and heavy enough. But just look at this one and you will see something more like a vision. The strange yellow-green color and the steely black clouds make you think of a thunderstorm; and the whole picture looks like one of those momentary glimpses of a scene that you may have in a flash of lightning. In such a flash the whole scene leaps out at you in a blaze of light, only to vanish before you know what is happening. But the glimpse remains vivid in your mind, and when you next see the



Photo by Vernacci. Madrid

This is one of El Greco's greatest pictures—a flaming vision of the martyrdom of "St. Maurice and his Theban Legion." It is not a prosaic picture of one moment—the whole story is here. In the foreground is the noble figure of the saint, refusing to deny his

faith at the demand of the burly official. To the left, below, we see what happened—Maurice's legionaires all chose to die with their leader, and he, dying last, comforted them one by one. And above, like his own vision of their reward, angels wait with a crown.

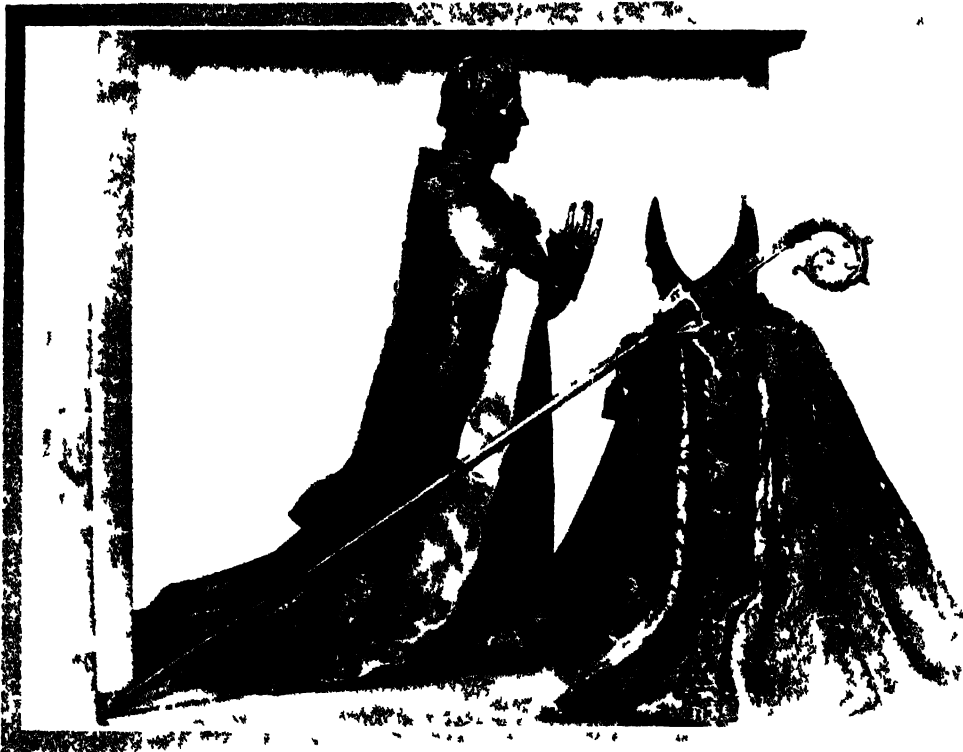


Fig. 1. Vermeer's 'Maler I'

In sculpture as in painting the vivid brimming life of the Italian Renaissance overflowed into the rest of Europe, including Spain. Often Italian goldsmiths or bronze workers in Spain worked with Spanish assistants. Juan de Arfe, who did most of the work on this fine bronze, was following a plan of the famous Italian

Spanish sculptor Leonor Arfe himself (1535-1603) came from Flemish or German stock. As for his masterpiece, this portrait figure for the tomb of Christobal de Rojas, it is a marvel of rich goldsmith's work and of sculptural beauty and grace. It is considered one of the most beautiful funeral effigies in the world.

scene by common daylight it seems far from the same. It seems heavier, more solid, less alive, less moving.

The Artist Who Was Nearly Forgotten

The pictures of El Greco remind you of your flashing glimpse. The figures may sometimes seem strange and distorted if you look at them too closely, and yet they move and *soar* in a way that makes many another picture look heavy.

One of El Greco's greatest pictures is that of St. Maurice, painted for the gloomy and terrible king Philip II of Spain. St. Maurice was an officer in the Roman army, but he refused to honor the Roman gods because he was a Christian. So he was ordered to have his head cut off, and when the soldiers of his legion heard of it, they all chose to die with him, in the same way. He stood by till the last man had died, comforting

them all in turn till his own time came. In the meanwhile, angels appeared from heaven bearing crowns for the new martyrs. Such is the story that El Greco has put into his picture. Surely it ought to have pleased the devout if cruel Philip II, but it failed to take his eye and was never set up where it was meant to go. The genius of El Greco was wasted on the King.

Perhaps it was because the painter worked too much in cold blues and yellows and other unexciting colors to please a king who loved the brilliant coloring of Titian. For if we have been saying that El Greco does marvels with his light, we have not meant by any means that he used glowing colors to aid him. On the contrary, his coloring is always quiet, and often pale and dull enough, he gets his effect of motion and spirit and unearthly fervor in another way.

Undiscouraged by the King, the painter



Photo by Anderson. Rome

This picture of "Isaac Blessing Jacob," by José de Ribera, called "the little Spaniard," has lovely soft colors: old rose, and dove-gray shadows, and the faces of the people are taken, as always with Ribera, from everyday people about him. But the thing we

doubtless shall notice most is the sharp "spotlight" effect: the way the figures loom up out of deep shadows. It was this trick of painting which gave the school to which Ribera belonged the name of "Tenebrists," a Latin term which has been translated "Darklings."

went on in his own way. He made many masterpieces in religious painting, and the best of all his work is, perhaps his "Burial of Count Orgaz" (ôr'gath). In his later work he grew ever more strange and unearthly, and harder for most people to understand. Soon after his death he was almost forgotten; he is one of the artists whose greatness had to be discovered all over again, by a later age.

Noble Faces in Spanish Art

El Greco painted a good many portraits of Spanish noblemen. As we look at them, they seem to be hardly so much likenesses of individuals as pictures of a certain type of proud nobility of Spanish faith and chivalry. They represent the best there is to show in Spanish character. Already in El Greco's day the strength of that character was being sapped by too much luxury and too many wars, by the extravagance of the court and the errors of the kings. We shall see greater portraits when we come to Velasquez, but we shall not meet such fine and noble faces in Spanish art again.

In the year 1603 the famous Flemish painter Rubens (röö'bénz) came on a mission to the court of Spain and was asked to do some work there with the assistance of some of the Spanish artists. He did not

take to the idea. The Spanish painters struck him as incapable and idle, and he prayed to heaven that he might never fall into any resemblance to their style. Yet it was just about this time that Spain was on the verge of her highest glory in the arts. Her greatest painter had been born just four years before.

By this time a great part of the power of Spain had departed. She had met defeat at nearly every hand, and the blood of her royal rulers was running thin. But the pride and glory of the past seemed to cast a glow down through another century over the art of the land.

King Philip's Interest in Art

King Philip IV usually gets much of the credit for the outburst of Spanish art in the seventeenth century. We have his portrait from the brush of the great Velasquez. The long face and the hanging jaw of the Hapsburg family may not look very regal, but at least the countenance has dignity and a certain kindliness. It is not a brilliant face, and yet the man behind it might be a thoughtful one.

At least this king was interested in art. He did a little painting with his own hand, and he admired the writers and the artists. He gathered the good ones around him; and

above all he made much of Velasquez. To be sure, even this great painter had only about the same official rank at court as the King's jesters and his pet dwarfs, but in private the King went to see his favorite painter very often, and kept him constantly at work painting the members of the royal family. In the end he put the painter in charge of the festivities at court, and so nearly worked him to death.

Before coming to Velasquez, however, we ought to say something of one other Spanish painter who preceded him. At this time Spain owned the kingdom of Naples, and most of the influence upon Spanish art was coming from that city. Now in Italy the artists were divided into two main camps. Up in Bologna (bô-lôn'ya) the school of the Caracci ('ka-rat'-chē) was clinging to the remnants of the grand style of Raphael (ra'fā-ēl), while down in Naples the painter Caravaggio (kā'rā-vād'jō) was proclaiming that it was time to stop copying models, however grand, and to paint plain life and plain people just as they looked to the eye.

So the Caracci painted splendid nymphs and goddesses, while the pupils of Caravaggio painted pictures from the taverns and gutters, pictures of thieves and card cheats. They were very fond of a kind of spotlight effect in their paintings—of a very sharp light streaming out of the dark shadows and setting off the faces of the common people in their pictures.

A war with the paintbrush, this difference between the two schools of art could be even a war with knives in the dark. At least the Spanish painter José Ribera (hō-sā'rê-bā'rä), a member of the school of Naples, has been accused of trying to win the commission for decorating a certain church in that city by killing off his rival.

Ribera (1588-1656) was a Spaniard who traveled all over Italy studying art, but ended by spending most of his days in Naples. He is known also as Lo Spagnoletto (lō span'yō-lēt'tō), which means "the little Spaniard." In Naples he naturally took up with the style of Caravaggio, painting the faces of the common people and using violent contrasts of light and shade. Even when he painted saints and holy persons in his religious pictures he made them into peasant people with seamed faces showing real torture. Ribera loved to show torture and terror; he loved mighty and astonishing pictures, and pictures of gloomy things. But he also loved to tell the truth with his brush.

Born in 1599, Diego de Silva Velasquez

(dyā'gō dā sēl'vā vā-las'kāth) was first put to the study of art under the violent master Herrera (ēr-rā'rä), and about a year later under the much kindlier teacher, Francisco Pacheco (pā-chā'kō). The second master was no great painter, but he was a gentleman, a scholar, and the kindest of instructors. To his house came all the wits and artists of the day in Seville (sēv'Il), and there Ve-

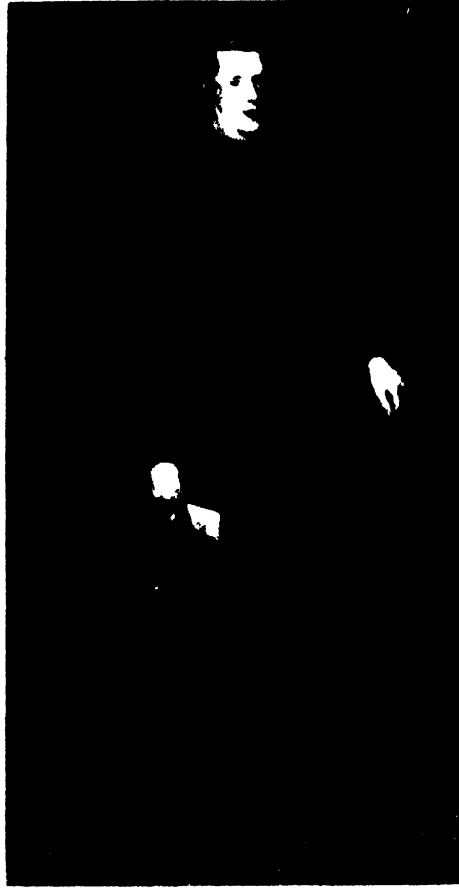


Photo by Vernacchi, Madrid

This earliest of Velasquez's portraits of Philip IV is sometimes called "Philip IV Young, in Black." Here Velasquez has managed by the very simplicity of his pattern and color to give distinction to the not very distinguished young king.



FIG. 15. Anderson. Rome

Here is another story-picture, showing a scene from the Bible. This time it is Joseph's brothers bringing back his coat of many colors to their father Jacob; they are trying to make him believe that young Joseph, his favorite son, has been devoured by wild beasts—

though really the false brothers have sold him into slavery. The picture was painted by Velasquez before he began to devote himself to portraits. It shows his earlier way of painting, with the sharp lights and shadows of the Tenebrists (tén'ê-brist).

lasquez eagerly drank in the inspiration that flowed from their words. He won golden praise from his master, and married the master's daughter. It has been said that the best product of Pacheco was his son-in-law

Telling the Truth in Portraits

Though he was himself an imitator of the "divine Raphael," the good Pacheco had the sense not to meddle when his gifted pupil insisted on learning in his own way from Nature herself. And that important thing the pupil did with all his might. He was never tired of sketching a little peasant boy in every pose and attitude, weeping, laughing, or in various other moods, without ever trying to avoid any of the difficulties involved. In this way Velasquez was learning to tell the truth in his portraits.

The earliest pictures of Velasquez are all

of homely scenes. Some of them are by no means excellent. The faces may look a little as if they had been carved in soap, and the clothes may be a little stiff and heavy, like clay. The painter is teaching himself, but he knows exactly what he needs to learn. These early pictures show the same sharp contrast of light and shade that we see in Caravaggio and Ribera. Perhaps their work was known to Velasquez, or perhaps he has merely found this way of trying to tell the stark truth

Velasquez Goes to Court

Then came his trip to the capital at Madrid (mă-drîd'), in the hope of a position as court painter. He came armed with letters from his father-in-law, but he had no success until he finally came to the notice of the great Duke Olivárez (ô'lê-vă'râth), a native of Seville who was the real power



This is Velasquez's famous "Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos," painted out of doors, against a real landscape and with a real horse. The lad is so charming that we cannot help being sorry that this popular little prince died before he could grow to manhood. By

the time he painted Don Balthazar, Velasquez had come to his full power and had found his own style. He no longer uses the sharp light effects of his early days, but makes his outlines softer, and notices and puts down every delicate shading of light and shadow.

behind the throne in Spain. Once Velasquez had made a good portrait of the Duke, he was invited to paint one of the King.

When the painter was ushered into the august presence of royalty, he might well have had a moment of dismay. He had been spending all his life learning how to paint

every line in any face exactly as it was, and what was he to do with the countenance that was now before him? The bandy-legged young king had a flat face with the protruding jaw of the Hapsburgs and dank yellow hair. Of course Velasquez could paint that well enough, but the trouble was



Photo by Anderson-Rome

This shows the lower part of Velasquez's great picture of "The Maids of Honor." Here we may see little Princess Margareta, looking like a charming doll, and ranged about her the maids of honor, the dwarfs, the big dog and Velasquez himself, as well as the

King and Queen reflected in the mirror. Velasquez got much of his effect in this picture by his use of light and shadow; he studied and set down all the tiny variations of color that go with more light or less, so that modern painters still study these "values."

that he could not help painting it, and what would happen to him when he had put these unlovely features on his canvas? Did he possibly wish for a moment that he had studied the grand style of Raphael as his father in law taught it?

The Portrait of the King

But Velasquez was no man to give up his guns in a crisis. He was so sure of his way in painting that he believed he could use it even now. Instead of falling into any sort of panic, he simply used his head and remarkably clear eyes - and he made a portrait which told the truth and pleased the King at the same time.

Tall and lean and black he painted the figure of his King. He made capital of the dull black clothes by setting them against a soft gray background which mellowed the thin figure and the flat face. Without flattering the King in the least, he managed to give him a good deal of dignity. It is as

if Velasquez had suddenly found himself in the creation of this picture. There are certain errors in the picture to be sure, the hands are too prominent, the table seems to be hanging in the air, and the King does not look as if he was quite standing on his feet. But for the main essentials of truth and dignity and harmony, the painter's eyes have not failed him. The King must have been greatly pleased with his new painter. He declared that from this time no one but Velasquez should paint his picture, and for the next thirty-six years Velasquez was painter to the King.

The Penalty of Being Court Painter

It was a great honor, but by no means a pure joy to be the painter to the King. Not only did Velasquez have to keep on painting the flat face of the King, but he had to manage the flat faces of all the princesses, to say nothing of the deformities of the many dwarfs who were kept for the amuse-



Photo by Vernon Mair

Zurbarán was at heart a monk. He spent much of his time among the Carthusians, and painted many pictures, like this "Miracle of St. Hugo," to illustrate

legends of the order. He was famous for his handling of their white robes, and for the quiet religious faith of his pictures, as well as for their naturalism.

ment of the court. He had to be on hand all the time. He went traveling only twice in those thirty-six years. Over and over he kept seeing the same people and kept painting the same things. Yet the great painter always remained serene and genial, and kept his full originality and independence during those years of steady growth in his art. With only these uninteresting people to paint, Velasquez kept his clear and watchful eyes so busy that he grew to be perhaps the greatest portrait painter whom the world has ever seen.

Making Fresh Portraits of Dull Faces

The trouble with the Hapsburg family was that by this time they had lost most of their ancient strength and vigor. The King and the Queen and the princesses all looked as if the life of the court had killed off any

spirit they might ever have had. Save for a few exceptions, therefore, Velasquez had only the dullest and the deadliest faces to copy on his canvas. All the same his portraits are about the freshest and most living anywhere in the world, for what the faces lacked in life, the painter learned to give them by his art alone.

It was almost wholly his own art, for he probably learned less from others than did any other great painter in history. For one thing, there was not a great deal in Spain to teach him. Unable to travel for a long time, he had few models that he might have studied except those in the King's museums. He was one of the first men to appreciate the art of El Greco, and especially the brilliant high lights of that painter. From Rubens he heard a good deal about the splendor of the Venetian painters, when

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Photo by Alinari

On this page are four of Velasquez's most famous portraits. Above is Pope Innocent X. It was this portrait, in which the figure seems capable of rising and walking off, which so delighted the Italians.



Photo by Anderson

This is another picture of little Don Balthazar Carlos. We see him once more against an outdoor background, this time with his gun and his dogs. How solidly and squarely he stands before us!



Photo by Alinari

Velasquez painted himself for us, too. The self-portrait above has the face of a high-bred Spanish aristocrat. He neither knew nor painted the intense inward struggles of El Greco, but whatever he did was sane and clear-eyed, and high-bred and chivalrous as well.

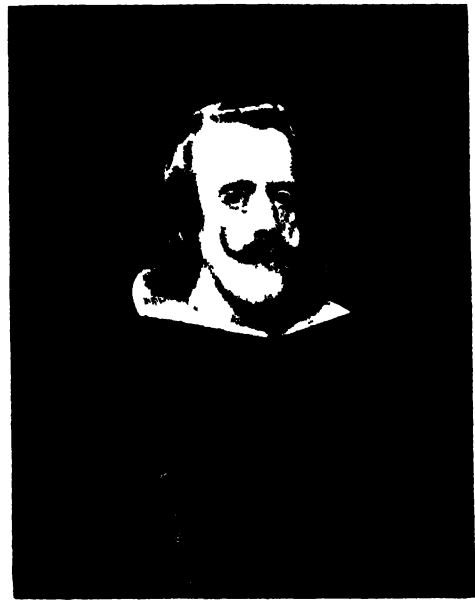


Photo by Anderson

This later portrait of King Philip is called "Philip IV, Old." It is said that the reason Velasquez could make a fine picture out of such an uninteresting sitter is that he treated the King like just so much still life, saying, "It is not what one paints, but how." So the portrait has dignity and reality.

Rubens came down to Spain on one of his missions. Finally he visited Italy, where he was puzzled by the work of Michelangelo (mī'kēl-ān'jē-lō) and where he gained in his admiration of the Venetians. But after all, these meant fairly little for his own art. He learned that art with his own eyes, and hardly copied any single thing from the work of another master. In his own field of portrait painting, Velasquez went entirely his own way.

Like one other master painter of the Baroque age, the great Rembrandt (rēm'-brānt), Velasquez hardly ever uses the swirls and curves that were so popular in the Baroque style. He has very little feeling for the sweeping composition of Rubens. If Velasquez and Rembrandt are Baroque, it is only in their love of light—and how differently they loved it!

As Velasquez began to come into fame the other

court painters grew jealous enough of the outsider with no grand training who had suddenly appeared in their midst to be placed ahead of them. "This man cannot paint anything but heads" was only one of the things they found to say about him.

Velasquez replied with several pictures in which he painted a great deal more than heads. The best of these pictures is the "Surrender of Breda." Breda (brā-dā') was a Dutch town which had held out

bravely against the Spaniards only to be forced into final surrender. The capture of the town was one of the last Spanish victories before the tide turned in favor of the Dutch. The picture is still full of the old pride and the glory of Spain. On one side with tall spears stand the Spanish con-

querors. They are fine and courtly gentlemen, and the best of them all is the Marquis Spinola (spē-nō'lä), who is laying his hand graciously on the shoulder of the surrendering Dutch leader, Justin of Nassau. Yet if the Spaniard looks very dapper in his trim armor and soft boots beside the clumsy garments and the great shoes of the Dutch captain, the figures of the Dutchmen have also their own sturdy dignity. The whole scene is a chivalrous one, just as we should expect the generous mind of Velasquez to make it.

The picture is remarkably well balanced. One should note how the ver-

tical lines are drawn together by the arms of the two commanders. The splendid painting of the horses is also to be noted, and the marvelous way in which the distance fades out into the plains of Holland. At the right edge of the picture, just to the right of the horse's neck, we may see the fine aristocratic head of Velasquez himself. This picture shows us the nearest thing to composition that Velasquez ever attempted at least, to composition as the Italians understood it



Photo by Anderson, Rome

This is an example of Murillo's religious paintings, which brought him such popularity. It is called "The Virgin with the Rosary." The painting has all the soft sweetness which has made critics object that Murillo is "sentimental."

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On this page are several of Murillo's "genre" pictures, showing glimpses of everyday life. Above left is

"An Old Woman with a Boy"; above right are two small fruit vendors who are "Counting the Money."



Photos by the Louvre, and Hanfstaengl



Above left we have "The Melon Eaters," and above right "The Young Beggar." Murillo liked best, you

see, to paint the children of the poor, selling fruit in the streets or sleeping in odd corners.

Original in all else, Velasquez also had his own way of putting a picture together.

Another of the great pictures of Velasquez is that of the "Maids of Honor." The story goes that while Velasquez was once painting a portrait of the King and Queen, Princess Margareta (mär'gä-rä'tä) came into the room with her attendant ladies, and the

King, struck by the appearance of the group, gave his painter an order at once. "Paint that," he said; and Velasquez painted it in his own way. For one thing, he took more than one half of his canvas for the wall, the ceiling and the air. Far down at the bottom of the picture he puts the little princess with the maids of honor and the attendant

dwarfs. Behind on the left stands Velasquez himself, with his palette and brush; and on his breast you may see the Cross of the Capitals, Order of Santiago—painted there, it is said, by the King himself as a promise of the honor he meant to bestow on his beloved artist. Still further behind, the King and Queen appear in a mirror, while far back in the picture a man is going out of a door.

The whole thing sounds like a muddle and almost any other painter would have made a muddle of it. The reason why Velasquez has made it into a fine picture is that he has simply done what the eye itself does when it looks at a scene such as we have just described. For what does your eye do when you look at a scene like this or at any scene at all?

Your eyes sees very clearly any one thing at which it is looking directly, but it is more dimly aware of all the other things around that object. If you are looking hard at a certain spot on a rug, you will also see a chair a few feet away, but only rather dimly. If you are looking at the chair, you may be conscious in the same dim way of a spot on the rug; but if you want to see whether the spot is ink or a pie plate, you must turn your eye to the spot itself.

Now Velasquez painted a scene just as your eye sees it. He wanted you to look at the little princess in the picture and he

therefore painted her very clearly. But if you look straight at one of her maids of honor, you may find her face and figure a little blurred. You never notice until some one tells you to look straight at her; she looks all right in the picture simply because the art of the painter has kept you from

looking straight at her and made you look at the princess. When you look at the princess, the maid of honor takes her place at the edge of your eye and looks exactly as she should. It was the way of Velasquez to paint any given thing clearly or dimly according to the attention he meant you to give that thing. This is a method which has fascinated modern painters because it is the method of Nature herself. In using this method Velasquez found his own style in composition.

But of course

Velasquez is at his greatest in portraits. There are a great many of these and they are by far the best picture gallery we have of old Spain. We can hardly suppose that our painter managed to fall in love with all of the people he was painting, but we cannot explain his work unless we believe that in addition to all his art he had the fullest sympathy with those people. How could he have possibly seen so far into souls if his eyes had not been sympathetic as he looked at them?

It is not easy to pick out for special men-



Photo by Anderson Rome

So much did Murillo like to paint children that he did it in several of his religious pictures, too. Here he has painted a little boy with a lamb and has given the picture a religious meaning by calling it "The Divine Shepherd."

tion just a few of the great portraits by Velasquez. The portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos on his barrel-shaped pony is a very familiar one. It seems to be the first portrait in history that was painted in an outdoor light. One should note what a sharp shadow the sun casts from the Prince's hat, and how its light sparkles on the distant hills. Then there is the portrait of the Princess Margareta, dark of eye and pale of hair in a dress of silver white with black trimmings. The only color she is wearing is in her pink bows. Not often did Velasquez have a chance to paint bright colors, and his canvases are always cooler and more silvery than those of the Venetians. Yet his color glows and shimmers and dances in such a way as to give his pictures an extraordinary liveliness even when the people he is painting are altogether stolid. You may see this in his painting of the Idiot of Coria, one of the court fools. The empty face of

the idiot is painted so softly and gently that it almost grows beautiful before your eyes.

For these portraits Velasquez did not make drawings as most other painters of the time would have done. He made his sketches

in paint, and when he started on his portrait he went straight ahead with his colors. But his sure hand never plastered the paint thickly on his canvas. He put it on thinly

and lightly, and at the very end touched in the bright lights which give life to the picture.

His pictures have the uncanny effect of seeming to be *our own*. They have the intimacy of our own impressions. We seem to be seeing for ourselves instead of looking at a picture, and yet to be seeing with a far more piercing eye than any ordinary person owns. In this way we are allowed to share in the genius of the painter, and it is a thrilling partnership. With the wonderful eyes of Velasquez at our service, we may look at such a portrait as that of Pope Innocent and exclaim with the Italians who first saw it: "The picture is made up of next to nothing and yet there is the man's very self!"

When Velasquez died in 1660 he left a devoted son-in-

law named Mazo (ma'thō), who followed so closely in his footsteps that it is often a little hard to tell his copies and his imitations from the true work of Velasquez. Mazo had a love of landscape, too, but



Painted by Murillo, Rome

Murillo is especially well known for his visions of the Madonna, such as the one shown here. They illustrate a passage in the Book of Revelation; the words were interpreted as having reference to the Virgin Mary. "And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven," the passage runs, "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

he is mainly interesting for his portraits. He could do little more, however, than copy his great master, and there is hardly anything new in Spanish painting until after the turn of another century.

The Glory Fades in Spanish Painting

The glory of Spanish painting in the seventeenth century and the glory of the Hapsburgs end together. Another painter following Velasquez in Madrid has shown us the end of the family. He paints the queen mother, Mariana, as a hard and bitter old woman and he shows us King Charles II with a vacant, hanging face which tells us that this is quite the end. There will be no more of this blood in the veins of the kings of Spain.

While the school of Madrid was flourishing as we have seen, there was another Spanish city which was also a home of art and artists. This was Seville, where Velasquez himself had been born and studied under Pacheco. In the days when Velasquez was painting for the King, a farmer's boy named Francisco Zurbarán (1508 1602) was making his way at home. He was a peasant painter pure and simple. He loved to paint the plain people, and if they are a little stiff in his pictures and do not have very fine manners, the humble folk yet show a very honest dignity. Zurbarán (thōōr'ba-rān') largely followed the style of Caravaggio. He was at his best in the painting of white garments, and he gave us many pictures of Carthusian (kār-thū'zhān) monks in their straight white frocks. When the King called him to the court to paint fine ladies, Zurbarán was not very much at home. His ladies looked like peasants in elegant clothes. His strong, simple painting is at its best with sturdy peasant faces.

A Painter of Ragamuffins

A far more popular painter from Seville was Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (bār-tō'lō-mā' ēs'tā-bān mōō-rēl'yō). Murillo (1617-1682) was also humbly born, but was a city boy and not a farmer. He began his study of art with his uncle, but after his father and mother died and his uncle moved away, the

poor boy was left to shift for himself. He managed to make a little money painting odds and ends, and got together enough pennies to take him all the way on foot to Madrid, where he presented himself to the great Velasquez. Then he studied and copied in the royal galleries, and learned his art with an amazing speed. After three years he went back home to Seville.

The first paintings by Murillo are of the street urchins with whom he must have played when he was a boy. He has painted these little rascals with great gusto, and we probably have no better pictures of street gamins than those from his brush. The gamins are very naughty, very appealing, and very real. In his homelier early style Murillo could certainly be real enough; for instance, there is a dog in one of his pictures that has been known to make a real dog show his teeth and snarl. Most people like this painter's pictures of ragamuffins even better than his pictures of grander subjects.

When Murillo Became Famous

On his return to Seville, Murillo found that the monks of the Convent of St. Francis wanted a cloister painted, but did not have money enough to pay a famous artist for the work. Murillo was by no means famous when he started in that cloister, but after three years' work there he was known as the best painter in Seville. He could paint exactly the kind of picture that people would love best and could do it with an ease that is all but disgraceful. Success came to him very rapidly and very easily. His Madonnas and his Immaculate Conceptions and his other scenes from the Christian story gained him the very highest popularity. He found he was getting rich without half trying, so what was the use of any very hard work or hard study? He would just go on turning out his dewy-eyed madonnas as fast as the people would take them—and the people took them just as fast as he could turn them out—but he never could do anything quite so good in art as the little street urchins of his earlier days; though once in a while one of these may peep into one of his great religious pictures in the guise of an angel.

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Reading Unit

No. 20

THE PAINTER OF THE SOUL OF MAN

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

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| Why Frans Hals, a jolly roisterer, was big to be a mere photographer, 11 264 | Why Rembrandt's painting is "lit from within" and reaches out beyond ordinary experience, 11 277 |
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Summary Statement

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| The Dutch painters, as represented by such masters as Hals and Rembrandt, gave to the world | a school of art that is as admirable in its aims as any that ever existed. |
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Photo by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

"The Jealous Husband," by Nicholas Maes (1632-1693). Maes, a pupil of Rembrandt, was yet another of the painters of "genre," or everyday scenes, who set down the record of seventeenth century Holland



Photo by National Gallery

"The Duet," by Gabriel Metsu (1630-1667). This artist is famous for his charming scenes, such as this, from the comfortable, pleasant life of the cultivated middle-class Hollanders of his day.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

"The Musician," by Bartholomeus van der Helst (1613-1670). Most of van der Helst's best-known pictures are portraits, either of single people or of groups.



Photo by Amsterdam Museum

"Old Woman in Meditation," by Gabriel Metsu. This fine study of an old lady shows that Metsu studied Rembrandt before turning to his own later style.



In their long wars with Spain the Dutch had learned to be brave and victorious soldiers; yet they never called for historical paintings to celebrate the heroic story of the winning of their independence. The nearest they came to celebrating it in painting was in many pictures like this one which show a group of soldiers. Our picture is of "Captain Reael's Com-

pany," nicknamed "the lean company"; it was painted by Frans Hals in 1637. No one could make these paintings, which are like group photographs, more vigorous and lifelike than could Hals. This particular picture was finished by another artist, but the figures at the left are Hals's own. The swaggering standard bearer at the extreme left is in Hals's best style.

The PAINTER of the SOUL of MAN

Among All the Artists, Who Can Make a Face Express a Mind and a Heart So Well as Rembrandt?

IN THIS story we are going to meet one of the master artists of all time - an artist who came as near as anyone has ever come to painting the *soul* of man. It will be the famous Rembrandt (rēm'brant), chief member of the Dutch school of painting.

In other stories we have seen the great Rubens (rōo'bēnz) at work in Flanders and the greater Velasquez (vā las'kāth) busy with his brush in Spain; and we have met many other artists who were making beautiful things in the same seventeenth century in which these masters flourished. Each of these men belongs distinctly to his own land, though since each one was a genius their work has made a great appeal to all mankind. A portrait by Rubens will have the robust strength of Flanders, with a sweep of bright color and vigorous, flowing strokes of the brush. A portrait by Velasquez will show the fine aristocratic air of Spain, with

the melting tone and the cool airiness of its painter. A portrait by Rembrandt will show a round Dutch face transformed by strange, soft light into a countenance full of mystery; it will not be quite of flesh and blood, and yet it will be more real and human than any other painted face.

But before we come to Rembrandt we ought to say something about the remarkable Dutch school of which he was the chief glory.

When little Holland shook herself free from the Spanish rulers who had been oppressing her, she was about as different a land from Spain as any European country could well be, and every difference left its mark upon her art. Spain is a land of wild mountains, Holland a flat country of gardens and pastures. Spain was a land of aristocrats, Holland one of worthy merchants. The Spanish were violently Catholic, the Dutch stubbornly Protestant. That is why

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they fought each other so long and so fiercely, till Holland finally won her freedom. And while the Dutch were fighting so hard for their country they learned to have a devoted love for the country they heroically won. It shows in their art. The Dutch loved their home, they loved homelike folk; and they wanted their artists to paint the homeland and its people.

In breaking away from the Spanish king and the Catholic church, Holland was also breaking away from a great deal of fine art. All through the centuries, art had been busy for the courts and for the church. But now the Dutch wanted no kingly pomp in their pictures, and they felt that images of saints and angels in their churches would be no better than idols. So they gave up all that, and art had to find other subjects than princes and saints.

But art found plenty of other subjects. There were many rich folk in Holland, wealthy from the thriving trade they did, and the artists had to paint pictures which these folk would buy. What would they buy so readily as pictures of themselves? And what would they buy next if not pictures of their homes, their countryside, their cows and their sheep? These were the subjects to which the Dutch painters had the good sense to turn.

What the good Dutch burghers (*bûr'gêr*)—the free citizens of the towns—would have really loved, if only they could have had them, would have been photographs. But there were no cameras in the world as yet, and the artists had to do the camera's work as best they could, to make the most faithful

pictures they could manage of their sitters. Down in Spain the courtly Velasquez could put in some mere splash of paint for a white ruff, but in Holland each man wanted his enormous ruff painted in full detail, just as it stood so stiltily around his worthy neck. That is why you see so many stiff white ruffs in the old Dutch portraits.

Now all this does not sound like a very inspiring program for the artists. There is no great joy in being a camera. The Dutch painters were wonderfully skillful in the effort. Yet the greatest of them could not help dreaming of being something

better than cameras, and they were always breaking the shackles that their patrons wanted to fasten upon them. But the good Dutch burghers did not like the dreamers very much; in general, they liked their "little masters" better—those little masters who would keep on turning out patient and painfully accurate photographs.

One of the men who was too big to be a



Photo by Brackman-Munch

Frans Hals painted this lifelike picture, called "A Nurse and Child." When we look at a work like this one we can understand why people say that Dutch art was above all a matter of making portraits. For though this woman and child are nameless, they are more alive than most named portraits. The Dutch just looked around them and put down what they saw, making a fine portrait of their country—people and life and landscape together. Hals usually painted the people by ones or twos or threes, though sometimes in larger groups. In this picture we can see how kind and human he could make a woman's face, how strong and capable he could make her hands. Even the baby looks real, in spite of its absurd fashionable clothes.

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Fig. 15. MUSEUM OF ART

Here is a page of merry pictures, all but one by Frans Hals. Above is "Yonker Ramp and His Sweetheart."



This "Musician," by Judith Leyster (1600? 1660), is so much like Hals that it used to be thought his.



Photo by Gesellschaft, Berlin

Hals painted this "Laughing Fisherboy." He liked laughing children and men making merry.



Photo by Anderson, Rome

In this famous picture, "The Laughing Cavalier," by Hals, the laugh is really a gay, ironic smile.

photographer was Frans Hals (1580-1666), the first great portrait painter of Holland. Frans Hals (frans hals) was a jolly, roistering sort of fellow who was a little more at home in a tavern than in a palace. He got along too well in low company, and it must be said that he did rather better pictures of his tavern cronies than he did of ladies and gentlemen.

He painted with great vigor and gusto. Look at one of his groups of soldiers who won the war for Holland, and you can hardly believe they are the same men whom Velasquez painted surrendering at Breda. They are not surrendering now, they are victorious; and Hals gives them an extraordinary vigor, without much of the fine polish that the Spanish master might have shown.

When a group of Dutchmen like this ordered a picture, they simply wanted a group photograph. Each man in the picture paid for his own portrait. The ones in front paid most, those in the rear gave less; but every man wanted a faithful likeness, and cared little or nothing about the effect of the whole picture so long as his own face looked right in it. Now a dozen accurate photographs do not make a painting, any more than a dozen characters will make a play or a novel if every one of them is trying to be the hero. So Frans Hals grew more and more impatient of painting groups of photographs, however well he could do them.

From the first his work was individual. As you look at his picture of a Dutch nurse

with a baby, you will see the child in a stiff dress rather like those of the Spanish children, but for all that you will never imagine that this child would be much bothered about court etiquette. The little round face is very jolly and healthy, the eyes are bright and twinkling, and the mouth is just on the point of rippling into a smile.

The older he grew, the more Hals painted as he liked, and the less as the good burghers desired. So he lost their favor, and with it his own income. He grew very poor indeed. With no more money for the colors of such red braid and glittering gold as we see in the baby's dress, he had to paint almost entirely in black and white, with a bit of brown. The fine people would not sit for him, and he made pictures of old hags instead, splashing on his paint with defiant



Photo by Alinari

Could anything be jollier than this picture of "The Smoker" by Adrian Brouwer? Like Hals, the "little masters" loved to paint their countrymen in many moods, from white-lipped pain to boisterous mirth.

vigor, but putting down what he saw.

The more he splashed, the less the burghers liked him. They were proud of their fine clothes and furnishings, and they wanted these things in their pictures. When Hals slapped in a ruff with a few strokes of white instead of painting it with infinite detail, as in the picture of the nurse and child, the burghers went away grumbling. What were they paying for?

The Roistering Art of Frans Hals

But what real, what *sudden* pictures these later ones of Frans Hals are! Better than any other painter he has the trick of catching his sitter just in the middle of a laugh, just



David Teniers the Younger, who painted this picture of "An Old Lady Peeling a Pear," was really a Fleming, born in Antwerp (1610), but his work belongs in the Dutch school, as we might guess from this picture



This by Holland Master and the Naturalist Gallery

There was nothing Paul Potter (1625-1664) liked better than to paint a "cattle piece" like this "Young Bull" Indeed he painted cattle so understandingly that he has been called a portraitist of animals.



Do you blame the good Dutch burghers for delighting in pictures like this? Surely such a jolly "Christmas Celebration," with its brimming life and vigorous drawing, would be amusing on anybody's wall! None

of the "little masters" had a surer touch than John Steen, who painted the picture above, and none a more infectious humor. He painted many pictures, but must have had to sell them cheaply, as he was very poor.

in the instant when he is on the point of action or at a peak of passing emotion. Any time you come upon a picture in a gallery that looks as if the man in it is right on the point of bursting into action, you may be pretty sure that Frans Hals painted it. He is the best painter of a single moment in a man's life, especially a roistering moment.

The "Little Masters" of the Dutch

Now that may not be the highest kind of art. No great Greek artist would have dreamed of catching a man in a single instant of outrageous laughter, and of sending a picture of him down through the centuries in that one restless moment. The Greek artist would have wanted him at rest, in serene repose. But such was not the way of Frans Hals. He was a master at making

an instant of emotion last on canvas for centuries.

While this painter was going on in his own fashion, the Dutch had a great number of "little masters" whom they usually liked better. They faithfully painted the burghers and their homes, their towns and their countryside. But though these artists were popular they were so numerous that they rarely made enough money to keep them alive.

There were painters for all classes of people. Adrian Brouwer (brou'wër) painted peasant folk and tavern scenes. Sometimes the coarse, homely faces of his people are all screwed up in pain because the village surgeon is performing an operation on them. There is a good deal of that in the painting of the time. John Steen (stān) had to

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Photos by the National Gallery

Above are two pictures by Peter de Hooch; they show the courtyards of Dutch houses. De Hooch was fasci-



nated by Rembrandt's use of light, and his best pictures have been called "poems of light."



The picture above is "The Letter," by Terburg. This painter is known for a certain aristocratic distinction in both drawing and spirit.

keep a tavern himself to eke out what he could make as a painter. He liked to do pictures of middle-class folk in their family revels.

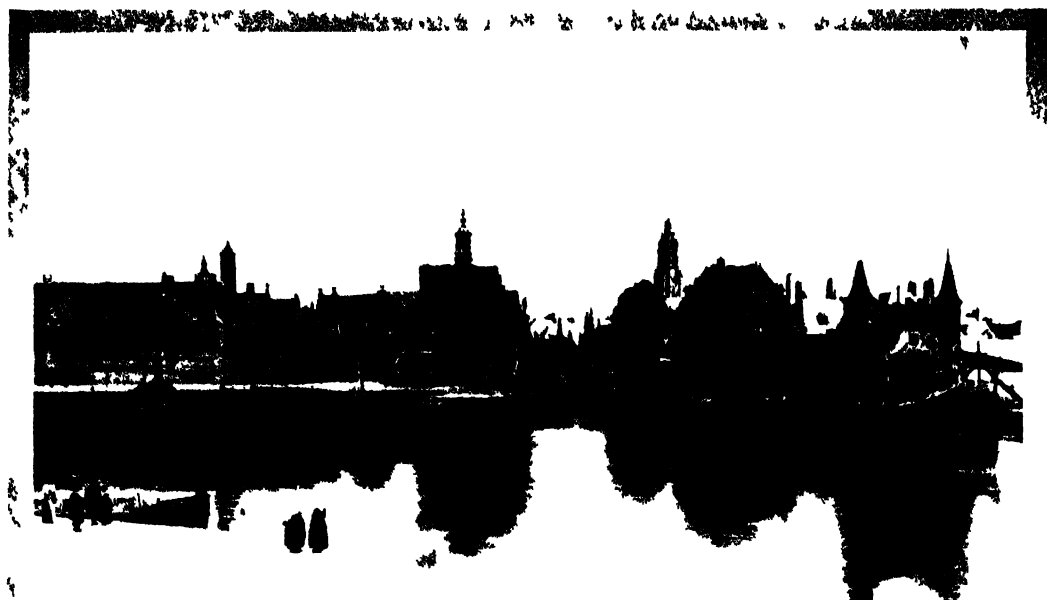
Then there were the painters of fine rooms in fine houses, all spick-and-span. Thus Gerard Terburg (tĕr'boōrk) gives us a picture of a lady playing on a cello while an-



Here is one of Peter de Hooch's clean, bright rooms. It is called merely "Interior of a Dutch House," but it is full of individuality and charm.

other accompanies her on the harpsichord. The lady wears a jacket of the softest rose and a shimmering gray satin skirt. The room is full of soft light. We can hardly look at a picture like this without having our hands tingle as if our fingers were stroking the wonderfully soft draperies.

Until about a century ago Terburg shared



Most paintings by Vermeer are portrait-studies of people, but in this "View of Delft" he has given us a beautiful "portrait" of a town. It is hard to see how lovely the picture is when we have to imagine the golden light and blue sky and reddish houses, but even in black and white we can see how the towers

pierce the sky and the shadowy reflections lose themselves in the water. It is as exact as a photograph yet somehow poetic too, as any good portrait must be. A few years ago, at a great exhibition of Flemish and Dutch paintings at Burlington House, in London, this picture attracted more attention than any other.

the fame for this kind of painting with another Dutch painter, named Peter de Hooch ('t hōk). Then came a French inquirer full of enthusiasm for an unknown painter named John van der Meer (van' der mar') or simply Vermeer (1632-1675) who had worked at Delft and who had died in poverty, leaving nothing but twenty-six pictures to pay his debts. He seems to have been just one more painter in his day and to have been promptly forgotten after his death. But the Frenchman hunted out the pictures of the man and they were soon seen to be the rarest and most precious work of all the little masters. There are only thirty-seven of the pictures in all, but these are thirty-seven jewels. Now that their true character is known, the pictures have a fabulous value. If his poor widow had only had the price that half a dozen of his paintings would bring now, she could have lived like a princess.

For instance, the "Head of a Young Girl" was sold in its own day for only a few dollars, though it would now bring at least a hundred thousand. It is painted in Ver-

meer's (der mar') favorite blue and yellow—a blue full of reflections and a yellow that glows while the light melts gradually into warm shadow that looks very simple and is very hard to manage. The outlines in Vermeer are never fuzzy or hesitant. But though beautifully clear they are never hard. The paintings are exquisite pieces of their kind.

How the Hollanders Painted Landscape

This painter often placed his figures by a window through which the soft Dutch sunlight could shine in on their foreheads and reflect against the wall. The rooms are full of airiness. Vermeer must have loved his own city of Delft for he painted of her what is possibly the loveliest picture of a town in all the world. The Gothic towers and pinnacles are outlined against a sky full of clouds but golden with the late afternoon sun. The reflections on the water and the little figures on the bank are marvelously painted, and the picture is as beautiful as light itself.

For a long time the painters in the Low Countries—what is now Holland and Bel-

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On this page are prints of four of the small precious pictures by Vermeer. The one above is called "A Maidservant Pouring out Milk," or sometimes just "The Milk Woman." It is a very characteristic picture. Vermeer liked to paint a table with a woman at it, and light streaming from a window at the left.



Very famous also is this "Head of a Young Girl," now at The Hague. We must imagine the coloring: the turban is in Vermeer's own lovely cool shade of blue, the scarf in blue and in the yellow. Vermeer also made his own. But even in our print we can see something of the marvelous play of light and shadow.



This is the lace.

"The Lace Maker," shown above, was a favorite of art lovers visiting the Louvre even before Vermeer was "discovered." Art students like to study the exquisite handling of light and shade, the cool colors, and the surprisingly modern technic. Everybody, whether artist or not, enjoys the beautiful effect that Vermeer has here achieved.



This picture also is given various names, such as "Lady and Gentleman at a Spinnet," or "The Music Lesson." Some artists say it is the most beautifully designed of all Vermeer's pictures, every line comes in just the right place to make a beautiful pattern. The rug and pitcher appear in many of Vermeer's paintings.



This picture of "The Mill" is one of the most famous landscapes by Jacob van Ruysdael. It is very Dutch, with its lowland and quiet water and the swinging arms of its windmill. Yet Ruysdael cared less than most Dutch landscapists about making an exact copy

of a particular spot. Some of his landscapes have a look of Norway or Germany. All of them have a touch of dreaminess and melancholy poetry. This is partly because he used soft colors, and, as we might guess from this picture, because he studied clouds with care.

gium and Luxemburg had been doing landscapes. The Van Eycks (var'iks) had done it in their early day, and Peter Breughel (brû'kël) after them. In the next century the Flemish Rubens was painting his beloved château of Steen, and the Dutch masters were making pictures of their canals and houses, their countryside with its many cattle.

One of the best landscape painters was Jacob van Ruysdael (1625-1682). Among Ruysdael's (rois'dal) many pictures there is a famous one called "The Mill." The building stands up solemnly against a sky that is cloudy but still golden with sunshine, and the whole picture has a melancholy dignity that is very impressive.

A Long, Long Road on Canvas

Another famous landscape is the avenue of trees painted by Meindert Hobbema (1633-1700). It is a triumph in perspective. The picture shows a road running back

through two rows of trees for a long, long distance. It is a very hard thing for an artist to make a road on canvas look as if it actually ran back into deep distance, but Hobbema (hob'e ma) has made you feel as if you could walk for miles down his long avenue. The picture maintains a quiet serenity, as it draws your eye far back into its depths.

What Landscape Painting Owes to the Dutch

At this same time the Frenchman Claude Lorrain (kloed lô'raN') was painting his dreams of landscape down in Italy. The Dutch were no dreamers like Claude. Their feet were planted firmly on Dutch soil, and their eyes were fastened on the home scene right around them. They made poetry out of the most familiar things. They also studied the minute details of landscape, and found out how one tree differed from all other trees, even one leaf from another. What they could not quite manage to paint

was the shimmer of the sunshine on the leaves. It took the painters of the nineteenth century to do that. But in the meanwhile landscape painting owes a great debt to the clear-eyed Dutch masters of three centuries ago.

And now we come at last to the famous Rembrandt van Ryn (van rin'), greatest of all Dutch artists. In painting and in etching Rembrandt is supreme in Dutch art. His groups, his portraits, and his landscapes all make the works of the painters before him look pale in comparison.

Yet if Vermeer and Hals and Ruysdael all died bankrupt, what chance would there be for a miller's son named Rembrandt if he defied all the rules and all his patrons even more than they had ever done? For true art was very much out of touch with real life at this time in Holland. There were no great enlightened patrons such as had been seen in church and state in many other lands. The artist had to bow to the petty tastes of petty people, or else he could go and starve. The great Rembrandt had his period of prosperity, and then he came fairly near starving.

The Early Years of a Master Painter

Rembrandt was born at Leyden (li'dĕn) in the year 1606. His father was a prosperous miller, his mother a baker's daughter. As a boy the future painter wandered up and down the canals or played around his father's mills; in the evening he listened to the stories that his mother read to him out

of the Bible. His parents wanted to make a preacher of him, and so they sent him to the university. But Rembrandt was no great scholar. He never learned very much Latin, and at the end of a year he came home with

an armful of sketches but very little learning.

It was clear that the boy had to be an artist. No doubt the family were sad enough about it, for an artist had a hard time making a living in the Holland of that day, and certainly was held in no high honor. In a short time Rembrandt was startling everybody with his skill. The dull pupil from the university was proving to be a prodigy when a brush was in his hand.

So Rembrandt was sent to Amsterdam, there to

study under a master named Lastman. This Lastman was a great copyist of the Italian painters, but Rembrandt knew in his heart already that he would never copy any other man. In his six months under Lastman he learned only one thing - the spotlight trick in painting as it was practiced by the Italian school of Caravaggio (ka'ra-vād'jō).

Then Rembrandt went back home. We can only say that from the first he must have had a feeling about painting that was born in his own soul, for certainly no one else in Holland had that feeling. To him a picture must be anything but a photograph. It must say things that the heart sees better than the eyes. The young painter's head was full of wonder about all that lay *behind* the faces of the people around him—about



Photo by Alinari

Rembrandt painted this picture of himself about 1634, the year he married; it was just as he was coming into the period of his greatest prosperity. Notice the handsome face, the thick, curling hair under the big black cap, and the heavy gold chain.



This is the "Anatomy Lesson," with which Rembrandt burst into fame shortly after he came to Amsterdam. It is one of his "group photograph" pictures, showing the famous Dr. Tulp and seven student doctors dissecting a body. It is a powerful and striking picture,

the mystery that lies deep in the heart and soul of man, and about how to put that mystery into pictures.

Where Rembrandt Sought Inspiration

His mother had told him he could find the answer to the mystery in the Bible, and like many a great painter before him Rembrandt sought much of his inspiration in its stories. Yet as a Dutchman he was cut off from a long tradition in sacred art. He therefore painted his Bible stories in the terms of what his eyes saw every day. He put a turban on his father and painted him as Pontius Pilate, or he dressed up his sister in silks and took her for his model of the Virgin Mary.

He painted portraits too at this time. Over and over he painted his own face, at first because he always had himself to study, and later because he could often afford no other model. He painted his mother, with her seamed Dutch face so full of repose and

showing the young painter's genius, yet it is somehow less admirable than his later masterpieces. For it is rather harsh and theatrical in both subject and treatment—"a striking horror," one critic calls it, "which the world somehow has always found enjoyable."

dignity. And the more he painted the more he wondered about how to paint that mystery that lay behind every face.

When he was about twenty five years old, he made a picture of the "Presentation in the Temple." Now many an artist before him had painted the same subject, and many an artist had employed the spotlight device of which we have already spoken. But Rembrandt combined the subject and the device into something new.

A Picture Full of Awe and Mystery

In a church that is infinitely dim and tall, the old and majestic Simeon stretches out his hand to bless the kneeling Virgin and her Child. A light that knows no human source but radiates only from the child illuminates the group with its glow. It is a marvelous light that reaches out into the surrounding shadows so that even they seem also to glow with warmth.

This was a strange picture to appear in

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the dull Holland of that day. Probably the good burghers could not make much of the work. It is full of awe and mystery and wonder about all the things in life that we try so hard to understand. With Rembrandt the Baroque (bá-rök) use of light—a thing we have talked about on other pages illumines a new and mysterious land.

But this was not the sort of picture that brought Rembrandt into his early period of great success. It was the painter's marvelous skill in picturing facts which did that for him—in such a painting, for instance, as his well-known "Anatomy Lesson." One of his earliest commissions in Amsterdam, this picture had an unusual success. Rembrandt soon became a fashionable portrait painter, and managed to secure high prices for his works.

Then one day his dealer brought a young cousin into Rembrandt's studio. Her name was Saskia. She was a wealthy young heiress with a sweet face and gentle ways. Before long Rembrandt was making a sketch under which he wrote the words, "Saskia at the age of twenty-one, on the third day after our engagement."

• Rembrandt's Happy Years with Saskia

We know Saskia very well indeed. Rembrandt saw to that, for he painted her picture many a time. In the picture where she is holding a red flower, the marvelous dull

red of her dress sets off her pale young face and the dark background brings out the great delicacy of her features.

The years with Saskia were very happy ones. The two lived in a fine house, and with Saskia's fortune and her husband's earnings they were really rich. They spent money

like children, dressing up in glorious clothes and filling their house with beautiful things. Among other things Rembrandt bought a good many paintings. He never traveled, but he was able to study the work of many foreign painters at home—Holbein and Durer, Rubens, Correggio, Mantegna, Michelangelo, Raphael, and the Venetians. For an etching by Marcantonio (m. r'k. n-tō'nyō), a famous Italian engraver, Rembrandt traded his own fine etching of "Christ Healing the Sick."

For Rembrandt was a master genius in etching as

well as with the brush. If Durer (du'rér) and Marcantonio etched in clear-cut lines, Rembrandt covered his plate with the tiniest of delicate hatchings. These melt away into a smooth blackness which opens up gradually into light and then dims again into shadow. Even the black spaces in Rembrandt's etchings are alive with warmth, and a black sleeve will not lose its outline right against a black shadow. By the side of his work nearly any other etching appears hard and coarse. Anyone can see what this means by looking at the etching of "Christ Healing



This is one of Rembrandt's portraits of his wife, Saskia; it is called "Saskia in the Red Hat with the Feather." It is one of the earliest pictures of Saskia, painted probably in 1633, when she and Rembrandt were engaged to be married. She is a charming young woman, with her gentle face and rich clothing, and in her hand a sprig of rosemary, flower of constancy.

the Sick." And aside from the mere craftsmanship, look at what the faces have to tell you; the dejection and the misery of the sufferers—and the mystery of the whole message.

When a man can do work like that, how long will he be willing to paint photographs of Dutch burghers, one by one or in their groups? Not very long, of course. In the year 1642 a group of civil guards asked Rembrandt to make a picture of them, and they were astounded at the picture he gave them. It is the celebrated painting of "The Night Watch." In the center walks the captain in ruff and black velvet, but his lieutenant is much more prominent in his brilliant yellow with a blue sash. Around them it is all dark; only a few faces appear, for the bodies belonging to them are lost in the shadows. A musketeer in a red suit and a little

girl in green are the main things we can see.

It is a great picture, but just fancy what the guards thought about it! Every one of them had paid his good money to have his manly form made immortal on a canvas, only to find that he was nothing but a shadow in the general darkness of the background - while a little girl who had not paid a penny stepped into a place of honor in a company of soldiers!

We can hardly blame the soldiers. They had not asked for a work of art, but for a

set of photographs, and perhaps it was hardly fair to give them something so different from what they wanted. Probably Rembrandt himself would have been the last man to blame them. All the same, the picture was a gage of battle from Rembrandt, and he surely must have meant it to be so. It was his

proclamation that the aim of art is not merely to paint likenesses of gentlemen in lace ruffs. It was as if he had declared, "I cannot go on merely painting your fine clothes without keeping silent about everything I want to make my pictures say. And from now on I am going to paint things as I see them in my mind. If you do not like it, you must get another painter. I stick to my vision."

The guards made a great row. But Rembrandt refused to alter the picture, and they had to do the best they could with it. They cut off three feet of it



Photo by Breckmann

This is one of the very great portraits by Rembrandt, painted in the days when he had lost public favor and all his wealth and was living only for his art. It is a portrait of Jan Six, a true friend who remained faithful to him to the end.

on one side, and declared that the painter was not a man of his word.

And now, as if to test Rembrandt's devotion to his vision, fate began to put him to many a trial. After the quarrel over "The Night Watch," he was deserted by his rich patrons. Three of his children had died, and the delicate Saskia followed them in the year of the "Night Watch." Suddenly the great painter was left alone with a sickly baby, with no money and with many debts. He now made a sketch of a sad old man feeding

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For his last commission to paint a group portrait, Rembrandt produced this masterpiece, "The Syndics

of the Cloth Hall," in which he has given these six guild officials something of his own deep wisdom.



It was this picture, usually called "The Night Watch," which made the good soldiers of Captain Banning

Cock's company so angry. It is a fine, dramatic piece of art, but not the portrait group they wanted.

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Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here is a page of men and women painted by Rembrandt. The picture above, called "An Old Woman Cutting Her Nails," is one of Rembrandt's sympathetic studies from everyday life.



Photo by Art Institute Museum

Thus "Portrait of Elizabeth Bas" is among Rembrandt's masterpieces. With strong outlines and masterly detail he makes the determined, upright old lady live.



Here are two more of the almost countless portraits Rembrandt painted of himself. The one above shows him in middle life, about 1645. That would be shortly after he painted the famous "Night Watch."



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The self-portrait above is almost Rembrandt's last, painted about 1659. Years and misfortune have lined the face of the great artist, but his mighty genius only burns the brighter.

a crying baby with a big spoon, and under the sketch he wrote "A Lonely Widower." The baby was Saskia's boy Titus—the only one of her children who grew up.

How Rembrandt Made the "Six's Bridge"

So the great painter slid rapidly downhill. He had never had any sense of the value of money, and even now that none was coming in he kept on spending until he was completely bankrupt. His house and his fine things were sold at auction. Henceforth the days are all of poverty.

But the vision of the painter all the time grew stronger. He had no rich men to paint except one or two old friends. Jan Six was one of these, and of Jan Six he made a portrait noble enough to have made his old clients wish they had not cut him off. This friend secured him one commission, to make a group painting of "The Syndics of the Cloth Hall." A wiser picture than "The Night Watch," this is less startling and more finely composed into a harmonious whole.

There is a story that when Rembrandt was once visiting Jan Six in the country, the two men went out for a tramp and took their lunch with them. They sat down by a little bridge to eat, only to find that they had forgotten the mustard. When a servant had gone back to get it, Rembrandt made a wager that he could finish an etching before the mustard arrived. He won the wager with his feathery little etching of "Six's Bridge."

A Master Tries to Paint a Soul

He had now moved to very humble quarters in the poor Jewish district of Amsterdam. Watching the Jewish people from his window, Rembrandt saw in them the apostles and the prophets of old, and he made some noble pictures of them. More and more he painted his own picture, partly for lack of any other sitter. He painted his son Titus too, and his faithful housekeeper, Hendrikje Stoffels.

And the more he painted these same people, the more he went on wondering, as of old:

"Here am I, Rembrandt van Ryn. I am one person, but every time I paint myself I find myself different. Now I am sad and now I am happy, once I was young and now I am old. Yet always I am Rembrandt van Ryn, and always there is in me something that never alters. What is this thing that is always the same in me through all the changes? It must be the soul of me, and that is what I ought to paint."

You may say that no one can paint a soul. If anyone ever did paint a soul, it was Rembrandt.

Look at a picture of a "Jewish Rabbi" from the brush of Rembrandt. Only the face is in the light, an old and thoughtful face in a light that comes from nowhere. It is not the cool, outdoor light of Velasquez, for you cannot paint a soul in broad daylight. With a light of his own creation, Rembrandt makes the careworn face look more real than flesh and blood.

The Death of Holland's Master Artist

In this way the painting of Rembrandt reaches out beyond any ordinary experience. You can see it over and over in his pictures. And in his great "Crucifixion," painted also in Rembrandt's own light, you can see, on a rise of ground to the right, a silent figure watching and wondering. It is the figure of Rembrandt. So Michelangelo (mī'kēl-ān'-jē lō) had carve i himself in a representation of the Virgin mourning over the body of Christ, and so Rembrandt perhaps saw himself a little apart from other men--wondering.

The sorrows that closed in from every side never broke the painter's spirit. His work grew ever richer and nobler. Hendrikje died, and Titus died, and old friends passed away. Finally the great painter followed them, in 1669. To his grave went his nurse, his son's widow, and a few friendly Jews. Thus was buried Holland's master artist.

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Reading Unit

No. 21

ART ON THE BRINK OF REVOLUTION

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For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

What changes taking place in Europe in the 18th century profoundly affected all art?
Who were the people for whom the gay, frivolous, flowery art

of Rococo was invented?
Why was there a strong movement back to the Greek and Roman antiquities just as the revolution began?

Picture Hunt

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Summary Statement

The Rococo followed the Baroque and carried art to a point from which it could only retreat

to the antiquities of early Greece and Rome



'The Dance' is the name of this charming picture by Watteau. How gracefully the pretty doll-like little girl has put on the airs of her elders as she dances! This is one of Watteau's later pictures, in which he

painted the sort of people he knew pretty much as they were, instead of idealizing them. Even so, it has the soft, dainty landscape and gay, dainty figures for which this 'Rococo' artist was famous.

ART *on the* BRINK *of* REVOLUTION

What Sort of Pictures Did the French Courtiers Love during the Luxurious Century That Ended with the Crash of Their Court?

THIS is a tale of war, a tale of change. There have been few times in history that saw more change than did the century which we call the eighteenth. That century opens with Louis XIV sitting safe and supreme on the throne of France where no one so much as dreamed of questioning his power. The century ends with the head of the king of France falling under the guillotine and with nearly all the thrones in Europe overturned. Between the beginning and the end of the century, the French court under Louis XV and Louis XVI had played at

being very gay indeed. In particular the courtiers and their ladies liked to dress up as shepherds and shepherdesses and dance out their lives in such fancy costumes, but they were dancing on the lid of revolution. Across the Atlantic the new free country of the United States had been born. In Europe a few years later heads were falling, thrones were toppling, an absolute monarchy gave way to a republic, and with dizzy speed the republic gave way to an empire. Napoleon comes to make over the whole map of Europe. Finally England with her Nelson and her

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Wellington gets the best of Napoleon, picks up the overturned thrones, and puts back the crowns of dazed kings; and Europe, shaken and bewildered, steps into the nineteenth century and into an altered world.

This is a story about fine art, but all these things we have just been describing have a great deal to do with fine art. Between 1750 and 1850 France had eight changes of government; and every time France changed her mind, the rest of Europe had an attack of nerves and a bad headache. Is it any wonder that such an upset world did strange things to art? Is it any wonder that a world so muddled was not always quite sure what its art ought to be any more than it was sure what its government ought to be?

In the eighteenth century in France the style of the Baroque (bā-rōk') is followed by the style which we call Rococo (rō-kō'kō). Now Rococo art is just about what its name sounds like. It is very gay and very frivolous and very flowery; and those words tell most of what there is to say about it. But in the pictures which go with this story you will see many an illustration of it. Among other things you might well look at the kind of room which Louis XIV used to live in and

then at a room of Louis XV's time. In the very furniture you will see an excellent illustration of Rococo. At the same time in painting, the Baroque style of Rubens (rōō'-bēnz) was turned into a pretty toy for the play of fancy shepherds and shepherdesses. Poussin (pōō'sāN') was forgotten and Le Brun (lē brūN) was forgotten. As fate would have it, the robust Peter Paul Rubens started the Rococo style through his influence on a poor son of a carpenter named Antoine Watteau (1684-1721).

While Louis XIV was living at the peak of his lavish splendor in the château at Versailles, the delicate Antoine Watteau (ōN'twān', vā'tō') was growing up in the town of Valenciennes (vā'lōN'-syēn') near the Flemish border of Northern France. The boy's father wanted Antoine to be a tiler and carpenter like himself. And when Antoine secured permission to study in the studio of a local

artist, the father refused to pay for the studies.

The father died when Antoine was nineteen. Then the young man ran away to Paris with a scene painter who deserted him the moment they arrived in the strange, big city. Watteau was now all alone there. Having no money and no friends, he had to



Photo by the Louvre

In this famous picture of "Gilles" Watteau introduces us to one of the characters in the Italian comedy which was so popular in Paris in his day. We still meet these people now and then to-day—Harlequin and Pierrot and the rest. Watteau used to go to see them often, and made many pictures of them, of which this is the best known. In the background you can see others of the troupe—the Doctor on his donkey, the braggart Captain, and Columbine. Watteau has caught them in a moment of seriousness, and makes us feel that for all their hilarious comedy they are artists like himself.



Photo by Alinari

We could not possibly find a picture more characteristic of Watteau than this one, the celebrated "Embarkation for Cythera." He made two versions of it, of which this is the earlier, now in the Louvre; either version is Watteau at his best. We have the pleasant, ideal landscape shimmering with the soft lights and

shadows Watteau loved, and the elegant little figures scattered over it in easy, natural grouping. Then we have the subject, which is like a painting of the very soul of the pleasure-loving society of Watteau's time. For these gay ladies and gentlemen are imagined as setting sail for the mythical Isle of Love.

go to work in a wretched shop where cheap religious picture cards were made. His pay was fifty cents a week and one bowl of soup a day.

Watteau's Early Struggle

A card with the picture of St. Nicholas was a favorite among the customers. One day the mistress of the shop forgot to give Antoine the model of St. Nicholas from which to draw. As soon as she remembered it she climbed up to Antoine's attic and proceeded to scold him as if it were all his fault, but without a word Watteau brought out a finished card of St. Nicholas which he had simply done from memory.

A little later Watteau made a friend in another artist named Claude Gillot (klōd zhē'lō'), who had invited him to come and share his own studio. Watteau soon stood out as such a gifted artist that his friend may very possibly have been jealous. At any rate, they finally parted, though Watteau was never heard to speak anything but praise of his former helper.

By now the misery of Watteau's early life had made an invalid of him. He fell into consumption and was never really well again.

But in sorrow and sickness and in misery, Watteau painted nothing but well and happy people, making them just as gay as possible and above all making them dainty and elegant like the fancy shepherds and shepherdesses of the court. Yet Watteau's greatest distinction is not his dainty elegance; he seems to have put this in his pictures as his dream of what he himself could not have.

Watteau at the Feet of Rubens

First he painted the strolling players who acted Italian comedy—such as Pierrot (pyē'rō') and his ruif, and dainty Columbine, such as Gilles (zhēl), who stands in the picture as if he were tired and whose face is full of gentle melancholy as if he were sick of being a poor actor. Possibly Watteau is painting his own yearnings in the picture of Gilles and possibly he himself has just such a wistful face.

When Watteau left Gillot, he took his fellow worker, Nicholas Lancret (lōN'krē') with him. The two found work together under a painter who had care of the Luxembourg (lük'sōN'bōōr') Palace. This palace was then situated in a beautiful wooded park in which the heart of Watteau would delight



Photo by the Museum at Versailles

This is a corner of Louis XV's bedroom at the palace of Versailles. Louis XV and his court thought Versailles, as Louis XIV left it, much too heavily ornamented and uncomfortable; so they set out to make it over to their own taste. There was not enough

money to change the whole palace, but Louis XV made himself a whole new set of private rooms. If you compare this room with the bedroom of Louis XIV, shown on an earlier page, you will see that the new Rococo style is daintier and gayer than the Baroque.

and which he often painted in his pictures. Inside the palace were the famous paintings which Rubens had made for Marie de' Medici (dā mā'dē-chē). Standing before those wonderful paintings and studying them time after time, Watteau felt himself inspired by the mastery of the great painter who made them.

The Dainty Dreams of Watteau

Yet for all his admiration, Watteau could never be a Peter Paul Rubens. He was such a different sort of person—no strenuous hero, but a frail and wistful dreamer. What he liked best in the great Rubens were the paintings of gay parties out of doors in lovely parks, parties from which he could hear the echoes of merry laughter in the court life of which he dreamed.

So after the great dreams of Rubens, Watteau fashioned his own little dreams in which the daintiest of shepherds and shepherdesses make love in beautiful wooded parks. And it happened that by the time when Watteau had done a few pictures of

this kind, the French nation decided that this was exactly the kind of picture they now wanted most to have.

The Art Watteau Gave France

In the last days of Louis XIV the monarch was a decidedly solemn man. He had reigned a very long time and the court was very weary. After his death there was a great outburst of gaiety. The court decided to give up being grand all the time and to play a little. In fact, the courtiers played a great deal, and with the utmost recklessness. And now it was that they liked to play at being shepherds and shepherdesses in the royal parks. This was the moment when Watteau came into notice. Even the staid Academy was tired of painting pompous royalty, and when the timid but earnest Watteau showed them some samples of his work in the hope that they would send him to Rome, one of the old members of the Academy was really interested.

He went to Watteau's studio and found there the lovely dreams on canvas which

were so well suited to the gay spirit of the new court. The old painter saw that Watteau had invented just the kind of painting which the court would want; and almost before he knew it, Watteau was a member of the Royal Academy.

His first painting as a member of the Academy was the picture of "The Embarkation for Cythera" (sĭth'ĕ-rà). It shows a small host of gay couples setting sail in a dainty, gilded ship for the Island of Love, guided by Venus and by groups of flying cupids. In this picture we are very far away from the art of Poussin. There are no stately Greeks here, but only dainty French ladies playing at the game of Love and Romance.

Watteau did not live long to enjoy his new fame and dignity. His consumption carried him off in 1721, but all through the middle of the eighteenth century the painting of France was full of the roses and cupids and coy shepherdesses which he had lent to it.

Yet the disciples of Watteau were not quite capable of the gentle dignity to be seen in his own pictures. Instead they were content to be light and frivolous in the pretty paintings which they made so popular. We may see the kind of thing they did, for instance, in a portrait of Madame de Pompadour (dē pōN'pā'dōor') as painted by Boucher (bōō'shā'), the most successful of the followers of Watteau. The pictures of Boucher and of other artists like him are full of flowers and frills and pretty faces thronging the

daintily carved rooms which the Rococo sculptors were making for the court. This painting and sculpture are fitted together in the gayest and most carefree decoration. Whether like Fragonard (frā'gō'nār') they painted court ladies and pink nymphs or whether like Greuze (grūz) they made pic-

tures of humble folk, all of the popular French artists of this time adored sweet, sentimental faces and attitudes.

Yet we must speak of one artist of Watteau's time who was very different from these. He was so tainted with a democratic feeling that he never had anything to do with the court and never became popular. This was Jean Baptiste Chardin (zhōN bâ'tĕst' shār'dāN').

Chardin was born in Paris in 1699. The son of a carpenter, he was a happy boy with a very keen eye for the faces and the ways of simple people. He wanted to be a painter, but he had no notion of

running away from his plain surroundings in order to become one. He found he could make poetic pictures of very simple things— even loaves of bread and bottles of wine, even pails and barrels— and he saw no beauty greater than that of the peace of a simple home where a mother is feeding her child or where some little girls are saying grace before meat.

The Homely Subjects of Chardin

In the year 1737 the Salon (sā'lōN')— the yearly exhibition of new paintings in Paris—



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This picture of "A Young Woman Knitting" is one of the studies of humble home life made by Chardin. Like his other pictures, it reminds us a little of the Dutch, whom Chardin studied and admired. The Frenchman, however, was always more interested in pattern than the Dutch were; that is, he cared more about making a fine picture than about showing a particular scene. Probably that is why he finally stopped painting people and spent his later years painting only *things* arranged in artistic groups.



Fig. 1. Statue of George Washington.

One of the most famous of all statues of Washington was made by the French sculptor Jean Antoine Houdon (1740-1828). He came to America with Franklin in 1785, stayed at Mt. Vernon long enough to model the bust, then completed the statue in Paris.



VOI TAIRE.

Another famous statue by Houdon is this seated figure of Voltaire, the great French writer. The wrinkled face seems about to break into mocking laughter. Houdon made statues of other leaders of French revolutionary thought including Rousseau and Mirabeau.

was held for the first time since the death of Louis XIV. Here are the titles of some of the paintings shown:

“Jupiter and Juno

‘After the Ball

‘Mademoiselle de Lambesc of the Royal House of Lorraine in the Guise of Minerva, Arm-ing and Instructing her Brother in the Arts of War

There are many more grand titles like these—and then suddenly there is a picture called “A Little Girl Washing” and another one named “A Girl Seated Eating her Breakfast.” Those pictures have come from Chardin to be shown in the midst of the gayeties of the court. Their titles tell what it

is for which Chardin is famous. Chardin had begun by painting his own luncheon. We

have his picture of it and it is really beautiful because he has arranged it so carefully and placed it in such a soft light. Like many of the Dutch painters, Chardin did not care to search for a subject that was noble in itself. He simply painted the things he saw round him, the things he loved because he had always seen them round him. Whether or not he loved to eat his luncheon, he certainly loved painting it. That is the kind of painting to which for some reason we give the name of “still life.” Whenever you see a picture of a bunch of grapes, a melon or two, and maybe a few other eatables on a table, you are looking at a picture of still life.

After a while Chardin began to like to put people in his pictures. We fancy that he came to love one particular



Fig. 2. Bust of Benjamin Franklin.

Shortly before they sailed together for America, Houdon made this lifelike bust of Benjamin Franklin.

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Picture by Metcay. It in Museum of Art



The pictures on this page, all by the very popular artist Jean Baptiste Greuze, will give us an idea of what people liked about 1770. The picture at the left above is called "Innocence"; that at the right,

"Study of a Young Girl's Head." Greuze painted a great many of these sweetly sentimental young girls; they have been called the ancestors of the pretty girls on the covers of popular magazines to-day.



Photo by Alinari

Another thing people liked in about 1770 was a picture with a moral. This was partly a reaction from the frivolous court life Watteau had painted. And Greuze was the very person to paint the sort of scenes the new taste called for. Take this picture, "The Father's

Curse." It is supposed to show what happens when the eldest son lives a bad life and defies his father. It is all rather like a scene from one of those rousing old moral melodramas the people of this same time—and later—so loved on the stage.

person and married her, for he begins painting a lady at her simple household tasks; and then before long there are some children to paint, too. The pictures of Chardin are full of serenity. There is serenity in the faces of his people, in the colors he prefers, and in the soft, blurry light which warms his interiors. He was elected to the honorary body known as the Academy in 1728, and his pictures in the Salon of 1737 even attracted the attention of the King. So Chardin was presented to His Majesty but he never became a court painter. Even though Frederick the Great of Germany bought two of his pictures, Chardin clung to his apples and his tumblers and his simple folk to the end.

After he died his pupil Fragonard forgot his teaching and took

up the gallantries of Boucher. Fragonard carried on the style of Boucher in great elegance, apparently deaf to the rumblings of the thunderstorm which was so soon to wash out all these elegances—the thunderstorm of the French Revolution.

A Great Statue of a Great Man

For an example of the sculpture of this same period, one might look at a celebrated statue of the French writer, Voltaire (vôl'têr'). It is a very lifelike carving of a withered old man with a fierce, foxlike face and a fiery eye. Voltaire was one of the thinkers who helped to upset the silly and artificial court of France and who brought on the French Revolution with a plea for a return to reason and to nature in place of so much

idle frivolity. This statue of Voltaire, carved by the sculptor Houdon (ôô'dôN'), represents in itself a return to nature. There is nothing fanciful about it, for Houdon has carved the real face exactly as it must have been. If his art seems a little staid now, it certainly seems very honest. It was this same Houdon who came over to America on

a visit at Mount Vernon and left us a statue of George Washington.

While the court kept on with its 'pink and blue gallantries,' the rest of France was growing fairly sick of them. The Academy was doing its best to perpetuate the "noble" painting of stories from history, which had come down from Poussin and others.

In fact, there was a large new interest in ancient history at this time.

It was the time of



Photo by the Louvre

Prudhon's "Portrait of the Empress Josephine," as we can see, is much less stiff and "classical" than David's "Madame Récamier." There is a soft, almost romantic grace about it, and a touch of melancholy which might have come from the painter's rather unhappy life.

some of the first organized expeditions to study the remains of Greece and Rome. Bands of Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Germans went traveling in Greece, and troops of excavators began the work which later brought to light Homer's city of Troy, the city of Cnossus (nôs'ûs) in Crete and those of Pompeii (pôm-pâ'ê) and Herculaneum (hûr'kû-la'nê-ûm) in Italy. In those days the digging up of antiquities could be an exciting game. There was always a chance that you might carry off some of the valuable carvings from a temple and make a fortune by selling them to some collector or museum. And all of this meant that Greek and Roman art could now be studied as never before.

The traveling scholars brought back many



This is "The Coronation of Napoleon I and the Empress Josephine," one of the mammoth pictures David painted to glorify Napoleon, who fancied himself as

heir of the Roman Caesars. Since David set up such a tyranny over art, this praise of an emperor seems less unexpected than his earlier republicanism.



Photo by the Louvre

This celebrated "Portrait of Madame Récamier" shows David at his best. He has given the beautiful Frenchwoman the dignity of a Roman matron. It is a thoughtful picture; and that was appropriate, since Madame

Récamier was a woman of intellect. But it is a little cold and formal — and that is appropriate, too, for this famous lady, though charming and accomplished, would seem never to have been really fond of anyone.



Photo by the Louvre

Antoine Jean Gros, who painted this picture, was at heart one of the Romanticists who were going to make such a furor about 1830. If he had not been, he would never have painted this picture, which shows Napoleon visiting "The Pesthouse at Jaffa." For this is not a subject out of ancient history, such as the Academy loved, nor even a modern scene painted after the rules

of the "grand style," as was David's picture of the Emperor's coronation. This is an unheroic, ugly scene out of the artist's own memories of the wars, and the people are not arranged in theatrical "studio poses." David protested, and Gros was not brave enough to stick to his guns. So he went back to the old way, and left the Romantic revolution to others.

sketches with them and before long there were some great books full of pictures and marvelous cornices and columns and friezes from ancient times. In 1762 Stuart and Revette brought out in England a book called "The Antiquities of Athens," with many a picture of the great buildings of old.

When Art Turned Back to Greece

That book caused a stir. Do you remember that a few years ago when Lord Carnarvon brought to light the treasures of the tomb of Tutankhamon there was a great burst of interest in Egypt? Do you remember how it became the style at once to wear Egyptian necklaces and belts and bracelets and even Egyptian blouses? Something of the same kind happened when Stuart and Revette brought out their book about Greece. It was stylish to be Greek. If you want to see a proof of the fact, you need only look at the old houses in Virginia or New England whenever you are traveling in either place. Way over here in America, many a man tried to build his house more or less like the Greek

temples, with columns and pediments copied out of Stuart and Revette.

Along with their book in England came an even more important one from Germany. This was Winckelmann's (vīng'kēl-man "History of Art in Antiquity." When these two books had exerted their full influence the fine art of the day was all ready to put on a Roman toga, and many an artist was convinced that the only way to be great was to be as much as possible like the ancients.

On the Eve of the Revolution

All this was happening on the eve of the great French Revolution. Now the French Revolution was a vast and complex event which meant a great many different things. For one thing, at least, it meant that the people in France had come to a great decision to cease from being the abject subjects of a monarch and to become the responsible citizens of a republic. The most famous republic to which they could look back in history was that of ancient Rome, and the most ideal citizens they could imagine were the heroes

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of the best days in the Roman republic. So the best of the French picked the best of the Romans for their models in citizenship, and then there was every reason why the French art of the time should wear a Roman toga. When the guns of the Revolution began to sound, the portly art of Fragonard vanished like a soap bubble.

A little print of that period will give a good idea of what took its place. The print shows a cavalier looking around a shop full of dainty bric-a-brac while a man in a toga drives a Roman sword through the unsuspecting cavalier's ribs. The cavalier stands for the art of Boucher and Fragonard; the citizen in the toga represents the new art of Jacques Louis David (zhâk lōō'e' dâ'ved').

Born in 1748, David had learned to paint pretty ladies under Boucher and had won the Rome prize of the Academy. When he left for Rome his friends were afraid he might lose his charm in the city of the cold statues of the ancients. But he replied, "Never fear; the antique will not seduce me." Soon after he came back he exhibited in the Salon a picture called "The Oath of the Horatii." Alas for all the dainty shepherdesses! In spite of every promise David had "gone wrong."

David Turns into a Roman

He had gone very Roman indeed. He had not only looked at many an ancient statue, but he had made a careful study of Roman history and costumes and furniture, of everything that was Roman. In this picture he goes back to the story of the three heroic

sons of Horatius who were chosen to fight duels with three men of an enemy city instead of having the entire armies of the two cities engage in battle. David paints them at the moment when they are taking their oath before the combat, swearing on their swords to defend their native land with the last drop of their blood.



Madame Elizabeth Vigée-Le Brun (1755-1842) was the friend and favorite painter of Marie Antoinette. She painted several portraits of this pleasure-loving queen of France. One of them, a painting of the Queen with her pretty children grouped around her, particularly delighted Louis XVI, who said, "I do not know much about painting, but you make me love it." Above is one of her paintings that we are all familiar with, a portrait of herself and her charming little daughter.

From one point of view David has leaped back over the whole period of dainty pictures from Watteau and Boucher and Fragonard to the antique paintings of Poussin. But where Poussin was content to paint a modified Rome or Greece—born partly of his own dreams David is bent on showing Rome as it really was. He is bent on having every detail of costume correct; above all he strives to restore the stern spirit of old Rome. To that end he renounces color in favor of precise drawing, and his figures stand out starkly in a cold studio light.

The picture of the Horatii (hō-rā'shī-ī) made a sensation in Paris. Perhaps the people were a little tired of being frivolous and were quite ready to welcome something sterner in their art. This picture was painted in 1784 just five years before the Revolution broke out. In the realm of art it might almost seem as if that Revolution had been planned for David. It swept away all the dainty, courtly styles and set up a republic intended to be Roman at the very moment when David was striving to make the painting of his country as Roman as possible. So David came into a great career, and for a long time, as president of the Academy, he

dictated the style of his country's art. In fact, he was a veritable tyrant in art. He declared that the "grand historical manner" was the only way to paint. His careful reconstructions of Roman houses and furnishings set the style in carving, in furniture, and even in dress.

He made a great many Roman paintings. His picture of Brutus condemning his own sons to die is one of the best known. Even when he painted the Frenchmen of his day he lent them a distinct Roman air. One can see some of this even in his portrait of the celebrated Madame Récamier (rā'kā'myā'). To be sure, Madame Récamier is too modern and too French to look really like a Roman too delicate and charming to fit such a stern part; yet at least she is painted with the sharp outlines which the artist had used in his Brutus.

Possibly David was more devoted to the Roman idea in art than to the Roman idea in government. Perhaps he did not care very much whether Rome was a republic or an empire so long as it remained Rome. At any rate, when Napoleon put aside the French republic David managed to remain on good terms with the new tyrant and to become his painter. In the picture of the "Coronation of Napoleon I and the Empress Josephine" the painter seems to feel a good deal of the romantic glamor of the new emperor.

With the fall of Napoleon, however, David was not ready for another change. He fled

to Brussels, though even from that city he kept a firm hand on the actions of the French Academy. Always a despot in art, he had little use for any ideas but his own. The artists who did not agree with him were likely to have a hard time. For instance, the painter Prudhon (pru'dōN'), who loved the warm style of Boucher and who was inspired in Italy by Leonardo (lā'ō-nār'dō) and Correggio (kōr-rēd'jō) far more than by Roman marble, found it difficult to keep in favor with the Academy. In the style of the Academy he forced himself to paint such a picture as "Justice and Vengeance Pursuing Crime." But he could not really look at life with the hard, clear eyes of David. When he paints the Empress Josephine, there is nothing Roman about the soft, romantic setting in which he places her.

One of David's own pupils and admirers had a still harder time. Baron Gros (grō) was a gifted artist, but his eyes were fixed on real life and he did not care for Roman copies of it. We could tell this from such a picture as his "Pest House at Jaffa," showing some of the things he had seen on one of Napoleon's campaigns. The great commander is here shown vis-

iting some sick prisoners, and the picture is decidedly that of a real scene and not of a studio grouping.

But David reproved Gros for painting a picture of any such scene. He thought the scene was not a fit one for fine art. So Baron Gros did his best to paint historical



Photo by Chouffourier. Rome

Antonio Canova, who carved this statue, was an Italian, but the fame and influence of his classical style spread all over Europe. The emperor Napoleon called him twice to Paris to do work for him. Aside from his statues and busts of famous people like Napoleon and Washington, Canova favored subjects out of ancient legend. This statue, for instance, shows the goddess Venus just coming from the bath. It is easy to see that Canova was trying to carve like the ancients; so people are going to like his work or not largely according to whether they think that a good thing to do.

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No visitor to Paris fails to see the Arch of Triumph, which, crowning a hill, stands in the center of an open space called "l'Etoile" the Star—because

twelve broad avenues lead from it. The arch is nearly 150 feet high and 130 feet wide. Various artists carved its great figures, among them François Rude.

scenes in the prevailing classical manner. When David left Paris, Gros was made the head of the Academy, working under directions from his master at Brussels. Never could David fully approve of the art of Gros, and Gros was always a little too timid to have faith in himself. He finally gave up the struggle; one day he went out and drowned himself, leaving the very paintings David criticized to be an inspiration to the new generation of painters who were to drive out the formal art of David.

However formal the rule of David may have been, a generation brought up in the thrill of Napoleon's conquests could not always be sedately classic. We can see this in the sculpture of the time as well as in the painting. The prevailing style in sculpture may be a classical one, as illustrated in the work of the Italian sculptor Canova (ka

nō'vā). This artist carves the Emperor's sister Pauline, for instance, as a classic goddess with the correct and lifeless modeling which was supposed to be Roman. But now in Paris the Emperor is setting up a great arch—the Arch of Triumph. It is just such an arch as the Romans used to set up to celebrate their victories, though it is larger than any arch that Rome ever saw. The sculptor François Rude (frōN'swā' rūd), carving the heroic scenes in this arch, has caught the full romantic thrill of the colossal career of Napoleon. On the front of the arch he has carved his famous "Song of Departure to Battle." There is no classic calm in this work, rather there is the heroic thrill and frenzy of victory surging into violent expression. With the work of Rude, life comes back heroically into French sculpture to remain at home there for a long time.

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Reading Unit

No. 22

THE BIRTH OF BRITISH PAINTING

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For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Why had Hogarth no memory in school but an excellent one in art?

Why was Gainsborough forced to do portraits against his will?
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Summary Statement

English painting came to birth late and showed very little that

was new for many generations.



Photo by the National Gallery

Hogarth, the first great British painter, had very keen eyes to see the follies and vices of his London, and could put down what he saw in pictures that are gay and cutting, both at once. He has put plenty of satire

into this picture of "The Marriage Contract." Look at those pompous fathers in their white wigs, at that foppish bridegroom, and at the pretty bride discussing matters with one of the lawyers!

The BIRTH of BRITISH PAINTING

How the English Artists, though Long Delayed, Finally Came to Put the Characters and Scenes of Their Native Land into Color

THE people who speak English have given birth to the greatest poets of the modern world, but in the other fine arts they have not done by any means so well. They have seldom taken the lead in painting or in sculpture or in music. In story after story about the great painters of Europe we have told about the masters of the other nations, but we have not yet called the name of a single Englishman. Until about two hundred years ago there had been no great English painter. The English had

sent abroad for their painters. Holbein (hòl'-bīn) and Van Dyck (vân dik') and the Dutchman Sir Peter Lely (lē'lī) had been the famous visitors.

But at last we have a story to tell about English painters. About two hundred years ago, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, an English school of painting finally came to birth, and since that time the British have held their own in the realm of pictorial art. If they have seldom produced the supreme masters, they have still done beautiful

things; and many of the things they have done come home to us because they speak the mind and heart of our own race.

At the time when British painting came into its own, there were two great styles among the painters in the island. There was a strong courtly tradition coming down from Van Dyck and flowering in the work of painters like Sir Joshua Reynolds. There was also a more native and more homely manner which is best seen in the work of William Hogarth (*hō'gärth*). These two great painters looked askance at each other, and went on in their very separate paths. Reynolds took the path of the Academy in his lordly portraits; Hogarth an independent path in his pictures of plain people. Sir Joshua painted "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," while Hogarth painted "The Shrimp Girl" of the streets of London.

We know all about the way Van Dyck had done his work. He gave a definite hour to any sitter. When the clock struck he rose from his work with a courtly bow, and dismissed his sitter with an appointment for the next session. While his assistant cleaned his brushes and made ready for the next hour, the painter received the sitter who was now arriving. Thus the day would pass, with Van Dyck working fast on several portraits at the same time. He would make a rapid sketch, and then hand it over to an assistant to paint in the clothes from the clothes which the sitter would send to the studio. Finally

Van Dyck would touch up the whole picture. He would paint in the hands, not from those of the sitter, but from models of hands kept in stock at the studio.

That is the tradition in portraits that came down from Van Dyck to the later British artists— to Reynolds, Romney (1734 1802),

Hoppner, Lawrence (1769 1830), even to Gainsborough. Romney (*rūm'nī*) kept a notebook full of appointments, like a dentist's, and Hoppner (1758 1810) said frankly that in painting portraits of ladies he simply made as beautiful a face as he could, and then gave it a likeness to his sitter.

That was the courtly way. On the other hand, the cockney Hogarth refused to paint any sitter who did not appeal to his taste, and never flattered any living soul. Of course he had few enough sitters and no great success in the

world; but he created a great art out of what his eyes saw in the homely scenes of England and out of what his honest heart taught him.

Hogarth's Gift of Memory

Born in London, William Hogarth (1697 1764) was the son of a poor schoolmaster. He had very little schooling. "I cut a poor figure at school," he once said; "blockheads with better memories could surpass me. I was fond of shows of all sorts; I had a good eye, and was always drawing."

Out of that fondness of "shows of all sorts" came most of Hogarth's art in later years. And if "blockheads with better memories"



Photo by the National Gallery

It has been said that if Hogarth had never painted anything but this picture of "The Shrimp Girl" his place as an artist would still be secure. How different this picture is from the cold elegance then in fashion! Its lively good humor and closeness to everyday life endear it to us



Perhaps none of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures is more familiar than the "Hairs of Angels," painted in 1786.

could keep ahead of him in school, it must have been because he had no great interest in the things they remembered. For in his chosen art, memory was one of the painter's stronger gifts. Instead of sketching on the spot anything that took his eye, he learned how to keep a perfect image of the thing in his memory, and to put it down on paper at a later time.

These sweet and graceful cherubs were all painted from the same little girl, Frances Gordon.

Hogarth was apprenticed to a silversmith, but at the age of twenty he struck out on his own path in designing signs and invitations and in illustrating books. In the meanwhile he was teaching himself to paint by creating little scenes of city life. They were rather like stage sets, for Hogarth was always fond of the theater. He made engravings from these little paintings. Indeed, all through

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his life he made more money from his engravings than from his paintings, and in so doing he gave the English people a great deal of good art at a price which almost anyone could pay.

Inspired by his success to further study, Hogarth went to the studio of Sir James Thornhill, a courtly portrait painter. But there was little for him in that studio. He was disgusted with the way drawing was taught there, feeling that the students did nothing but make endless copies. So Hogarth soon left his master.

But he carried away one prize. He had lost his heart to the master's daughter Jane. Her father would not consent to a wedding, since he was afraid a mere engraver would never earn a living. Hogarth answered by simply eloping with Jane, and then proving that he could take care of her with his engravings after all.

He had been nursing the idea of putting on canvas pictures like those he loved to see on the stage. Now he began to put his idea into practice. He gave us dramas in paint—whole series of pictures telling a long story strip by strip—just such a story as another man might have made into a play.

Dramas Done in Paint

For instance, there is the celebrated series called "Marriage à la Mode" and dealing with the fashionable kind of marriage in which love counted for nothing, while money and position counted for everything. In the first picture of the series we see the formal

engagement of the "lovers." Their fathers are the only persons interested in the match, because of the money involved. In exchange for a title and a family tree, the girl's father is settling a handsome dowry on the young couple. But the young couple do not show the slightest interest in each other. The

groom is admiring his own looks in a mirror, while the bride is having a little flirtation with the young lawyer.

You may imagine how that marriage ended. In the rest of the pictures in the series, Hogarth tells you the whole story, down to the final disgrace and disaster. It is all full of very vivid mockery, this tragedy on canvas.

Hogarth did four series of pictures such as this. The first one was very popular, and the engravings sold widely. The other three were less successful. The novelty of a play in paint had worn off, for one thing; and for another, there

was too much satire of the very kind of people who were to buy the pictures.

In his portraits the robust genius of Hogarth shows the same traits we have just been describing. They tell the plain truth, with never a touch of flattery. That is why Hogarth had so few sitters. The actor David Garrick was one of the few, and Hogarth has left us a rugged, honest picture of that greatest of all players. Nearly everybody else preferred to have his picture made by the lordly brush of Sir Joshua. There were many men who disliked Hogarth personally for his hearty ways.

"You must think," said one of them,



Photo by the National Gallery

This is one of Reynolds' famous pictures of children; only this time it is not a child of noble or wealthy family, but an imaginary portrait of the little Samuel, whose story is told in the Old Testament. Samuel has seen a vision and heard a voice calling him to be a prophet of the Lord. Sir Joshua has pictured in the little boy's face and attitude his childish innocence and reverent awe.



"The Age of Innocence" is a well-chosen title for this celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, for Reynolds has bent all his powers to showing the innocent sweetness of this beautiful child. Her soft hair and uplifted eyes, the gesture of the hands, all contribute to the effect. Even with older sitters, Sir Joshua tried

always to show their best side; so when he had a lovely child, it was natural enough that he should make her look like an angel! When we see Reynolds in black and white we do not miss so much as with some artists, for unluckily Reynolds never learned the secret of mixing colors that would not fade with time.

"you are a better painter than Van Dyck."

"I am," replied the painter, "if you give me my time and let me choose my subject."

But the lords and ladies wanted to be painted in the Van Dyck manner.

Now the favorite of all the courtly painters of the time was that fortress of gentility, Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), the dean of British art during his day and a friend of kings and princes. In 1769 when the Royal Academy of England was founded in imitation of the similar Academy of fine arts in France, no one questioned the choice of Sir Joshua Reynolds for its first president. He was not only the foremost portrait painter in London, but he was a fine gentleman, a man of very wide interests and of great influence. He moved freely in the illustrious circle of Dr. Johnson and was quite at home among the clever-

est and most authoritative men of his day. He had a keen intelligence in many fields. Having traveled and studied in Italy, he had taken the great Italian masters for his models in an age when their influence was dominant in England; so he tried to bring into English painting all of the dainty grandeur of the Italian past—the grace of Raphael, the glow of Titian, and the mighty sweep of Michelangelo. These he would use to glorify the English lord and lady in his art.

Sir Joshua was no man to paint realistic pictures of common life, such as Hogarth gave us, no man to play tricks with his sitters

or to show any seamy side of their characters. His aim was to make the people and the life of his time look worthy and elegant in his canvases. With such a picture as that of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" he brought the grand style into England. The stilted grace of his Duchess of Devonshire is typical of his society painting.

Once in a while, however, he gives up a little of his grand style in order to make a very real picture. This happens, for instance, when he painted a picture of his great and good friend, Dr. Johnson, putting in all the strange, rugged strength of the man and all of his own admiration for him and intimate knowledge of him. It happens again when he painted a lovely child in the beautiful picture which we call "The Age of Innocence." In such pictures he neglects formal style a little and paints from his

heart; and the result is that his canvas shows us some very real figures indeed.

Landscapes That Would Not Sell

While Sir Joshua was painting society in London, Richard Wilson (1714-1782), another Englishman who had traveled in Italy, was making landscape pictures under the inspiration of Claude Lorrain (klōd lō'rāN'). Wilson found it almost impossible to sell his pictures, because hardly anyone as yet wanted to spend his money for a picture of himself or his family or friends, or at least for a picture of human beings. It was very late indeed in



This is Reynolds' famous portrait of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse." Sir Joshua has painted the great actress in the "grand style," giving her a sort of heroic dignity and enthroning her with attendant figures out of ancient legend.



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the history of art that people came to feel that the woods and the fields, the streams and lakes and mountains were proper subjects for the painter's brush.

been at it all morning and I cannot get it right

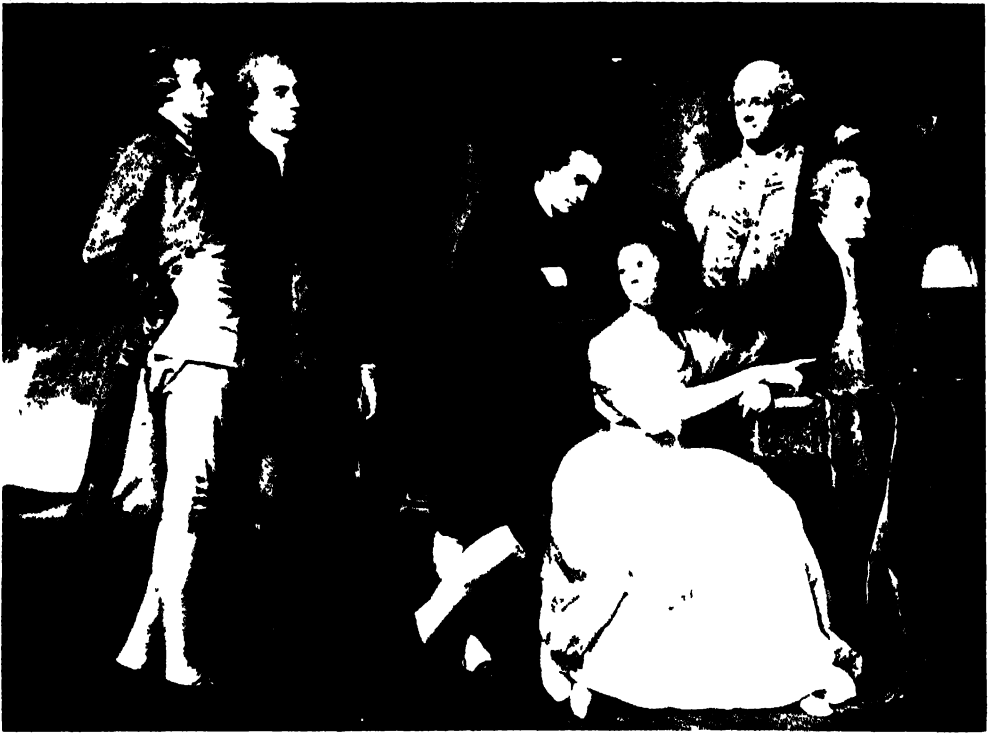


Photo by the National Gallery

Best known of the minor portrait painters of the days of Reynolds and Gainsborough was George Romney, who painted this picture of "The Beaumont Family." Romney came to London in 1762, and was soon so

our greatest landscape painter has come up to town?"

This question was anything but flattering. Landscape painting was still felt to be such an inferior branch of art that it was just a little as if Sir Joshua had said that the greatest painter of cigarette advertisements had come up to town.

Richard Wilson set his own value on landscapes, for he painted them himself. He looked Sir Joshua straight in the eye and replied, "You mean, sir, our greatest portrait painter."

Gainsborough's Boyhood

Born in 1727, Thomas Gainsborough grew up in the county of Suffolk, and as a very young boy began making pictures of all the beautiful things within the reach of his eyes. It is said that he once sketched a man who was robbing an orchard and made such a good likeness that the thief was later caught

popular that Sir Joshua was jealous. He could turn out portraits even faster than Reynolds himself had 9,000 sittings in about twenty years! He drew rather carelessly, but his colors are fresh and clear.

with the aid of the picture. After a short period of study in London the painter returned to his home in the country, married at the age of nineteen, and then settled first at Ipswich and later at Bath.

The Sparkling Life of Bath

In the century of Gainsborough, Bath was the most fashionable resort in England. Nestling in a bowl of hills, it was a town of great gayety and remarkable views. On its steep hillsides there were rows of houses built in the form of crescents to face the south and catch the sun. The houses are nearly all in the same style because nearly all of the city was built at one time; and the style is a very stately and beautiful one. As the sun sparkled over the hills, the air in Bath was full of vigor and the town was filled with fine people on vacations.

Into the sparkling life of this town came Thomas Gainsborough, the painter of Suffolk

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All the portraits on this page are by Gainsborough. Above is the famous one called "The Blue Boy."



This charming little girl in the immense hat and cape is "Miss Haverfield" having her portrait painted.



Photos by An Ison and the National Gallery

Gainsborough's spirited portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire does full justice to that famous beauty.



For all its elegance this portrait of Mrs. Siddons by Gainsborough is more human than that by Reynolds.

trees and lanes. He was one of the most charming men who had ever come there, and the people at Bath soon discovered that he could paint portraits. He painted with much less of the stilted refinement that we see in Sir Joshua's grand style, and his portraits carried a great deal of the charm of his own gracious personality.

We have just spoken of Sir Joshua's picture of Mrs. Siddons. If we now look at the same famous lady as painted by Gainsborough, we can see at once a great deal of the difference in the work of the two masters. Against a red curtain for background, we see the fine lady in a blue striped dress, a yellow scarf and a great black hat. This painter's picturesque hats are so famous that we still speak of a Gainsborough hat to-day. The lady is slim of figure and very elegant, with fine hands and a head held very proudly. She has an air of the finest breeding, and yet she does not merely look like a type of her century, but like a real person.

How "The Blue Boy" Was Painted

It is easy to see the artist himself in the portrait. No one who did not have a great deal of charm in his own mind and person could well have left us a picture such as this. Of all the English painters, Gainsborough is the one who has the best feeling for grace,

and he puts it into his pictures because it comes so naturally to him.

Of course the people in Bath poured commissions into the hands of such a painter. He could hardly find the time to keep up with his work. His fame spread to London and all over the country. He was elected a foundation member of the Royal Academy in 1769, though he did not move to London until five years later. There he met with immediate success, and for a good while the people in society were divided into two kinds—those who had their portraits painted by Sir Joshua and those who went to Gainsborough for their pictures.

In one of his lectures to students, Sir Joshua had said that there could not be a mass of blue in any picture. Gainsborough took up the remark as a challenge and painted a celebrated picture in direct reply to it. The picture is all in blue, and

is called "The Blue Boy." The shimmer of light on the satin of the boy's suit gives a great deal of life and gayety to an otherwise simple painting. The rivalry between these two painters went on as long as they lived. But when Gainsborough lay dying he desired to be reconciled with Sir Joshua. Sir Joshua came to see him and the two gentlemen clasped hands to say farewell in final affection.



Photo by the National Gallery

Here is a portrait of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Lawrence is the last of the eighteenth century portrait school. He became president of the Royal Academy in 1820; but even then, had he known it, the really great English artists were not portrait painters at all, but the landscape painters, Constable and Turner.

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On this page are portraits by minor artists of the "school of British portrait painters." The one above is "Miss Baring," by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The picture lacks the distinction of a Reynolds or a Cressborough



Sir Henry Raeburn, who painted this "Portrait of Dr. Joseph Black," was the leader of the portrait school in Scotland. There is a good deal of power and sincerity in Raeburn's work, especially in his portraits of men.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art and the National Gallery

Romney was especially fond of painting pictures of beautiful women. Sometimes these pictures are merely "pretty-pretty," but at times they have a certain charm. This picture, which is called "A Lady and Child," has a gentle and appealing grace.



This quaint little boy with his riding whip is "Master Van Dieft" as painted by John Hoppner. Hoppner was one of the artists who followed rather closely in the footsteps of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He gained much of his fame by his brilliant coloring.

"We are all going to heaven," murmured Gainsborough, "and Van Dyck is of the party."

Gainsborough left behind him a whole studio full of landscapes which no one had wanted to buy. He had been the first great English painter to love and study the Dutch masters of landscape in the century before him, and to try to make an art of English landscape in imitation of them. During his great days in Bath and London, he kept the dear Suffolk lanes in his memory and went on painting the English countryside.

The Father of English Landscape Painting

So Gainsborough may be called the father of English landscape. The people of his own day did not know the fact, but in the next generation the great landscape painter Constable (kŭn'stā-b'l) saw the full value of Gainsborough's country scenes.

"The landscape of Gainsborough," wrote Constable, "is soothing, tender and affecting. The stillness of noon, twilight dews, and the pearls of morning are all to be found in the canvases of this most benevolent and kind-hearted man . . . on looking at them we find tears in our eyes and know not what brings them."

Constable knew just how lonely had been the Gainsborough who in a world of portraits could find no one to share his love of the countryside. But in another twenty years John Constable (1776-1837) was himself sketching in those same spots where Gainsborough had so often sat. There he felt the spirit of Gainsborough still, and there he perfected his own art until it became the inspiration of a new generation of modern landscape painters both in England and in France.

In the meantime, the British portrait school kept on flourishing through the eighteenth century and into the nineteenth. Besides the painters we have mentioned, it included such men as George Romney, John Hoppner and Sir Thomas Lawrence in London, and Sir Henry Raeburn (1756-1823) in Scotland. These were the painters that were dear to the court of George III. That monarch saw nothing to admire in the

work of Hogarth, and he saw still less in the very singular art of the singular man with whom we may close this story of English painting in the eighteenth century.

The Strange Art of William Blake

When George III was once shown some drawings by William Blake he turned aside in horror after one look and fairly screamed, "Take them away!"

Yet these strange drawings have come to seem very beautiful to many people in the world to-day. William Blake (1757-1827) lived and died almost unknown. He was the kind of solitary spirit that the world will never understand. A devoted wife and a few friends were all who ever sought him as a companion or knew what he was doing in art. In our own day, however, Blake has had a great revival, and he now occupies a position of fame both as a poet and as an artist.

How Blake Lived in Another World

Even as a boy William Blake began to see visions. He told his family how he had seen a flock of angels sitting in the boughs of a tree, and his father whipped him for talking such nonsense; but the boy kept right on seeing the visions because he could not help it, and the visions drew him farther and farther away from the everyday world around him into another world of his own dreams. That world is so difficult to understand that wise men of our own day are still wondering what Blake meant in his descriptions of it, whether in poetry or in paint. But most of the wise men have come to have a very great love for the strange poems and pictures.

If you will look at a drawing of Blake's, such as the one called "When the Morning Stars Sang Together," you will see what we mean by the words we have just been using. The picture is drawn in line with a wash of pale color. The figures are of human shape, and yet no one could say that they were well drawn, judging by any ordinary standards. And still the picture *sings*, for the strange figures fall into a pattern that is clear-cut and beautiful.

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Reading Unit

No. 23

A BRILLIANT PAINTER OF SPAIN

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

The wealth and glory of Spain were largely gone by Goya's day, 11-306

Why Goya loved to paint the lively Spanish country folk, 11-307

Why he was looked upon as a "terror" among painters, 11-308

How he compared no one, not even

the new royal family, 11-308
Goya respected only Rembrandt and Velasquez, 11-308

Only in his portraits of children was he more kindly, 11-309

How he did a famous series on the horrors of war, 11-309

Goya saw the passing of a great century and lived to be a force in the new one, 11-309

Things to Think About

What were the sights that made Goya scornful of Spanish life?

Why should he paint a royal family to look like that of a "dressed up grocer"?

How did he learn from Velasquez?

What circumstances inspired him to do his series on war?

Related Material

The weak rule of two kings, Charles III and Charles IV of Spain, 6-331-32

Napoleon warred brutally against Spain, 6-332

Story of the revolutionary juntas after Napoleon, 5 504

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When Spain's rule ended in America, 5-506

Spain profited from the slave trade, 5-448

Spain had some great writers, 13 73-80

The Spaniards made beautiful pottery, 12-56

Practical Applications

The works of Goya, especially his passionate treatment of such

subjects as war and poverty make a timely study to-day.

Summary Statement

Goya came late in the history of Spanish rule and could record

little but its decline.



Photo by Vernacci. Ma 1st 1

This painting is called simply "The Third of May, 1808." In it Goya has set down with merciless truth the ghastly massacre of citizens at the gates of Madrid by the invading French soldiers. He has spared us nothing—neither the cruel discipline of the soldiers

nor the unheroic and pitiful terror of their victims. Goya made also a whole set of etchings of the brutal scenes of war. It has been said that copies of this picture should be hung in every national capitol, as a warning to warlike rulers.

A BRILLIANT PAINTER *of* SPAIN

Like His Own Character, the Art of Goya Is Daring, Dashing, and Reckless, but Often Very True

SEARCHING for the greatest pictures in the world we have traveled through many a land in our many stories of the fine arts on preceding pages of these books. We began in a cave in Spain, many a thousand years ago. We came down through Egypt, Greece, and Rome, with various other ancient lands. Then we ranged through Italy and Flanders, France and Germany, Holland and Spain and England. Now we go back to Spain for a glance at the work of their latest master painter. This was the fiery genius Francisco Goya (gō'ya).

By the time when Goya began his long life (1746-1828), Spain was a very different place from the land of Velasquez (vā-las'-

kāth) and the monarchs he painted. The wealth and glory of Spain were largely gone. The Hapsburg rulers had been followed on the throne by the Bourbon kings. The strength and influence of the country had seen a long decline. By the time of Goya's death the French Revolution had swept over the world, and Napoleon had come and gone, making eventful history in Spain as everywhere else in Europe. It was in these conditions that Goya did his great work of showing in his pictures exactly what the life of Spain seemed to his eyes through all those exciting years.

The fine art of Velasquez had died with him, and with the older Spain. The Bourbon sovereigns sent abroad for painters to cele-



THE CARNIVAL BY G. G. G. G.

What could be more alive than this swirling, fantastic "Carnival" by Goya? There is often something a little

stiff and staring about Goya's figures, but it seems the stiffness only of tense, exciting life.

- brate their persons and their deeds. They brought in Tiepolo (tvā'pō-lō), the last of the Italian Baroque (bā-rōk') painters, and they called to their court a German portrait painter named Raphael Mengs (mēngks). It was under Mengs that Goya began

to paint portraits of the Spanish nobles.

This Goya was a wild young fellow. He had been a good deal of a scoundrel in his earlier days. As a farmer's son he had come up to the capital and had possibly taken up bullfighting. He had been wounded in a

street row and had fled to Italy; there he had had another row, and had hastened back home again. Yet somehow during these adventures he had found time to learn how to paint, and by the date when he was presented to the court painter Mengs, he was far more clever with his brush than was that worthy master.

He showed his skill in some designs for tapestries, made at the order of the king. In France at the same time Boucher (bōō'shā') was also designing tapestries, full of pink court ladies and gentlemen dressed up as shepherds and shepherdesses. But Goya's men and women are of a very different breed. They are real Spanish country folk, busy with their daily tasks and amusements — peasants dancing their native country dances, boys walking on stilts or climbing trees.

The colors are very bright, as befits the sunny land of Spain. There are spots of red and yellow and blue against a background of green, purple, deep orange, and blue. Above all, the designs are vigorously alive.

King Charles III had the good sense to like the work and to give Goya further orders. By the time when Charles IV came to the throne, that pudgy monarch had an established painter in his court who must have given him some uneasy hours. Just why this king kept on employing Goya is

a good deal of a mystery. For by this time Goya was a terror among painters. He had found his style, and it was a style that spared no one — least of all the King himself.

You can see what this means if you look at Goya's picture of the new royal family. A witty Frenchman said that the picture ought

to be called "The Grocer's Family after Winning the Big Lottery Prize." Certainly the group looks more like a grocer's family than a king's. The people look as if they had just come into money and were still ill at ease in the fine clothes that drape their ungainly attitudes.

The picture is a sort of sneer at royalty. Even a dull king might have seen it, and might have had the painter thrown out of the palace. But this king swallowed the taunt weakly. Possibly he liked the color the rose embroidery of his vest, the plum-colored velvet coat that

shone with his decorations, the Queen's blue silk and her jewels, all marvelously painted.

Goya had no respect for anyone except Rembrandt (rēm'brant) and Velasquez. From Rembrandt he learned the trick of sometimes wrapping his faces in soft shadows; from Velasquez he inherited the sparkling brilliance of his color and the habit of painting just what the eye sees. But in the main Goya went straight to Nature as his teacher, and not to other artists. And while



This is one of Goya's many portraits, that of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel, a celebrated beauty of Andalusia. Goya would not take any great pains with faces that did not interest him, but when he really tried he could make a striking and amazingly vital portrait which tells much about both sitter and artist.

THE HISTORY OF ART

the brush of Velasquez copied without comment what his eye saw, that of Goya could not help giving voice to his scorn of the things before his eye.

For instance, we may well compare a portrait of Philip IV by Velasquez with one of Queen Maria Luisa by Goya. In both paintings we see a spacious outdoor distance in the background. In that of Velasquez, however, the landscape sets off the stately horse and rider, while in Goya's work the horse and rider are hardly more than a black silhouette; the light behind draws attention to a stiff and ugly old lady with thin, curling lips and a shifting gaze.

It is no wonder that such a painter made many enemies, and did not seem to care how many he made. Certainly he did not mind telling the cruel truth as he saw it. Only in his portraits of children do we find him kindlier. Then he may give us some picture of a little boy in a bright red suit with large, dark eyes and a wise little face that is very appealing.

The brilliant art of Goya startled even Spain into some sort of recognition. An art that was so recklessly alive came as a great surprise to a decaying land. Even war and revolution could not kill it. Goya lived beyond the era of Napoleon to be an inspiration to the new art of France.

When Charles IV was bounced off the throne to make way for Joseph Bonaparte, Goya saw the change without any sorrow. He also saw the terrible days of fighting in Madrid when the French troops shot down the populace at the city gate. He painted a picture of the scene. In the background is

the ghostly city. On the right are the troops of Napoleon, with their eyes to their muskets, and to the left are the cringing, huddling Spaniards—some of them already fallen, others covering their faces in sickly terror, while one ghostly white figure faces the guns with hand outstretched and staring eyes.

In Goya's time a great century passed away and a greater one was born. The formal century we call the eighteenth made way for the rebellious one we call the nineteenth. At the time of the French Revolution, just before the nineteenth century began, there were vast stirrings of new freedom and of a return to nature in the

minds of men all over the Western world. All those violent stirrings make up what we call the Romantic Movement in art and thought. It profoundly affected all the arts; and in our next stories about the painters we shall find the deep influence of romanticism. All of them were trying to tell the truth in a new way.



Photo by Vernacci. Madrid

In this portrait from the brush of Goya himself we have a portrait of that fearless, truth-telling master as he looked to his own eyes. We may be sure that he did not flatter the sitter! This fine canvas hangs in the Prado, a gallery in Madrid which contains what is perhaps the finest collection of pictures in the world.

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Reading Unit No. 24

THE MASTERS OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How James Turner and John Constable caused a revolution in the arts, 11-311
Why Turner wanted to know exactly how things looked, 11-312
"The greatest of Nature's glories are light and color," said Turner, 11-312
Why a great battle raged in the world of art over Turner's ideas, 11-314
Why Constable, although a quiet

painter of quiet landscapes, was also a rebel, 11-315
How, in the 19th century, nature worship became the order of the day, 11-317
The "Pre-Raphaelites" were led by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a poet-painter who mixed romance with realism, 11-319
What happened when Ruskin and Whistler took an artistic battle to court, 11-320

Picture Hunt

What was it that set off Turner's two paintings on this page from others of his period? 11-313
Why is Constable's "The Hay Wain" a remarkably fine painting? 11-314
How does Rossetti's picture of

"The Annunciation" differ from all its predecessors? 11-317
What peculiar mixture of the old and the new do we find in the work of Burne-Jones? 11-318

Related Material

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Disraeli was a great premier, 12-440-41; and so was Gladstone, 12-442-43
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England, 6-86
The foolish war of 1812, 6-90-9.
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Romanticism in English literature was a powerful movement, 13-215, 218

Summary Statement

The peculiar soft charm of the English countryside had been almost completely overlooked as a subject for painting until it was

discovered by Turner and Constable and the men who followed them.



THE INTERIOR OF A STABLE

There were other excellent landscape artists working in England in the days of Turner and Constable, men whose stories we have not had time to tell. There was Richard Wilson (1713-1782), who shares with Gainsborough the honor of starting the British landscape school, there were John Crome (1768-1821) and Richard Bonington (1801-1828) and John Cotman (1782-1842), all of whom painted the English country-

side with loving brush. Our picture, called "The Interior of a Stable," is by George Morland (1763-1804). Morland loved nothing better than to paint animals, and was always including them in his landscapes and pictures of country life. He loved them so much that he taxed his purse to keep saddle horses, and at one time had a menagerie of pets including anything from foxes to dormice. This picture is perhaps his best.

The MASTERS of LANDSCAPE PAINTING

This Is the Story of Turner and Constable, Together with Certain Other Great British Artists

JUST as the American Revolution was breaking out across the sea there were born in England two men who were to start another revolution, though a much quieter one. These two men were Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851) and John Constable (1776-1837), and the revolution they were destined to start was in the realm of the painting of pictures. They were to be leaders in the movement to bring back the glory of color.

The two men were very different, and they did not stand together for any recognized

new school. Yet, each in his own way, they went to the same master, Nature, just as Wordsworth and the other poets were doing in that generation. And, each in his own way, they helped to put the new king, Color, on the throne.

When he was fourteen Turner enrolled as a student of the Academy under the great leader of the old eighteenth century school, Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the year he picked to enroll under this conservative teacher was as revolutionary as the one he picked to be born in—it was 1789, the year of the French

Revolution. Not that Turner really "picked" either of these dates; but they seem surprisingly appropriate for such a revolutionary painter!

How Turner Studied the Outdoors

The clever lad had already studied under seven other masters. At fifteen he was showing his own pictures at the Royal Academy. At nineteen he had a studio of his own. But perhaps the best of his training he gained by simply traveling all over Europe, walking most of the time with his luggage on his back—and all the time, everywhere, looking at the things about him.

They tell amusing stories of how hard he looked at things. Once on a boat at sea he had himself lashed to the mast for four hours during a storm, so that he could observe the wind and waters in all their fury. Another time a friend came upon "a little Jewish-nosed man in an ill-cut brown tail coat, striped waistcoat, and enormous frilled shirt, with feet and hands notably small," squatting on the sand and peering into the water. This little man was so absorbed that he crouched there for a full half-hour without moving, and Turner's friend was beginning to wonder who the lunatic could be. Then suddenly the little man straightened up and his friend saw it was Turner!

And all this passionate study of how things actually look Turner used to make fiery visions of the world of outdoors.

Turner's Formative Years

He was fascinated by sunlight. In that he is like the seventeenth century French painter Claude Lorrain (klōd lô'rāN'). In fact he got his ideas of sunlight from Claude Lorrain in the first place, and was not happy until he had far outdistanced the earlier painter in riotous effects. We say "riotous" because Turner had none of Claude Lorrain's love of dreaming quietly in the serenity of nature. To Turner nature is thrilling and often terrible, and most of all enormously vast—so vast that man himself is entirely lost in its splendor.

He worked his problem and his program out for himself. For he was a strange, solitary soul who could not bear to let any-

one in on the secrets of his work. Even after he made money he lived poorly, hiding away in shabby quarters. When he painted out of doors he would place his easel near a ditch so that if anyone came along he could scramble into it and lie flat where no one could see him.

Yet he was not too proud and solitary to study the great painters who had gone before him. He went to Italy and pored over the glowing color of Titian (tī'shān). He went to Holland and studied the Dutch landscape painters and Rembrandt (rēm'-brant). He studied Claude Lorrain and Poussin (pōō'sāN'), Rubens (rōō'lēnz), and the English landscape painters Wilson and Gainsborough (gānz'b'rō). Some of his earlier paintings show the results of this study and are not particularly revolutionary. His "Calais Pier," for instance, is rather like the solid landscapes of the Dutch.

What a Great Artist Had to Say

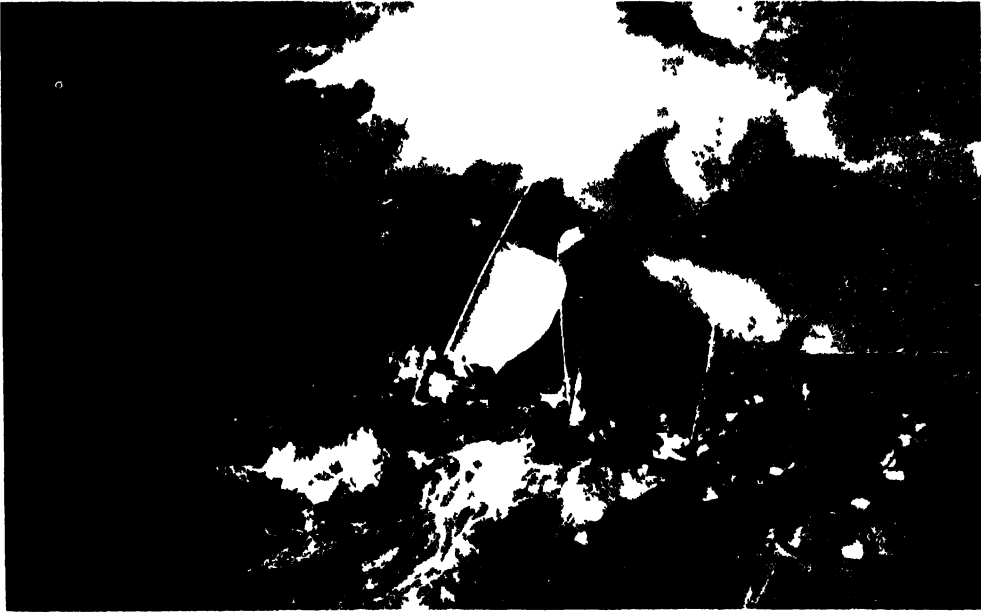
But Turner had something of his own to say, and in time he learned to say it. What he wanted to say was something like this: Nature is overwhelmingly glorious, and the greatest of her glories are light and color.

He tried saying it in water-color sketches. With water color he could splash in colors in bright flat spots. He made the most brilliant and dizzy combinations. They have what he wanted to get—the flare and fire of outdoor sunlight.

Then he put it into oil paintings. Consider the famous painting called "The Fighting Téméraire." Against a scarlet and gold sunset, with the moon just rising above the horizon, an old-fashioned wooden war-ship is being towed along by an efficient, puffing tug. It is the end of the day, and the end of the brave, outworn old man-of-war. The "Téméraire" is being towed to the wrecking yards to be broken up. The glory of the sunset says good-by.

Even when he is supposed to be painting people, Turner finds himself painting, instead, a blaze of nature's color and light. Both he and the painter Benjamin West, who was at the time president of the Academy, painted a "Death of Nelson." West emphasized the people, as one might expect

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11 16 13 7 2 1 4 5

On this page are prints of two of the famous paintings by Turner about which we have told in this story. The one above is "Calais Pier," painted in 1803, when Turner was still a young man. Already he has fallen

in love with the sea and the ships that sail it, and has learned to paint them magnificently. So far, however, he has not worked out any startlingly new way of painting them, as he was to do later.



This famous picture, "The Fighting Temeraire," was painted half a lifetime later, in 1839, when Turner had found his own revolutionary way of working. Unluckily, we shall have to use our imagination for the flare of sunset gold and scarlet, and for all the color and

glow which is Turner's peculiar language. But the lights and shadows of the print will help us imagine it, and we can feel how much of the picture is sky and water, how the whole meaning of it is written in the color and light of sea and cloud.



Photo by National Gallery

Could anything be more quietly beautiful than this painting of "The Hay Wain," by Constable? Even without the color which caused such excitement in 1819, it is a pure joy to the eye. The lights and

shadows, the masses of cottage, wagon, and trees, are so perfectly balanced that we keep returning to look again. And does not the peaceful scene make you want to start right off for Constable's beloved Suffolk?

from the subject. Turner's picture is a new kind of history—blazing color, a forest of tall masts and great torn sails—everywhere the waters of the sea or the fiery mist of the sky. Nelson is only a speck. And yet the whole picture tells its tale of death and glory better than the stiffly posed people of West.

A Language in Color

As he grew and developed in his art, Turner scarcely painted people at all. Indeed the time came when he scarcely painted things even. His only language came more and more to be color. He did not even write or speak much, and when he did speak he stumbled over his words as though they were too clumsy to express his swift thoughts. In his painting he cast figures and objects aside and ended in a wild swirl of color and a blare of light. A picture of a locomotive is all speed and smoke and flaring lights and foggy atmosphere. Picture after picture shows the flaming majesty of light over

water. One whole painting is nothing but the leaping flashes of "Rockets and Blue Lights."

The young English critic John Ruskin was carried away by these brilliant visions, and when older and more conservative critics attacked Turner, Ruskin flew to his defense. And being a little wild in his praises and very eloquent, Ruskin started a battle royal that raged in the world of art for many years. It was long before you could mention Turner without starting a shower of sparks as fiery as his own paintings. Even painters who learned much from Turner notably the American, Whistler—sometimes attacked him violently.

How Turner Brought Back the Glory of Color

But whether they liked him or not, they did learn from him, and Turner became a great landmark in modern art. For color is one of the battle cries of modern art. Since the days of Rubens (rōō'bēnz) and Velasquez



THE GLOBE, 1913, 1917

Another of Constable's best-loved landscapes shows "Salisbury Cathedral." The beautiful old church with its soaring Gothic spire is set in a frame of trees and cloud. As in "The Hay Wain," every line and mass is exactly *right*, and the effect of the whole is to

breathe the very spirit of the peaceful scene. Not only the clouds and trees, but the grazing cows and glimmering pool speak of country peace in the present, and the cathedral itself, in its stately grandeur, speaks of the glories of England's past.

(vā-las'kāth) artists had been a little afraid of color until Turner came. No man did more to bring back the glory of color than he.

Constable's Part in Modern Art

But there was another Englishman who probably did just as much as Turner to point out to modern art the way it was to go. This was our other revolutionary artist, John Constable (kūn'stā-b'l). It is very hard to think of that quiet painter of quiet landscapes as a rebel; but a rebel he was.

Constable was a miller's son, and lived all his life in the Suffolk country where Gainsborough also had lived as a boy. He was a country boy, and all his life he kept his country eyes. He knew his country scenes at first hand. Nature was an old friend of his, and remained his best teacher. To be sure, he had the greatest respect for other artists. He learned from Rubens, Claude

Lorrain, Rembrandt, Hobbema. Yet he himself said, "When I sit down to make a sketch from nature, the first thing I do is to forget that I have ever seen a picture."

If he had not felt that way about it, he could never have painted such a picture as, for instance, his famous "Hay Wain." If you can get hold of a color print of this picture, or some other of Constable's landscapes, you will be able to understand much better what Constable did for modern painting. For he began the modern use of color as the chief means of composition. Yet even a black-and-white reproduction shows many things. It will show us a glimpse of England—not just some painter's arrangement of trees and water and house to make a pretty scene that looks a bit like English country—but the real English country come to life on canvas.

"The Hay Wain" will serve once more as

an excellent example. It is beautifully composed, with the dark mass of trees balancing the hay cart and the open sky. But we are not conscious of composition. It all seems to *belong*. The wagon and the horses belong. The picture would be crooked without them. "A picture is like a sum in arithmetic," Constable used to say. "It is wrong if you take away or add anything to it." So in this picture there is a *rightness*, a welcome solidity and peace and sense of well-being.

Now none of this sounds at all revolutionary. And in fact if it had not been for Constable's use of color people even in his day would not have been shocked at his pictures. But critics in the early 1800's were, as we said before, afraid of color and light. And Constable's hay wagon is bathed in the vibrating warmth of high noon when the sun-shiny air shimmers with light. And he caught the vivid colors of nature so well that outraged conservatives talked about a "sponge soaked in color and thrown at the canvas," while at the same time excited French radicals rose up to champion and imitate him.

Such a lot of excitement to come from one quiet English miller's son! Constable thought so too. His life is an amusing contrast to the furor raised by his art. His only aim was to paint the truth.

He started out helping his father with the mill and quietly sketching in his spare time. His father had a countryman's distrust of artists and did not encourage his son. But painting for Constable was just another word

for feeling. He could not help doing it. So he went ahead with his art, patiently making whatever sacrifice was necessary. He had to wait years to marry the girl he loved because her father, like his own, disapproved of artists. But Constable did not give up; he waited. And when he had won his wife at last, her intelligence and sympathy stood guard over him as he studied Claude Lorrain and Gainsborough and Rubens and Ruisdael (*rois'-dal*) until finally, after fifteen years of work, he had won through to his own style.

This style of his, as we have already seen, grows first of all out of love of nature. The nature Constable loved was not tumultuous and blazing and terrible like Turner's nature, but drenched with the peace and charm and quiet beauty of rural England. He wanted above all things to put on canvas the lush color of English trees, the cool wetness of brooks, the majesty of clouds. He so much wanted to do these things that he found a way to accomplish it.

He could never have found it if grass and trees and sunny brooks had not seemed to him tremendously important. To hurt and destroy a tree seemed to him like murdering a graceful girl. One day in a lecture to his art classes

he held up a sketch of a tree and said: "Many of my Hampshire friends may remember this young lady at the entrance to the village. Her fate was distressing, for it is scarcely too much to say that she died of a broken heart. I made this drawing



Photo by Heschmar

This is a strange symbolical picture by Holman Hunt; it is called "The Light of the World." You will notice that, like a true Pre-Raphaelite, Hunt has put in all the tiny, decorative details - the delicate leaves of tree and plant, the wrought work of the clasp on Christ's robe. He took immense pains also to study and set down the mingling streams of light from lantern, sky, and halo. Yet how strange and other-worldly is the effect he has produced! This is no realistic Christ who was a man upon earth among other men, but a mystic Christ who holds the lantern of love and knowledge to light the world, and knocks at a closed door standing for mankind, who do not want the light.

when she was in full health and beauty. On passing sometime afterwards I saw to my grief that a wretched board had been nailed to her side on which was written in large letters, 'All vagrants and beggars will be dealt with according to law.' The tree seemed to have felt the disgrace for even then some of the top branches had withered. Two long spike nails had been driven far into her side. In another year one half became paralyzed, and not long after, the other shared the same fate and this beautiful creature was cut down to a stump just high enough to hold the board."

All this about a tree! Michelangelo (mī'kēl-ā-n'jē-lo), if he could have heard this lecture, would have said that the good man was crazy. But Constable was not crazy. He merely lived in the nineteenth century instead of the sixteenth, when nature worship was becoming the order of the day. And he loved nature even more than others, and out of his love he

fashioned a new art of landscape painting.

He discovered, for one thing, that grass is green. As if, you say, no one had ever known that before! Of course some people had known it. Leonardo da Vinci (lā'ō-nar'dō

da vēm'chē), away back in 1500, had known all about grass and how it changes into different colors in the shimmer of sunlight. But Leonardo was not interested in painting

grass; it did not seem particularly important to him. And as for the painters of Constable's own time, they had fallen into the habit of painting grass brown.

And now here was Constable painting it bright green! When "The Hay Wain" was first exhibited, in 1819, a great clamor arose about that bright green grass. Constable patiently took an old brown violin and a sample of his green paint and laid them both on the grass. "Now you see," he said quietly. "Grass is the color I painted it." And people were actually surprised to see that he was right.

But even so it took them a long time to get used to these realistic colors. When Constable painted a rainy landscape they cried out that it was so wet you needed an overcoat and umbrella to look at it. Even an



Photo by National Gallery

Here is another Pre-Raphaelite religious picture "The Annunciation," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. How different it is from the medieval pictures of the same subject! Instead of putting Mary and the Angel in some Gothic chapel built long after Mary's time, Rossetti has put them in a simple interior not very different from the sort of house Mary might really have lived in. And how simply human this girl is as she listens in awe and a sort of terror to the heavenly message! Yet for all its realism this picture is a little too sweet to be strong. That was one of the great faults of the Pre-Raphaelites; it has made their pictures lose popularity with critics of our generation, who so dislike anything sentimental.

historical picture becomes in Constable's hands a gay pattern of natural colors. For instance there is his picture of people celebrating the victory over Napoleon at Waterloo. They are hanging a dummy of the



Photo by Itzhigitz

Burne-Jones, who painted this picture, carried the work of the Pre-Raphaelites fairly far away from the realities of life. Such a painting as this of "The Wine of Circe" is clearly a made-up pattern. The enchantress, strangely tall, leans with a theatrical gesture over the very decorative panthers—beasts who are really men, you remember, and now lift threatening

eyes to her as she prepares her witch's wine for other victims. All the details are romantic—the antique vases, the glimpse of galleys on the sea, the serpents on Circe's chair and staff. Burne-Jones loved to illustrate old stories like this, whether of religion or literature. At their best these pictures are at least magnificent decorations.

fallen emperor. But Constable is much less interested in the excitement of the people than in the dazzling patches of sunlight playing over them.

The Thin Ranks of the Rebel Painters

So Constable too raised the new battle cry. But it was across the channel in France that it resounded most loudly, and there the most important art history of the century, after Turner and Constable, was to be written. At home, alas, the rebel leaders found few followers, and the ranks of the revolution remained pitifully thin. A group of water-color painters arose who treated color in the new way. But oil painting stuck pretty closely to the "grand style" of the past.

The painting of portraits and historical pictures went on in much the same way. Benjamin Haydon followed in the footsteps

of Sir Thomas Lawrence. He painted the Duke of Wellington in 1839 in the good old style. When in 1852 the Duke died, they built him a splendid tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral. A man named Alfred Gilbert designed it, it is a great, heavy affair in the old, "classic" manner.

How Realism Began

About that time, in France, Gustave Courbet (gu's'täv' kōor'bě') was making a big and important noise about "realism"—painting things as they really were instead of idealizing them. In England this movement took a very different turn. It got itself all mixed up with a love for the Middle Ages and for Shakespeare, and with other romantic things of much the same sort. But it kept its delight in painting exactly and faithfully every detail in a picture, no matter how small.



Photo by Victoria & Albert Museum

A very popular English artist of the 1800's was Sir Edwin Landseer, who painted this picture called "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner." Landseer (1802-1873) won his whole fame painting animals,

especially dogs. Some of his dog pictures are humorous, but others, like this one, are full of pathetic sentiment. A lonely old shepherd lies in his coffin, and no one grieves for him so much as does this faithful dog.

This group of painters called themselves the Pre-Raphaelite (prē-rāf'ā-ēl-īt) Brotherhood, because they wanted to go back to the kind of art that flourished before Raphael. It seemed to them that the best day of art had been those days of the early Italian Renaissance (rēn'ē-sōNs'), before artists had begun to copy other artists instead of nature. Above all things, they detested the cold, ideal pictures of the classic school. Whether they were painting the portrait of a living person or some scene from one of Shakespeare's plays, they must have nothing vague or generalized about it; each detail must be lifelike.

Living Models for the Pre-Raphaelites

Therefore they worked always from living models—and you may be sure it was not always easy to pose in some of the attitudes they demanded! When one of them wanted

to paint Ophelia drowning herself in a brook, nothing would do but that the poor model should really lie down in shallow water and let her long hair float out on the stream! Since all these men were poor they were always painting one another and one another's wives. It was the girl who married their leader, the poet-painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882), who had to lie down in the stream. Her beautiful, still face and glorious red hair so fascinated Rossetti (rō-sēt'ē) that he painted and sketched her again and again and again.

Rossetti and the other Pre-Raphaelites, such as Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais (mī-lā'), were so eager to follow their living models—to make people see that art belonged to everyday life—that they often cluttered up their pictures with little things. They were so busy making their details correct and honest that they did not always

remember to make the paintings look well as a whole. Their ideas are too often lost in a jumble of carefully painted furniture and flowers.

Mixing Realism and Romance

Since people have a habit of thinking of "realism" and "romance" as opposite things, it may not be very easy to understand how these Pre-Raphaelites could be so realistic and at the same time as romantic as they certainly were. The truth is that their realism was largely this love of truthful detail of which we have been speaking. They were often very romantic in their choice of subject. Holman Hunt, for instance, painted several religious pictures, the most famous of which is a symbolic painting called "The Light of the World"; in it the figure of Christ, holding a lantern and knocking at a fast-closed door, is the center of a strange, unearthly light. Rossetti's pictures, like his poems, when they are not mere sketches of his wife, are likely to show her or some other member of the group in the costume of some far-off, romantic day.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1898) carried on Rossetti's dreams. Burne-Jones' pictures are full of fair, medieval-looking maidens, unnaturally tall, seeming as if they came out of some world of lovely dream. Some of his best work is in stained glass.

What the Pre-Raphaelites Did for Art

This work of Burne-Jones in stained glass brings us to speak of what was perhaps the finest thing the Pre-Raphaelites and their followers did for modern art. They wrought a great revival in all sorts of art forms and handicrafts that had fallen into neglect with the coming of modern machinery. If you read in these books the stories about tapestry, stained glass, fine furniture, fine books, you will find in every one of them a tribute to a man whose name is always linked with those of the Pre-Raphaelites, though he was not one of the original brotherhood. That man is William Morris (1834-1896).

But though William Morris was a poet and a critic and a printer and a reviver of forgotten arts, he was not a painter, and we

must not pause to talk about him here. We must stick to the painters. And of the Pre-Raphaelite painters there is this one more thing to be said: they were always very busy trying to tell a story. Almost all their pictures are story-pictures, meant to illustrate some well-known tale or possibly to suggest a tale of their own.

Whistler's War-of-Words

Some people thought that these painters were trying so hard to be story tellers that they were forgetting to be artists. The noisiest of those who thought this was James Abbott McNeill Whistler, an American painter living in England. Whistler had studied Courbet and Manet (má'ně') in France and those wonderful Japanese prints which had excited the French artists. And he felt so strongly that painting is an art by itself, having nothing to do with story-telling, that he called one picture just "A Harmony in Gray and Green." It is a portrait, and a lovely one; but first of all it is a work of art.

Whistler started a war-of-words about this matter. Ruskin, who had championed Turner in his youth, and befriended the Pre-Raphaelites in his later years, did not like Whistler at all. He said Whistler had "flung a pot of paint in the face of the public." It sounded to Whistler like an insult, and he did not see why artists should have to stand insults any more than other people. So, in his impetuous way, he brought suit against Ruskin.

It was a stormy trial. It is not possible to define art as if it were a kind of arithmetic that worked by rules; so it was very difficult to decide whether what Ruskin had said was justified or not. They brought in Whistler's picture of "Old Battersea Bridge" as evidence. Whistler, who had studied Japanese prints, had made a pattern of the bridge and the boat and the shore. Ruskin thought it clumsy, and said so. Whistler was furious. He tried to explain what he had been trying to do—what art seemed to him to be about. He was trying, he said, "to bring about a certain harmony of color."

Once more the war cry of color!

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit No. 25

THE "ROMANTIC" PAINTERS OF FRANCE

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For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

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- Why did Ingres say, "Drawing is everything, color nothing"?
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Picture Hunt

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Summary Statement

- The color and feeling, even the sentimentality, of the "romantics" was part of the longing for freedom in all things that followed the French Revolution.



Photo by the Louvre

This is the famous painting, Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa," that made such a sensation when it was exhibited in the Salon of 1819. People were shocked because they were not used to having the horrors of everyday life appear in art. Imagine how revolted

they must have been to learn that sick people in the hospitals and even corpses had served as models for the gaunt, stricken figures on the raft, and that the central figure was a study of one of Géricault's friends who had an attack of jaundice!

The "ROMANTIC" PAINTERS of FRANCE

This Is the Story of Art among the French after Their Great Revolution, Which Made Over So Many Things in the Modern World

SIRRING things were happening among the artists of France in the years between 1820 and 1848. It was a time of new ideas, of rebellions, of violent excitement over what people ought to paint and how they ought to paint it. And in the midst of the turmoil Italy lost her ancient place as the leader in art, and England lost her chance to step into the breach. The leadership was slowly passing to France; and there it has ever since remained.

Yet it was partly from the English pioneers Turner and Constable that the young French rebels caught fire. In the same year (1819)

that Constable first exhibited his "Hay Wain" the picture whose realistically green grass so shocked people—a young Frenchman named Géricault (zhā'īē'kō') came over to England. He brought with him a painting that had made quite a stir in Paris, and in 1820 he exhibited it in England. This picture, which is called "The Raft of the Medusa," is as realistic as Constable and not nearly so pleasant.

Indeed it is a terrible picture; and its terror is not of something that happened long ages ago and now no longer seems quite real but of an all-too-real shipwreck about which people were still talking.



fiery Arab steeds, oriental luxury, famine, twisting bodies, death these are some of the things that Delacroix loved to paint because they were things that stirred his emotions. To us to-day his "Massacre at Chios" seems exaggerated. It is as though the

Géricault had visited the survivors of the wreck of the "Medusa" in hospitals, and had got the ship's carpenter, who was one of them, to make him a model of the raft on which they had drifted waiting for rescue. Géricault knew that these poor outcasts had drifted about for twelve mortal days, gnawn by hunger and lashed by wind and sea, before they were picked up. He had chosen

artist were showing off. And of course he was, to a certain extent, for in his day there was a great battle on between the Romanticists and the Classicists and Delacroix felt that he must be sensational to win the day for the Romantics.

for his picture the moment when they sighted the rescue ship. And he had put into his picture as much of their suffering and terror and agonizing hope as he could get on canvas.

People found it shocking. They were used enough to the far-away, ideal sufferings of Brutus or some other person safely locked in the past. But this picture of the fearful

things that happen around us every day—!

So people were shocked at Constable and shocked at Géricault. But as it happened, neither of them was to be in the midst of the angry excitement they caused. For when it came to a head over in France in 1824, Constable was at home in Suffolk, England, calmly painting as usual; and Géricault was dead.

But suppose that we pretend to be ordinary citizens of Paris, headed unsuspectingly for the opening of that very famous Salon (sà'lōN')—or art exhibition of the French Academy—of 1824. Only we are very lucky ordinary citizens, for we shall imagine that we are to be shown through the galleries by the great Spanish painter Goya (gō'y.i). Goya really was in Paris about this time, and since he knew more than a little about art, it will be amusing to imagine that he deigned to explain things to us. At least this is what he thought and *might* have said, even if he did not say it.

WE. What a crowd! How are we to see anything over all these heads? Ah, here's a fine picture—"The Duke of Richelieu," by Sir Thomas Lawrence. An Englishman, I suppose.

What Goya Might Have Said

GOYA. President of the Royal Academy, in fact. He's a great favorite of royalty and gets the most frightful prices for his pictures. He's painted practically every king and prince in Europe, not to mention the Duke of Wellington who has just got rid of your precious Napoleon.

WE. Don't talk that way, M. Goya.

We all of us are loyal subjects of the King.

GOYA. Oh, very well. I painted Wellington myself in Spain, before he was a duke. They're all alike, I tell you. Royalty is done for.

WE. What do you mean? You must be careful what you say! We'll be arrested if

you don't look out. Let's talk about pictures quickly. This is a very fine portrait of Lawrence's anyway.

GOYA. Fine too fine! That's done for, too. It's too easy to make people handsome and dashing. Lawrence is out of date now. You should see one of my portraits.

WE. Heaven forbid! You make such frights of people, M. Goya.

GOYA. Well. Look at this then. This will make your hair stand on end.

WE. How dreadful! How shocking! What is it? "Massacre at Chios" How can people paint such ghastly scenes? Who ever heard of Chios (kī'ōs) anyway?

GOYA. Lots of people nowadays. All the young ones are getting excited about Greece. They're all going to be running out and freeing the Greeks from the Turks. This is a picture of Turkish atrocities, you see.

WE. Yes, it makes me shiver.

GOYA. Well, don't look at the people then. Look at the color. Look at that red and that deep blue-green. Color is coming back into painting.

WE. Garish, I call it.

GOYA. Call it whatever you like. I'm just telling you that this is the art that's going to win out—youth and romance and excitement.



Photo by the Louvre

This beautiful portrait is "Madame Rivière," by Ingres. Ingres was a marvelous draughtsman but he was never a master of color. Some of his work looks as though it had been drawn very carefully and then filled in with colors as you and I might fill in the colors in a picture book. Delacroix said of him that he was a "Chinese lost in Athens." He was thinking of Ingres's flowing, rhythmical lines—which do seem to be like Chinese painting.



FIGURE 1. *Pauline Bonaparte as Venus*, by Canova, Rome

Canova made this statue of Pauline Bonaparte playing the part of Venus. This Italian sculptor was one of a group of artists who thought that the only art

was the antique and who, consequently, would do nothing but imitate it. Our story will tell you what influence they had upon the painter Ingres.

WE. Don't talk nonsense. This picture is no better than a poster. It won't last ten years.

GOYA. You'll see. Delacroix (dē-lā'-krwá'), who painted it, is a man you're going to hear about whether you like it or not. He's a friend of mine, besides. But come on. . . .

How Ingres Painted

WE. Well, this is better. "The Oath of Louis XIII." I don't know what it's about, but it's stately at least. And there are no horrors and no giddy color. Who is this Ingres (āN'gr)?

GOYA. He's another new one. Just back from the Academy at Rome. Can't quite make him out. Delacroix says he's one of them—one of the Romantics—and the old die-hards at the Royal Academy, who are under David's thumb, say he's one of *them*. He can draw at any rate. But he can't color.

WE. Here, this is pretty. "The Park at Versailles," by Bonington—another Englishman, I suppose. Rather sketchy, isn't it?

GOYA. Yes, Bonington is one of those clever English painters of water color. There's a whole group of them who do lively sketchy things in splashy color. Bonington is a great friend of Delacroix's.

WE. Delacroix, Delacroix! Why do you keep repeating his name? I, for one, am tired of hearing it.

GOYA. You'll be more tired before you're through. Here's a picture that Delacroix is tremendously excited about. Bonington had it sent over from England. It's by another Englishman, John Constable.

WE. "The Hay Wain." How can one get excited about a hay wagon? But what is all this muddle of paint in front here?

GOYA. That, my dear sir, is grass.

WE. Grass! All I can see is a lot of patches of green—light green and darker green and yellow—just a lot of patches of paint.

GOYA. Ah, that's the point. Stand back a little farther. Now do you see the shimmer, the brightness of sunshine on real outdoor grass?—not studio grass, but real outdoor *green* grass?

WE. I assure you I don't see anything.

The man is crazy. He took a sponge and soaked it in paint and threw it at the canvas. Outdoor grass indeed!

GOYA. If he took a sponge and soaked it in paint and threw it at you it wouldn't do you any harm. I tell you this is something new.

—Goya was never noted for politeness, and he is an old man now, nearly eighty, and tired; so we ought to excuse his language. But we begin to whimper—

WE. I'm sure I don't see why you are so rude. Oh, for heaven's sake who or what is *that*? Not a picture—that man over there with the long hair like a girl's—and such strange clothes! An artist, I suppose.

GOYA. Well, yes; only a writer this time. He's one of the new crowd too. A critic. One of the Romantics. Name of Gautier (gō'tyā'). He's another one who's out to shock people like you. This Romanticism has no use for ordinary, dull people like you who come home promptly for meals and wear the same clothes that everybody else wears.

The Battle Cry of "Color and Excitement!"

WE. What is this Romanticism you keep talking about?

GOYA. Romanticism? Ah. . . So you don't know what it means to be romantic. You wouldn't. But you can see for yourself. These youngsters are out to break all the old rules. They intend to dress—and paint—as they please. They say the rules

are dead anyway. They are alive—oh, very much alive. They like color. They like excitement. The more stupid remarks you make about their pictures the better they will be pleased. They want to be talked about.

WE. Now you're as crazy as the rest of them. I don't know what's got into you. I haven't understood a thing you've said all the afternoon. And you've made us look at wild pictures instead of at these pretty ones over here.

GOYA. Rubbish. Come on home. I want some tea.

That was the Salon of 1824, and Goya much as he might have talked. Constable—or rather Constable's painting, for Constable himself was a gentle soul who never took part in rows. Constable's painting, then, though hardly noticed in England, was like a charge of dynamite in France. It got mixed up in a battle between the old art of David (dā'vēd') and the new art of Delacroix. The battle cry of the new art was "Color and excitement!" The color had been championed also in England, by Turner and Constable. The excitement belonged peculiarly to these young French Romantics.

As was clear from some of the things Goya said to us just now, the new battle of art was mixed up with the battle of everything else which these young enthusiasts were carrying against all that was solid and accepted and dull. They had been brought up to the sound of Napoleon's cannon and



Photo by the Louvre

Not all Corot's paintings are landscapes. Above is his "Young Girl with Pearl Earrings," a painting which reminds us of the Dutch painter Vermeer, whom Corot admired.



Photo by the Louvre

Corot's landscapes are not especially varied; one may be only a little different from the next, and the theme is often the same—a grassy glade, clusters of graceful trees with the light sifting through their feathery foliage. Sometimes the trees frame a shimmering lake, and almost always there are fanciful figures vaguely seen, as though the artist had half closed his

eyes. The most feathery and indistinct of his trees belong to the middle part of his life, when the artist was interested in the vague sort of foliage a camera turns out. His paintings took on the misty gray coloring of a photograph. In those days the camera was a new and fascinating invention. People tried to imitate it. Above is Corot's "Morning."

could not live without excitement. Theophile Gautier had to wear a yellow waistcoat and pearl gray trousers and long flowing hair just to show how different he was from ordinary people.

Two Leaders in the Battle

In art the battle quickly formed itself under two leaders whom we met at the Salon of 1824, Delacroix and Ingres. You remember that at that time the young Romantics thought that Ingres was on their side, but he soon showed that he meant, on the contrary, to take David's place as leader of the Academy painters.

In 1824 Dominique Ingres (1780-1867) had just come back from Rome. Now Rome in the early nineteenth century was full of artists who did not believe in excitement at all. There were Germans, Danes, Russians,

English, French, and of course Italians working there, and every one of them was copying something.

First of all they copied the antique, the art of ancient Rome. Of this group Canova (ka-nō'va), the Italian who did Pauline Bonaparte's statue, and Thorvaldsen, a Dane, were the leaders. For them there was no art outside the antique. Thorvaldsen (tôr'vål-sën) was born in 1770, but he did not come to Rome until 1797; so he loved to say, "I was born March 8, 1707, the day I arrived in Rome. Until then I did not exist."

A School of Imitators

Then there were others, among the Germans particularly, who were followers of the early Italian painters like Fra Angelico (frä ä'n-jël'ë-kō). They even lived the life

of monks in order to be as much like their adored master as possible.

Into the midst of all these imitators came Dominique Ingres. He was at first fascinated by the early Italians, in particular Giotto (jōt'tō), whom he said he copied "on his knees."

Then he was won by Raphael and the fine drawing of the Florentines. He took to drawing portraits to earn a little money on the side. They were wonderful sketches with lines as clear and sharp as a knife. But they had little color, and what they did have was pale and lifeless. "Drawing is everything," said Ingres, "color is nothing."

But to the Romantics color was very nearly everything. So you can imagine that when the Romantics heard this saying of Ingres, they knew that after all he was not one of them. What happened was that when David died

Ingres became the leader of the Academy painters, arch foes of Romanticism. In 1834 he went back to Rome as head of the Rome Academy.

Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863), who thus became Ingres' chief artistic foe, did not go to Rome at all. Instead he went to England and to Morocco and to Spain and learned new things he would never have learned at

Rome. He was a great friend of Géricault, who painted the "Raft of Medusa." When Géricault died young, Delacroix carried on his work.

Delacroix drank in all the things that the art of the Academy ruled out life and excitement and color. Then in the Salon of 1824 he saw Constable's "Hay Wain." Here was something new in color, new shimmer and brilliance. He painted over the whole background of his "Massacre of Chios" after studying Constable's work. Later he went down to Morocco, where the sun is bright and no one is afraid of strong color. He went also to Spain and saw the work of Goya and Velasquez (vā-l. s'kāth). He studied and studied.

Being a Romantic, he painted the sort of pictures the Romantics loved: a scene out of Sir Walter Scott's

"Ivanhoe," a picture of the "Crusaders in Constantinople." In reply to Ingres, who said that "color is nothing," he said, "Gray is the enemy of all painting."

So the battle was fairly joined. People said of Delacroix that he was a savage and a maniac, that he did not know how to draw, that he painted with a "drunken broom." It was a war of abuse. Ingres



Photo by Boston Museum of Fine Arts

Virgil and Dante are about to leave behind them the sunshine of the upper world and to pass into the realm of shadows where daylight dares not enter. Anyone else painting the entrance to the Inferno might have shown us a gloomy cave or piles of barren rocks, but Corot saw in it a chance to repeat his favorite theme — an open, lighted space surrounded by shadowy trees with feathery leaves.



Jean François Millet loved to paint the humble peasants toiling in the fields. His peasants are not like our present day farmers, they are the peasants of Old France who, closer to the soil, work from sunrise till

sunset. Millet did not paint them as individuals. In this group of "Gleaners" he would like to have you see all the peasants who ever sowed or gleaned. Notice the rhythmical movement of his figures.

and the Academy repeatedly refused Delacroix's request to be made a member.

Delacroix stood it magnificently. In spite of the fact that he was a leader of wild young men who wore long hair and yellow waistcoats, he was himself a fine gentleman and a man of the world. And he was a clear and convincing writer. As a matter of fact the Romantics had most of the best talent on their side: not only artists but novelists, poets, and critics. And in the Revolution of 1830 they won a great political victory, driving out the Bourbon king. In that year of tumult Delacroix painted a picture called 'Liberty Guiding the People.' It is full of the surge of battle and the wild enthusiasm of 'Young France,' those romantic young people who saw themselves freeing their country—as well as their art—from tyranny.

But as it turned out, the Revolution of 1830 was not after all so very radical. Hav-

ing driven out the Bourbon king, the French called in a distant relative of his, an amiable duke who was supposed to be very democratic. So during the rest of the time of which we are now speaking—until the Revolution of 1848—the battles of politics and of art were carried on under the rule of the middle class king, Louis Philippe (lōō e' telep'). During this eighteen years there arose three friends and admirers of Delacroix whose names have become perhaps even better known than his own. They were Camille Corot (ka'mel' kō'rō'), Honoré Daumier (ō'nō'ia' dō'myā'), and Antoine Barye (ō'n' twan' ba're').

Corot's Love of the Outdoors

Corot (1796-1875) was a French Constable—a good and gentle soul who loved quiet and the country and nature. "When I am outdoors," he said, 'I feel like a little

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schoolboy before the great schoolmistress, Nature—but when I have closed the studio door behind me, then I am the good God who can create his works without hindrance.”

So, like other fine artists, Corot had learned to be humble and proud at the same time.

Once when someone spoke of Delacroix, Corot said, “He is an eagle, and I am only a lark. I sing little songs in my gray clouds.” It was true. But the world needs both eagles and larks.

Indeed Corot was very like a lark. He sang at dawn, before the sun is up and while the mist still hangs in the trees. He loved the light of dawn, which wraps the world in a soft glow and does not make shadows too sharp. When we think of Corot we think especially of those feathery pictures of trees and water, a little blurred as if we were at a distance from them or saw

them too, and he loved the country of France. His most famous works are his French landscapes. His paintings are never exciting like Delacroix’s. In them we feel the quiet

beauty of the French countryside as we feel in Constable’s the quiet beauty of England.

People nowadays sometimes say of these paintings of Corot that they are “nothing but photographs.” And that brings us to the question, What is the difference between a photograph and a painting, anyway?

A photograph is a matter of science. The light falling through a lens on to a film makes certain marks which correspond to the objects in front of the camera and makes a record of them.

A painting is a matter of art. The light shines into human eyes, which record a picture in a human mind. That image wakes all

kinds of dreams and thoughts in the mind and all kinds of yearnings in the heart. Those yearnings drive human hands to work and struggle with brush and paint and canvas to make a picture of what is in eyes and mind and heart. So the picture that comes out on the canvas is not merely



Photo by the Luxembourg

Jules Breton, like Millet, was a painter of peasants and rustic life. The face of his “Gleaner” is more individual than Millet would have made it. The artist’s vision is narrower and not so all-embracing.

them through a twilight haze. To be sure, Corot painted people, too. There is, for instance, a portrait of “A Young Girl with Pearl Earrings,” which makes one think of the Dutch painter Vermeer (fēr-mār’), whom Corot admired. But he admired the French landscape painter Claude Lorrain (klōd lō’-

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not understand what it is that a painting has which no photograph can possibly have, the camera sometimes gets work the artist ought still to be doing.

No one ought to ask an artist to paint as

Daumier has a wonderful way of building up dark and lighter masses into a striking design so that even if we do not pay much attention to the subject of his picture above, we can enjoy it for its fine composition. His pictures have no need of titles to explain them, for with a few bold strokes he tells a story simply and clearly. His "Laundress," above, struggles up from the river with her heavy roll of laundry tucked under her arm. Her little girl carries the paddle while French laundresses use to pound the clothes.

if he were a machine, any more than he ought to expect a machine to have a mind or soul. In the old days you asked an artist to paint your portrait or your house and garden. Pretty soon he brought you his picture. If you complained that it did not look like the original, he could say, "But surely my eyes are as good as yours." But nowadays you can wave a photograph at him to prove that he is wrong. Now the good artist will not stand for that sort of thing. "Look here," he will say, "if you want a photograph, go get a camera. I am no machine to reproduce your face or your house exactly. My picture gives you

something much more precious—a chance to see things for once through the eyes and mind of someone else. It is not a photograph, but a work of creative art."

- you want is an exact reproduction of the image of a thing, the camera can give it better than most artists. So some of the artist's work the camera has quite legitimately taken over. And because people do

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Photo by Olivier, Paris

Barye is perhaps the greatest sculptor of animals since the time of the ancient Assyrians. His lion above is a creature of tremendous power and wild strength.

The great beast is about to devour a serpent. He is snarling savagely, and his magnificent mane swirls and swells in a beautiful pattern.

there was none at all; consequently the painters were the only ones who could say things with color, and they are still so far ahead of photography in this that there is little chance of their ever being overtaken. Then a painter has a much freer hand with his design than a photographer, since he is not obliged to follow Nature at all if he thinks he can improve on her. And most of all, he can, as we have said, put so much of himself into his painting that it expresses him to the world and gives the world his message, just as a symphony or a poem does for its creator. No photograph can quite do that.

Often we who are not artists are unable without help to read this message. Nowadays, however, we can all learn. If we live near any of the great museums, we can find there many great paintings to study and enjoy, and we can find, too, explanations of them if we need to have them explained.

Even if we do not live near great museums there are plenty of good books at the nearest public library, and prints of famous paintings are to be had very cheap; even color prints may be had of many of them, though of course these cost more.

But in the nineteenth century there was, beginning about the time of which we have been speaking, a depressing period when artist and public drew farther and farther apart. That is why such sharp and bitter things were said of the new painters. People did not in the least understand them.

Corot stood outside of all this. His gentle art was never shocking. In fact, for a while nobody noticed it at all. Then in his later years he sold many pictures and became famous. Even before he became well known he had been given the cross of the Legion of Honor— to the vast amazement of his father, who could not understand it at all. This, thought the older man, was a decoration for

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THE FOUNTAIN

In the nineteenth century people began to take a great interest in animals. You have already seen the noble animals Morland made toward the beginning of the century, and Landseer a little later on, and you have seen Delacroix's romantic Arab steeds. Rosa Bonheur was to become one of the most famous of the animal

painters. She painted horses and cows and other animals as she liked to see them, handsome and sleek. They are not strange animals, like Delacroix's Arab steeds, they are beasts of the farm and country, every one in its proper setting. Above is Rosa's "Horse Fair," one of her most famous paintings.

heroes, not actresses. "It must be for me," he said. "Surely Camille had never done anything for his country." But it was for Camille after all. He received it quietly and went on painting.

But nevertheless Corot had many friends among the radical artists who would never, never be given the cross of the Legion of Honor. When he sent his own paintings up to the dealers, he used to slip in works by poor young artists who needed a chance.

Then, though he was not actually one of them, his name is linked with a group of landscape painters who worked in the forest of Fontainebleau (fōn'-tēn'-blō'). These men of the Barbizon (bār'-bi-'zōn') school, as they are called, were

among the first to put Delacroix's ideas of living painting and Constable's discoveries in color into practice. They are very like the great Dutch painters of the seventeenth century: Ruisdael and Hobbema.

These artists were too quiet either to have great success or to be widely insulted. Their neighbors scarcely knew that they were there. In 1848 a poor young artist who had been starving with his wife and family in Paris appeared in the Fontainebleau forest asking for a place that ended in 'zon'—that was all he could remember of the name. There was, he said, a group of artists there. After thoughtfully scratching their heads, the good folk guessed he must mean Barbizon.



P. A. Cat, a French artist who lived through the middle of the nineteenth century, painted this picture of "The Storm."



Jules Breton spent his boyhood in rural France. When he grew up he painted scenes from his native land—

peasants at work or resting in the fields. Above is his "Close of Day."

This story is particularly interesting because the poor young artist was to stay with the Barbizon School all the rest of his life, and to prove the most famous of the whole group. It was Jean François Millet (1814-1875).

An Artist of the Soil

Millet (mē'lē') had been a farmer boy, and he loved best all his life to paint farm folk. He painted them out of doors against the sky, so that their feet seem rooted in the good earth and their arms seem to sweep with the great sweep of the sky. One of his most famous pictures is called "The Sower." It is almost all taken up with the man striding along with out-stretched arm; yet this lonely figure seems to stand for all man's labor to make the earth blossom and grow food to keep him alive.

Honoré Daumier (1808-1879) was a greater painter than Millet, but he shared Millet's love of humble folk. And no wonder, since he lived a poor man among them all his life. The story of how Corot gave him a home for his old age gives us so pleasant a glimpse of both men that we must quote their letters on that occasion. One day in 1873 Corot wrote to Daumier:

Old friend

I have a little house at Valmondois which I could not for the life of me think what to do with. Suddenly I thought to give it to you, and liking the idea I have had the ownership legally confirmed. I had no idea of doing you a good turn. The whole scheme was carried out to annoy the landlord.

Ever yours

COROT.

Was there ever a more delicate way of helping a poor friend in distress? The reply came back: "You're the only man I could take such a present from and not feel humiliated." And Corot received a painting signed H. DAUMIER.

When he went to live in Corot's little house Daumier was sixty-five years old. Corot knew him for one of the greatest of French artists. And yet he was so poor that he scarcely had enough to eat, and he was about to be put out because he could not pay his rent.

He had always been poor. As a boy he walked the streets of Paris. The only schooling he had was in the museum of the Louvre (lōō'vr') studying over the old masters. He

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loved Rembrandt (rēm'brānt) especially loved his deep shadows, and like him felt a warm interest in the poor and wretched, having been poor and wretched himself. When he grew older he would sit for hours at the end of the day looking out of his window above the Seine. He would watch the boats, the fishermen, the washerwomen. Then turning to his friends he would say, "We have our art to comfort us, but what have these wretched folk?"

As for him, he put "these wretched folk" into his pictures. Here is a laundress struggling up from the river with her little girl hanging on her arm. Here is a group of working people in a "Third-Class Railway Carriage," with tired, seamed faces and bodies slumped in the hard seats; they are heavy with fatigue. Daumier's

art belongs to the peasants whom almost no one else thought worth painting.

Yet there was another side to his genius. He liked to make drawings that made fun of people. There will be an old windbag of a lawyer making a speech, silly people going to an art gallery and trying to be knowing, pompous judges, coy old ladies. These sketches are delightfully simple. He puts in only the things that count. If he wants to show action all the lines lunge and swirl.

Put how these drawings make you squirm! They prick the weak spots in human nature every time. Once, in one of them, Daumier

made fun of Louis Philippe, the king, and that got him into trouble. He was put in prison. But life in prison was as good as any life poor Daumier had ever known. So he did not mind and went right on drawing.

Daumier never made any money or popular

fame by either his paintings or his drawings, and he died penniless and blind. But the artists knew that he was great. Delacroix, Corot, Gautier, and others of whom we shall hear - Barye and Courbet - all the great artists whose names have lived, admired and loved him. They came to his poor quarters and sat on the floor by his stove, talking and looking and listening.

Among those who sat in this way at Daumier's feet, one was not a painter but a sculptor. This was Barye (1796 - 1875). Barye did for sculpture what Delacroix and



Photo by Girardon. Paris

Ingres painted this speaking likeness of himself at the age of twenty-four.

Daumier did for painting: he brought back life.

Above all else Barye was interested in animals. He would spend long hours at the zoo watching how tigers crouch, how their tails curl and stiffen as they attack, how their muscles ripple under the skin. No one had ever studied animals quite that way before. As a matter of fact, the Academy sculptors had not carved wild beasts at all, and so for Barye there were no models but the live creatures, even if he had looked for any. Barye made his own rules, and developed an art full of vigor and close observation of life.

The HISTORY of ART ---

Reading Unit

No. 26

THE MASTER ARTISTS OF MODERN FRANCE

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index.*

Interesting Facts Explained

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Things to Think About

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| What is the difference between painting what one <i>knows</i> and | Why were many new painters refused at the established salon? |
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Summary Statement

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| The latter half of the 19th century in France saw the rise of the | men who are recognized as the fathers of modern painting. |
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Photo by the Louvre

This is Courbet's "Burial at Ornans," an enormous canvas which shows a village funeral in the gloomy and rugged mountain country of Southeastern France, where the artist was born. In these simple figures

and faces scarred with grief Courbet wanted us to see and feel real life as he himself had seen and felt it. "I want to be not only a painter, but a man," Courbet had said. "In a word, living art is my goal."

The MASTER ARTISTS of MODERN FRANCE

These Are the Men Who Made Paris the Capital of the World's Art in the Present Century

THE story of the later half of the nineteenth century in France fairly bristles with the names of famous artists. It was one of the great places and periods in the history of art. Fascinating new paths had been broken by Delacroix, Daumier, and the other Romantics, whom we have already told you of, and an amazing number of artists with real genius were now busily exploring them. There were Courbet, Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Cézanne, Degas, Rodin—to name no others.

Most of these artists pushed out so far along the new paths that they are not in the least like the Romantic painters any more. And often enough they are not much like each other either. For they were great experimenters, always trying something original and new. In that way they wrote art history very fast indeed.

In 1848 there was another revolution, and for a little while the young radicals in both art and politics had things their own way.

This was not a middle-class, but a people's, revolution. While it lasted all the old prejudices were swept aside. The peasant and the worker were the heroes of the hour. In art, even the Salon, which had been such a solemn, conservative affair, was for once thrown open to anybody who wished to exhibit there. And Millet's (mē'lē') heroic peasant, "The Winnower," was picked out as the "picture of the year."

But the people's revolution did not last, and within four years France had her Second Empire. The new generosity toward radical art did not last either, and soon the Salon and the Academy were once more at outs with all the most original artists. But the artists went right on being original and producing remarkable paintings, no matter how much they were reviled and misunderstood.

Already in the Salon of 1848 there had been another peasant picture which had not pleased so much as Millet's had. Millet's peasants are grand and majestic in their way;



Photo by Alinari

Do you wonder that Courbet's simple, everyday folk were frowned upon at a time when the people in authority were clinging to the old tradition of painting only mythological or poetic scenes, and were insisting

upon graceful figures, nude or veiled in flowing draperies? Even this "Cockfight" by Gérôme certainly a homely enough theme is done in the imitation-classic manner, as David would have done it!

but the peasants of Gustave Courbet (1819-1878) had no airs at all. Besides, Courbet (kōōr'bě') was not only himself a peasant but proud of it and making a very loud noise about it. This was surely going a little too far! No wonder that after Louis Napoleon had become emperor and the salons were closed again, Courbet was left out in the cold.

Courbet Makes a Great Noise

Even Gautier (gō'tyā'), who had been a strong champion of those earlier rebels, the Romantics, did not know what to make of Courbet. One of Courbet's pictures— an enormous canvas—shows a village funeral in the mountain country of Southeastern France. It is not a posed funeral at all; it is a real one, where people cry and have red eyes and lined faces. And since at a funeral people wear black, there is in it little of the bright color so dear to the Romantic painters. When he saw this picture, Gautier did not know whether to laugh or cry. He had always believed in putting life into a picture,

but he missed the romantic excitement and color.

Courbet, for his part, was determined to paint nothing but what he saw. Once someone asked him why he never painted an angel. He laughed loudly. "Show me an angel and I will paint one!" he replied.

That huge, brutally real picture, that loud laugh—such things were like Courbet. His life was a great noise. In 1855 when he was refused at the Salon—not for the first time—he went off and had an exhibition all by himself, putting up a huge sign outside to announce that here was *Realism*. When at last his art began to be recognized and he was offered the Legion of Honor, he refused it insultingly. It was offered to Daumier (dō'myā') too in his old age, and he too refused it, but quietly. Courbet went to him and said, "Good for you. I hear you have rejected the filthy decoration too—but you should have done it with show and noise."

Yet for all his show and noise, Courbet did a great deal for art. His painting is

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Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was a short little man with a very long beard. He often chose grand subjects—great historical events—for his paintings, but instead of dashing them off on a great sheet of canvas, he made them quite small and worked over them for

a long time, putting in all the tiny details much in the manner of a miniature painter. And indeed that is what he was—a miniature painter on canvas. Above is his "Battle of Friedland," in which is the trampled wheatfield our story tells about.



Painted by the Louvre and Metropolitan Museum of Art

Meissonier's painting above symbolizes Paris taking her desperate stand against the Germans when the city was under siege in 1870 and 1871. All around are soldiers, fighting, wounded, or dead; Paris, stand-

ing in the center of the picture near the battered flag of France, directs the fight; and Famine, a dread, gaunt figure with a raven upon her wrist, hovers threateningly over the stricken group.

tremendously alive and full of vigor, and it shows how ordinary everyday things can make subjects for art just as well as romantic, far-away things. Courbet's rugged landscapes and pictures of the sea have a plain strength about them that make them stand out among many pictures of pretty trees and hills. And we must not fail to mention the famous picture called "The Meeting," which was promptly dubbed "How Do You Do, M. Courbet?" because one of the gentlemen is very obviously Courbet himself.

Nothing could have been more utterly different than the painting of the outcast Courbet and that of the favorite painters of Napoleon III, Meissonier (1815-1891) and Gérôme (1824-1904). These men had a good deal of authority and influence. Gérôme (zhā'rōm'), who carried on the smooth, exquisite drawing of Ingres, was the master under whom American artists in Paris liked to study. Meissonier (mē'sō'-nyā'), as head of the Academy, waged war against Courbet, saying, "He must be treated by us as one dead."

Meissonier was as little and delicate as Courbet was brutal and big. He was petty in his dealings as a man, and as an artist

liked small pictures with careful, even fussy details. He loved to do little costume pictures of soldiers in armor, and would buy costumes of seventeenth century Cavaliers and make his models wear them around the studio until they felt at home in their strange clothes. For his picture of the "Battle of Friedland" he collected a great many uniforms and bought up a field of grain so that he could see it trampled as by an army. Even his historical pictures, such as this one, are only half the size of Courbet's "Funeral at Ornans" (ôr'-nôN').

During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, there served in the regiment of which Meissonier was colonel a young artist destined to be more famous than he, or even than his enemy Courbet. This was Édouard Manet (1832-1883), a friend of Courbet's and fully as radical as he was.

Manet (mā'ně') was not a peasant. He belonged to a well-to-do middle-class family, and was able to travel and study as he

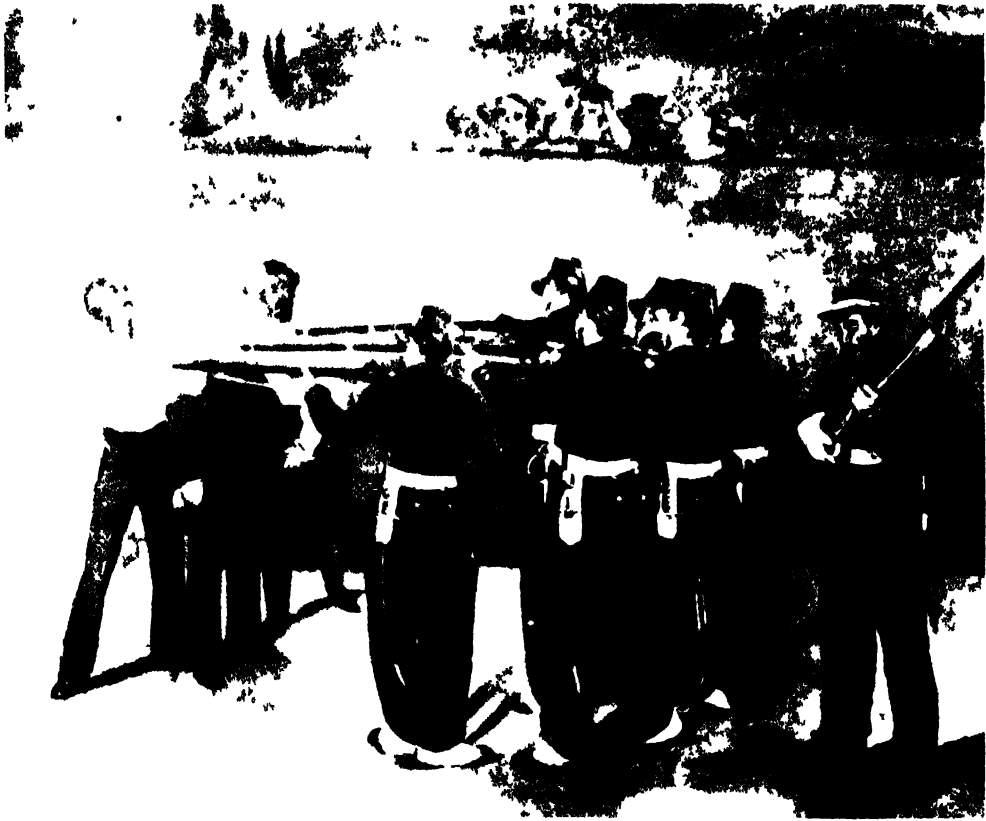
pleased. He admired the realism of Courbet, and to it he added a wonderful sense of pattern and color all his own.

His pictures have a peculiar sharp definiteness without detail, as if they were things



Photo by the Louvre

With the jeers and laughter of the Salon public ringing in his ears, Manet fled to Spain. His painting of "The Five Players," above, was submitted to the Salon jury soon after he returned to France, and was refused. Until two years before he died, Manet was to see many of his pictures scornfully refused or, if they were actually exhibited, to hear the roars of laughter and angry comments of the Salon painters and visitors—and, indeed, of practically the whole of Paris.



Manet did not care very much what the subject of his painting was—he was interested in ways of mixing lumps of paint on his palette, and in ways of working the paint into his canvas to make fascinating light

effects with few shadows. His “Execution of Maximilian,” above, shows his feeling for color and design. The soldiers are carefully grouped, and their long, smoking guns follow the line of the long wall.

seen in sudden, vivid glimpses. His “Life Player,” for instance, makes us think a little of Goya (go’ya) or Velasquez (vā-lis’kath), but it is more sharp and sudden than their pictures. It is as if we looked up quickly, caught a glimpse of the lad, and then had to turn as quickly away. We should not have had time to notice details. We should have a flat silhouette in our minds, vivid but simple.

Manet’s Feeling for Color and Pattern

- Or take his “Execution of the Emperor Maximilian.” This picture too makes us think of Goya. But while Goya would fill a picture like this with his own horror of the fate of the poor, weak emperor, Manet simply puts down what he sees without showing

how he felt about it. His feeling seems to be only for color and pattern—for the design made by the row of soldiers with their smoking guns.

Japanese Influence in Manet’s Painting

We can see from all this talk of Velasquez and Goya that Manet learned much from the Spaniards. More surprisingly, he also learned much from those past masters of pattern and design, the artists of Japan. In 1863 a little art shop in Paris began showing some Japanese prints, and they made a great impression on Manet and other young artists. It was the first time that Western art had come into close contact with the art of the Far East. Some of Manet’s pictures show very clearly that he had been studying this



Photo by the Luxembourg

"The Poor Fisherman," above, is one of Puvis de Chavannes's tranquil paintings. Puvis de Chavannes thought—as other artists have thought too—that paint-

ings meant to ornament flat walls should be flat themselves, and not made to look like sculpture. He was fond of clear outlines and soft, cool colors.

ancient art of pattern and simple line. There is, for instance, a landscape with silhouettes of dead-black boats against a dull green sky, which is very like a Japanese print.

The Tranquil Art of Puvis de Chavannes

Manet's painting was new and alive in both design and color. While it shocked some people, they could not help being interested in it. He was a tremendous inspiration to artists everywhere. He and Courbet are the big men who followed after Delacroix and Daumier in the making of modern art.

Being big men and breakers of new paths, Courbet and Manet were a great scandal in the reign of Napoleon III. Puvis de Chavannes (pü've' dē shä'vân') was a milder scandal. Courbet was called "the violent madman" and Puvis de Chavannes "the gentle madman." Puvis was a pupil of Delacroix (dē-lä'krwä) and a friend of

Courbet, but in the midst of all this realism he managed to keep his dreams. He was a painter of fresco on walls, like the old Italians. He felt that the best kind of picture for a wall was quiet, decorative figures, painted in soft colors and purposely flat with no illusion of depth. It is a tranquil art in the midst of turmoil. In "The Poor Fisherman," for example, the man stands lost in dreams. You feel sure he will not move for hours. Even the water will not move; there is not a ripple. The picture breathes stillness and peace.

The Sculpture of the New Age

While all these things were going on in painting, the work of Rude (rüd) and Barye (bä're') in sculpture was being carried on by Jean Carpeaux (1827-1875). There is not much stillness in Carpeaux's (kär'pō') statues. Just to look at "The Dance," which he



Fig. 13. Circus in Rome

Jean Baptiste Carpeaux was awarded a prize that sent him to Rome. There he studied the works of the great masters of Italy, especially those of Donatello and Michelangelo, which he admired tremendously. From Michelangelo he is said to have got his love for spirited and violent movement. You may see this

feeling for movement in the dancing figures above, which he carved for the new opera house in Paris. One of them, the tallest of the group, has just struck a tambourine with a wild, abandoned gesture. The dancers' limbs tingle with action, and the light dances in and out among the tossing draperies.

carved for the new opera house in Paris, makes you want to dance yourself. You would think that the eyes of the carved dancers actually sparkled and their fingers tingled with thrilling motion. Then there is his "Flora," over which the light and shadow seem to ripple as if the figure were alive.

Meanwhile, up in Belgium, Constantine Meunier (mû'nyā') was putting miners and dockhands into sculpture. He knew these humble folk, as Daumier had known those he put into paintings, and he can give us a very real figure of a weary workman with his hand propped on his hip.

The Second Empire went down in the Franco-Prussian War, and France became once more a republic. But things scarcely went better with the radical artists because of that. Courbet died in 1877 and Manet in 1883. It was not until about 1900 that the general public accepted their work.

In the meantime a new school had appeared—to be laughed at. The leader of it was Claude Monet (1840-1926), who was quite another person from Édouard Manet in spite of the odd likeness of their names.

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out

in 1870, Monet (mō'ně) and his friend Pissarro (pě'sá'rō'), who had no interest in fighting, slipped away to England. There they came upon the work of that neglected artist, Turner, and they were fascinated by his blaze of color.

Do you remember this famous nonsense rhyme?—

"I never saw a
purple cow,
I never hope to
see one.
But I can tell
you anyhow
I'd rather see
than be one"

Well, Turner saw a purple cow. She was black, usually. But she was standing against a bright sunset and Turner exclaimed, "She's not black, she's purple!" The point is that we cannot see the cow all by herself, nor the sunset all by itself. The orange shimmer of the sunset dazzles our eyes until some of the orange mixes with the blue-black of the cow and makes purple. So what Turner saw really was a purple cow, however she might have looked by day.

Even if you never have the luck to see a black cow against an orange sunset, you can try out for yourself this matter of the way colors mix in the eye. If you put bright yellow beside bright blue the yellow looks greener than green looks alone. If you put



Photo by Olivier, Paris

This laborer who leans so heavily and so wearily upon his great hammer is the work of Constantine Meunier. The sculptor knew humble folk as well as Daumier had known them, and he could make very real statues of them.



Photo by Ollivier, Paris

Light and shadow ripple over Flora, over her tiny chubby companions and over her long garland. It is

spots of yellow and spots of blue close together and stand off a little, you see, not yellow and blue at all, but green. A red coat in bright sunlight is blue, and green in the shadows. In other words, a red coat is not a red coat at all but a coat of many colors!

A Painter of What He Saw

Turner, with his penetrating eyes, noticed these tricks that light plays, and in his sketches put clear bright colors one against another to make a really outdoor effect. And oddly enough, at just about the time that Monet and Pissarro were getting excited about Turner's purple cow, scientists were discovering things about light that proved that in certain lights the cow really *was* purple, as we have hinted.

It's like "Alice in Wonderland," is it not? A cow goes out in the field a black cow and at sunset she turns purple, much as poor Alice shot up like a telescope without being able to help herself! But just at this point Turner

as if the figures were alive and moving. This sculpture of the goddess of flowers is by Carpeaux.

seems to have something to say to us.

TURNER. After all, how do you know that the cow is black?

WE. I know she's black because I've seen her lots of times in the farmyard, and all the times I saw her she was black.

TURNER. How do you know she's a cow anyway?

WE. I know she's a cow because ever since I was little I've seen animals called cows and they all looked like this animal.

TURNER. Ah, but just suppose you had never seen a cow, and that, besides, you couldn't walk out in the field over there and look at her closely. Suppose you suddenly opened your eyes and found yourself looking out of this window at sunset. Then what should you see?

WE. I suppose I'd see bright orange sky and a sort of purple smudge up against it.

TURNER. That's it. We're going to forget what we *know* and make pictures of what we *see*.

That was what Turner did, and what

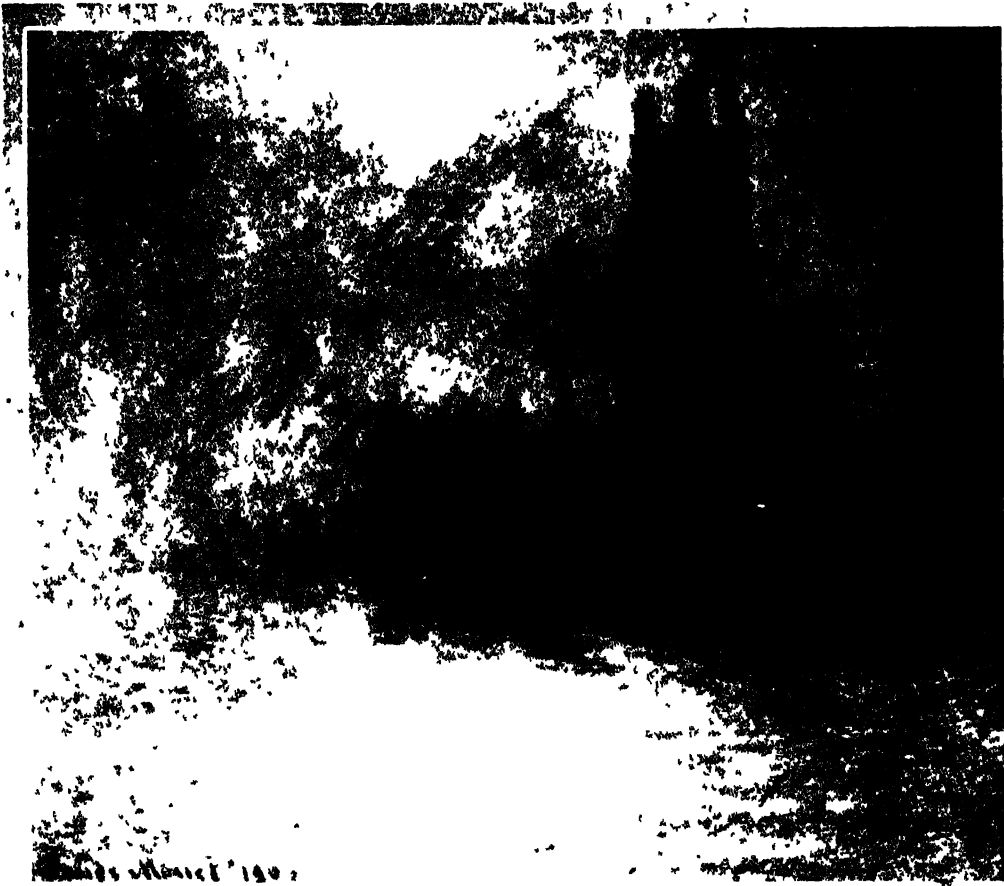


Photo by the Louvre

No gray-toned photograph can do justice to Monet's "Houses of Parliament," shown above— or to any of the Impressionist paintings, for that matter. Close to the picture you can see only a mass of color, but from

farther off, the bold brush strokes take form, and the great buildings loom up through the fog. A shaft of light, breaking through the clouds, sifts down through the thick air and gleams upon the water.

Monet and Pissarro did even more thoroughly after him. Leonardo da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, would not have done it, though he had as penetrating an eye as Turner ever had. For though he knew that a cow sometimes looked purple he would have painted her black because he *knew* she *was* black. But Monet and Pissarro said they were going to paint her purple because she *looked* purple at the moment.

Painters of Outdoor Color and Light

We might put it another way. Leonardo would have painted the cow as he remembered her after many looks and much study. Monet and Pissarro wanted to paint the brightness of one single sudden glimpse with-

out any memories at all. Manet, as we know, liked to paint glimpses. So did Monet and Pissarro, but the glimpses they liked to paint were *outdoor* glimpses, all a-shimmer with color and light.

The Basis of Monet's Painting

Color is an exciting thing to play with. You take paints that are made of oil and mud and try to make sunshine and blue water and green grass and yellow flowers. It is all so *bright!* How can I make my picture bright? For one thing I will put no dark in it. Black and brown are dark. I will use only clear, pure colors— red and blue and yellow. . . . We must thank Monet and Pissarro for showing that we never need

have murky shadows in our pictures if we do not want them. We need have only the gayest dance of lovely color.

"Gray is the enemy of all painting."

If only all of us could see these paintings themselves! For how can a *gray* photograph do justice to artists who felt as Monet and Pissarro did about color and light?

In the year 1874 a group of painters who were tired of being put out by the official salon formed a group of their own and had their own exhibition. In it were paintings by most of the artists of the time who are famous to-day: Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Cézanne, Degas. But they were not famous then except as wild men and lunatics.

In this exhibition was a picture by Monet done in the new bright color painting. For some reason, as we have said, you get a brighter green if instead of painting green you put many spots of yellow and blue close together, and a brighter orange if instead of painting orange you paint many spots of red and yellow. Constable had discovered this queer fact and Delacroix had used it. But Monet made it the very basis of his painting.

The First of the Impressionists

This particular picture was a dazzling glow of orange and blue and violet. If you stood up close to it you saw nothing but daubs of

blue and yellow and red paint. But if you stood away from it you could see the long land and the sunrise glow beginning to creep over it. The picture was called "Sunrise: An Impression."

The critics jeered. They did not want to stand away from the picture and see that

light-drenched glimpse of sunrise. They looked only at the daubs of paint. "An 'impression,' is it?" they said. "Who are these impressionists anyway?" And Impressionists they have been called ever since.

They did not mind the nickname. Why should they? Was that not, after all, what they were trying to do—to give brief, bright *impressions* of what they had seen? Monet paints a picture of London: London Bridge and the towers and smokestacks behind it loom through a blur of fog. Or he paints a garden: a little bridge, water lilies in the water, and such bright, green grass and leaves that you seem to be actually looking out of a

window to see them shimmer in the sunshine. In each picture he has caught the impression of a moment and expressed it for us.

Monet and the other Impressionists painted chiefly from windows. They began by going right outdoors in the blazing sun, but they soon found that after they had sat long in the sun their eyes became so dazzled that



Photo by Alinari

Still imprisoned in the stone which Rodin has left rough and uncut yet somehow free to move—the figures of "The Kiss" curve in a lovely, flowing pattern as the light plays softly over the marble.



Photo by Ollivier, Paris

The city of Calais stood siege from the English for a year. Then, mad with hunger, its inhabitants were forced to surrender and throw themselves on the mercy of Edward III of England. A saddened, stricken little group assembled in the market place to hear what terms the King would grant them, and when they heard, they all began to weep and wail most piteously. For the King had said that he would spare all but six.

"On them," he said with bitterness, "I will do my will." So six brave men gave themselves over to the King, ready to die for the good of all. Edward would most certainly have chopped their heads off if his gentle queen had not thrown herself on her knees and persuaded her husband to let them go free. Above are those brave men, the "Burghers of Calais," as Rodin has immortalized them in stone.

everything blurred and they could not tell whether they were seeing blue or purple. Pissarro liked to paint city views from his window. His effects are not so blurred as those of his friend Monet.

New Art for the Twentieth Century

Impressionism has been the starting point of almost all our painting to-day. That does not mean that recent painters have tried to paint like Monet and Pissarro, but that they have learned from them how to manage color and then have gone on to other things.

For the critics who jeered at Monet were right in one thing. These pictures really are shapeless. Monet was so excited about his

color effects that he did not bother about giving things shape. The younger men who joined the Impressionists saw this fault in their leader and tried to bring back solid form without losing color. That is the art of Renoir (rē-nwār') and Cézanne (sā'zān'), who are so much of the twentieth century that we are not going to talk about them here at all.

Manet's Balanced View of Life

As we know, Manet did not die till 1883, and so he had plenty of time to study the new methods of the Impressionists. He encouraged them and himself tried their method of blurred painting in color patches. But he

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was not really one of them and never exhibited in their shows. He looked at life more coolly than they did; he was more willing to paint the ugliness he saw about him, with not only color but sharp pattern to make it beautiful in spite of its ugliness.

Edgar

Degas

(1834

1917), one

of the

younger

artists who

joined the

Impression-

ists, had

eyes like

Manet's.

At first he

Painted

things just

as he saw

them.

There is for

instance a

very realistic

picture

of his cotton

brokerage

he was a

business

man, whose

family were

dealers in

American

cotton.

Later, as he

studied the

simplicity of

Manet's

painting,

Degas (dē-

gās') put

fewer details

in his pictures.

But he kept

his unromantic

eye to the end

of his life.

His paintings

are full of trivial,

unlovely

gestures that

we all have to

make in daily

life. It is very

hard to be beautiful

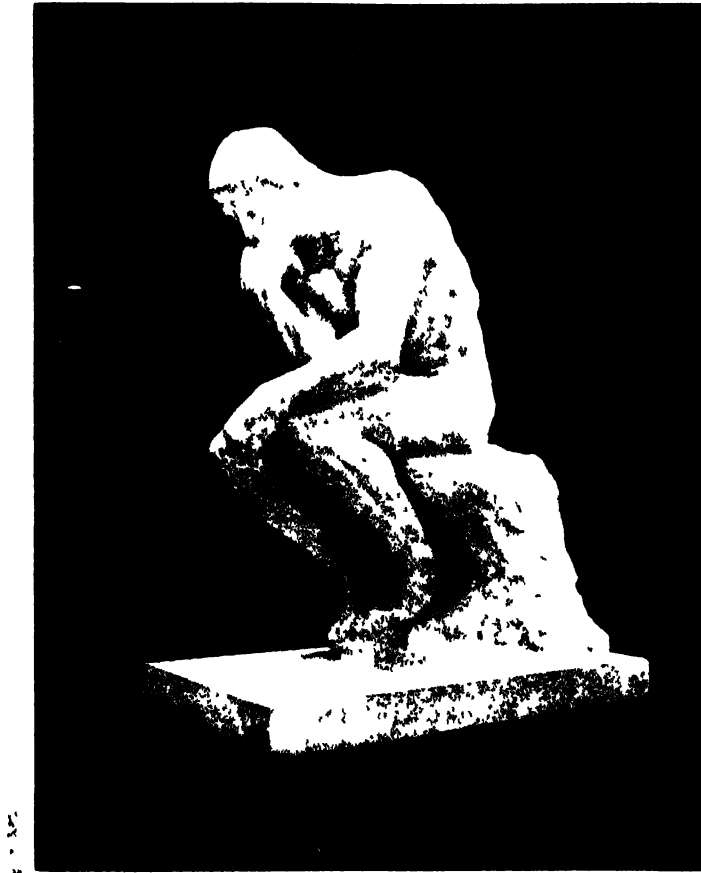


Photo 13 Metropolitan Museum of Art

There probably is no piece of modern sculpture more famous than this gigantic figure by Rodin. It is called "The Thinker." With intent face and clouded brow the great stone image broods, and in his convulsive inward effort we see the baffled gropings, the questions, the bewilderment of all mankind struggling upward out of the night of ignorance and savagery. Here again Rodin has left his rugged figure a part of the rough rock out of which it was cut.

fewer details in his pictures. But he kept his unromantic eye to the end of his life.

His paintings are full of trivial, unlovely gestures that we all have to make in daily life. It is very hard to be beautiful when you are scrubbing your back in the tub, for example, but Degas makes a design of that queer attitude. More and more Degas was fascinated by all sorts of bodily attitudes,

whether or not they were beautiful in themselves. In particular, he was endlessly studying the movements and attitudes of dancing girls, and he painted so many pictures of them that it sometimes seems as though he had painted nothing else. Many of his later

pictures are done in crayon, for he seemed to be able to manage color better in crayon than in oil.

Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901) is a realist like Manet and Degas—but a bitter one. He was an aristocrat, and since he was a cripple he did not know what it was to be active and gay. So his troubled spirit seemed to find a sort of satisfaction in painting ugliness.

He is famous particularly for

his lithographs of night life in Paris.

Toulouse-Lautrec (tōō'lōōz'-lō'trēk') exhibited, not with the Impressionists, but with a new salon (sā'lōN'), or exhibition, started in 1884. It was called the Salon of the Independent Artists. They were going to be independent of everyone—official Salon and Impressionists alike. Did we not say at the start that this was a great period for

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trying experiments? Here was yet another.

Another of the Independents was Paul Signac (sē'nyāk'). Signac had taken the patches of color that the Impressionists used and made them all the same size. Every little daub of paint he put on his canvas was exactly the same size as every other little daub. It was rather like a picture in mosaic. This way of painting is called "pointillism" (pwàn'ti-liz'm).

The head of the Independent show, George Seurat (1859-1891), was a pointillist too. But out of his little points of paint Seurat (sù'râ') made a solid picture. It took so long to paint in these tiny spots that Seurat's people look rather as though they were frozen in place. But what fine designs his pictures make, and how luminous, or full of light, they seem! Perhaps the most famous of them is "The Circus," with its beautiful balance of mass and rhythm of line.

The Inspired Art of the Great Rodin

You would not think that the Impressionists, who were so excited over color, could have had much influence on sculpture, which has nothing to do nowadays with red or blue or yellow. But the idea of *impressions* did get into sculpture. Carpeaux had already carved his stone so that light and shadow seemed to flicker over it. Auguste Rodin, (1840-1917) carved statues that seem like sudden glimpses of real people.

Take for instance his "Burghers of Calais." This was to be a monument to a group of the men of Calais who had gone out to offer themselves to the enemy as hostages to save the city when she was nearly starved to death by siege. It happened long ago in the fifteenth century. But Rodin (rô'dāN') wanted his burghers to live again. He wanted the group set upon a pedestal only eight inches high so that the stone figures would seem to be walking in the midst of the living folk of the town instead of being lifted above them as statues. Perhaps they seemed almost too

real and living, with their wan faces and pleading hands; at any rate, the modern people of Calais set them up high after all.

These folk are very strong. All Rodin's sculpture is strong. Though he wants to carve statues tingling with life his imagination sweeps away beyond the life of ordinary mortals into the beauty and strength of his own dreams. For these statues are also very beautiful. There is one called "The Kiss," in which the curve of the two bodies makes an exquisite flowing pattern, and the marble is carved so delicately that light and shadow run softly over it and make even marble seem to move with life.

Why Rodin Left His Work Unfinished

Rodin had much to say. Like Michelangelo (mī'kēl-ān'jē-lō), whom he admired and studied more than anyone else, he had so much to say that his thoughts seem sometimes to be bursting the marble. Stone is too hard a material to be shaped into straining, fleeting visions. Rodin remembered how Michelangelo sometimes left statues unfinished. Whether or not Michelangelo did this purposely, we do not know; Rodin certainly does it on purpose. He puts down his tool and leaves the statue half imprisoned in the marble—struggling to get out. It is as if he said: "I have so much to tell, if only there were any way to tell it!"

In the year 1900 there was a great celebration in Paris to welcome the new century, and Paris proudly showed the world the paintings of all the great artists of the 1800's. At last the "lunatics" came into their own. At last the world began to realize what great things had been going on in France. Daubier, Courbet, Manet, Monet, Degas—of all these, and others, we have spoken. But the chief new heroes of the hour were Renoir and Cézanne. These were the fathers of the painting of our own century, and we shall put them with the other twentieth-century artists, at the head of the list.

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit

No. 27

THE CHIEF ARTISTS OF AMERICA

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Practical Applications

Our art is so closely interwoven with our history that we fre-

quently turn to it for a better understanding of our past.

Habits and Attitudes

After many years of struggle in a country which was too busy to pay much attention to its art-

ists, the painters and sculptors of America have finally come into their own.

Summary Statement

Though the United States has an extremely short history of its own in art compared with that

of Europe, it is one which is becoming ever more interesting and important.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Probably the most beautiful piece of sculpture Augustus St. Gaudens ever made—some say the most beautiful ever made by an American—is this draped figure on the Adams Memorial in a Washington cemetery. The tomb was raised for the wife of Henry Adams, the historian, and now marks his grave, also. The figure has been called "Grief," but a long look at the serene

stillness of the face will tell us that we need a better title. Others have suggested "Resignation," which is quieter than grief. Perhaps the best of the names given is "The Peace of God." Those who like only lifelike, realistic statues will not care for this ideal figure. But if we care for ideal figures at all, we must surely be moved by the noble simplicity of this one.



FIGURE 1

This fine portrait of the artist's mother by James McNeill Whistler is one of the most famous of American paintings. Whistler first called it "Arrangement

in Black and Gray", this title shows how important pattern and color seemed to him. But in the completed picture he has put character, too.

The CHIEF ARTISTS of AMERICA

Who Are the Men and Women Who Have Given Our Country a Place of Her Own in the Long History of Art?

PAINTING and sculpture like music, are languages which can be understood all over the world. A picture or a statue does not have to be translated like a poem or a story. So painting is an international art, and you cannot tell its story in one country without bringing in other countries too. Young artists go to study where the greatest painting is being done, where the greatest pictures and the greatest teachers are to be found, they do

not care whether that place is in their own country or another. And since there are many countries and usually only one best center of art, it is usually not in their own country that they get their training.

Yet every painter is not only an artist but a Frenchman or German or American besides, and if he is worth his salt he will probably be sincere enough to try to put both parts of him into his pictures. He will learn what his teachers can tell him and then apply it



Photo by Galleries of Fine Arts, Yale University

John Trumbull (1756-1843) is the artist who has painted the most scenes from American history. He himself fought for a while in the Revolutionary War. Then he was in London for some time studying under Benjamin West, the American-born founder of the

British school of historical painters. This picture shows the death of General Mercer at the Battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. You will find other historical paintings by Trumbull in the stories of the United States and Canada.

to the things he knows at home and the things he and the people he knows are thinking. So it is usually very easy after all to tell whether an artist is Russian or Italian, Spanish or French. And whenever another nation builds up a sturdy national art we have to let a new national "school" into the art histories.

The Birth of American Art

There had been no American art before the nineteenth century—naturally, for until almost that time there had been no America as a separate people. But in the great days when modern art was being born in France, America was groping for her place among the peoples who should welcome and develop it. So now we open the doors of our story hospitably to take in and talk about American art.

In the old colonial days, naturally, Americans were merely transplanted Englishmen, and if they had time for art at all—usually

they had enough to do in fighting the wilderness—they painted as Englishmen. Even for a fairly long time after the coming of independence, the Americans who snatched a moment from the enthralling business of building up a new country looked to Europe for their art.

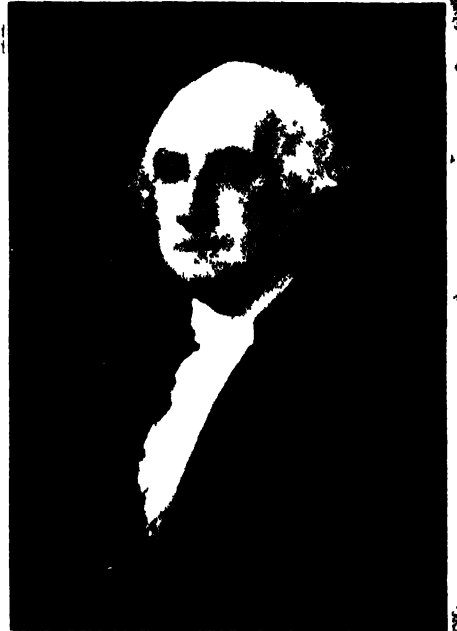
The first famous American painter, Benjamin West (1738-1820), was so thoroughly English that he lived and worked in London and became president of the Royal Academy. He was anything but revolutionary in his methods, and we have mentioned him as a good, old-fashioned painter in the story that tells about Turner. The best thing he did for American art was to help out young fellow countrymen like Gilbert Stuart (1755-1828), who came to London to study. It was very lucky for them to have an American as president of the powerful Academy.

These men took home to America with them the "grand style" in painting, especially in portraits and historical pictures. Their

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"Hagar and Ishmael," by Benjamin West. This picture of the exiles sent into the desert by Abraham illustrates the "grand style" in pictures with a story.

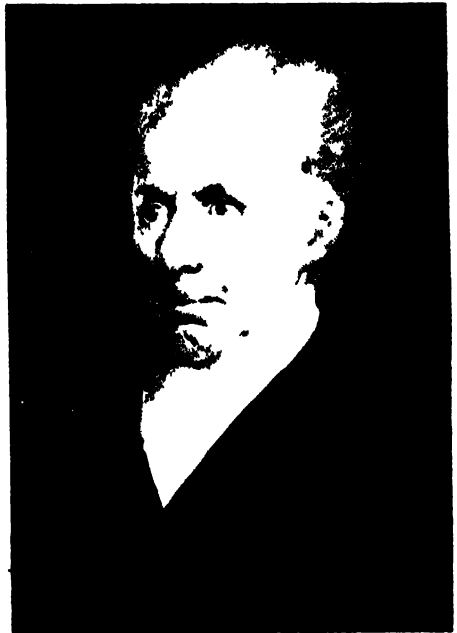


"Washington," by Gilbert Stuart. This is one of the many familiar portraits of Washington which we take for granted without thinking who painted them.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

"Mrs. Joseph Anthony," by Gilbert Stuart. Stuart's portraits always have dignity and "style," yet are not affected like those of many others.



"Gilbert Stuart," by Sarah Goodridge. This picture of the great portrait painter is a miniature by a distinguished miniature painter.

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On this page are pictures by Thomas Eakins and George DeForest Brush, leaders of the young American artists who studied under Gérôme at Paris and then came home in the 1870's to start the Society of American Artists. At the left and below are two of Brush's studies of mothers and children—a favorite subject with him when he was not doing landscapes. The one in the panel is called "In the Garden," that in the circle merely "Mother and Child"; they are both portrait studies of his own family. Notice the flowing lines of the design. The picture at the right is Eakins' "The Thinker." Eakins was a stronger painter, a sturdier realist, than Brush. He had a keen, scientific mind, and put things down exactly as he saw them. This picture was originally a portrait; it is other people who have made out of it a symbol of American democracy. Eakins has also a famous picture of a medical clinic, as real and scientific as could well be. He was an inspiring teacher, and did much for American art by his teaching of drawing at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia.



work is very familiar to us, because they painted all the Revolutionary heroes, and since at that time there were no photographs, we always think of Washington and Jefferson and the others as these artists painted them. Gilbert Stuart's portraits of Washington are most famous of all.

Early in the 1800's portrait painting began to go to seed. At the same time an art of landscape painting was growing up. The best-known of the landscape painters was Thomas Cole (1801-1848). He was born in England, but his American scenes are very American for all that. His "Conway Peak," for instance, is good, wild American scenery; Cole felt its wildness and its bigness. His



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art and Boston Museum of Fine Arts

work marks the beginning of American landscape painting.

It took longer to Americanize sculpture. In the early years of the century young American sculptors if they could afford to make the long journey were all setting out for Rome to study, just as students from everywhere else were doing.

And when they got there, they were painstakingly copying the antique. Then if they wanted to carve a statue of Washington, they would dress him up in a Roman toga, like an ancient Roman senator!

But along in the middle of the century American students woke up to the fact that all the exciting things were being done not in Rome but in Paris. That city fairly

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Here are two famous portrait studies by James McNeill Whistler, the revolutionary artist of the later nineteenth century who belongs to both the United States and England. Each picture is not only a charming portrait, but, like all Whistler's pictures, first and foremost a work of art. The picture at the left is a "Portrait of Miss Alexander," but it is also that "Harmony in Gray and Green" of which we have spoken in the story of British art. The picture at the right is a "Portrait of Miss Connie Gilchrist," but it too has another title "The Gold Girl a Harmony in Yellow and Gold." These colors, like the black and gray of Whistler's portrait of his mother, are not brilliant and contrasting but soft and harmonious as lovely music. And even in these black-and-white prints we can see Whistler's marvelous pattern purposely sharp, almost a little stiff, catching the eye and delighting it making it hard to stop looking once we have begun.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art and National Gallery

The two pictures above are by the same artist—Mary Cassatt. The one at the left is called "Mother

and Boy", the other, "Mother and Child." This artist excelled in appealing studies like these two.



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

Boston is justly proud of the Shaw Memorial by Augustus St. Gaudens. Captain Shaw was the Union officer of the Civil War who led to battle the first organized regiment of Negroes. St. Gaudens has made

swarmed with artists, and nearly every one of them had a brand-new theory—as you already know if you have read our earlier stories of art. There were Courbet and Manet and Corot and the Barbizon artists—and besides these wild rebels there were the Academy artists, with the safe-and-sane Gérôme at their head. There was no doubt that Paris was the place to go. The main difficulty was to decide with which artists and which theories to throw in your lot when you got there.

Whistler Becomes a Rebel

One of those who decided to throw in their lot with the rebels was that James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) of whom we told a little in the story of English art during this period. For before he went to England to stir up trouble with his new ideas, he had learned those ideas in France. He had very little more to do with America after he once

his dark soldiers and their leader very real, so that heroic determination seems to speak from the bronze faces and the bronze drums seem almost to beat aloud. The artist labored over this work fourteen years.

left it. His countrymen scarcely knew his name until as late as 1890.

A Group of Famous Rebels

But long before that he was famous abroad. As early as 1863 in Paris he was one of those whose pictures were sent to a sort of consolation exhibit for artists whose paintings had been refused at the regular Salon (sá'lōN'), or art exhibition. He was in very good company there, along with such artists as Manet (má'ně') and Pissarro (pě'sá'rō'), destined to be great names some day. Being a radical himself, Whistler knew these men. He had worked with Renoir (rē-nwār'). He was a friend of Courbet's (kōōr'bě'), and even tried his hand at Courbet's sort of realism. He had become excited, along with the rest of the radicals, over Velasquez (vā-lās'kāth) and the new fad for Japanese prints.

He was fascinated by pattern and color. In his defense of his art later in England he

said that art was a "certain harmony of color." But a harmony means pattern too. The colors in his "Little White Girl," the picture that was refused by the Salon in 1863, are almost flat--the picture is all white and gray with just a touch of blue and red. But it has as sharp a pattern as Manet's pictures have.

He believed that a painting cannot tell a story--since it cannot move--and that it ought not to try. What painting can do is to place figures so as to make a beautiful design, and then paint them with beautiful color. Color and design belong to painting. Why not make the most of them?

Sometimes Whistler was interested just in color and design, as the Japanese were. But sometimes his paintings have other meanings too. For instance, in the famous portrait of his mother, the pattern is perfect: the lovely old lady sits quietly in a simple chair with her face turned toward the center of the picture, and the mass

made at the bottom and one side of the picture by old lady and chair is delicately balanced by a picture painted on the wall in the vacant part of the canvas. But the whole attitude also adds to our impression of the beautiful serenity of this old lady. We cannot imagine her as anything but

gentle and kind, calm and graceful and poised.

Whistler was one of those artists who do not act at all like ordinary human beings--"aesthetes" (ēs'thēt) we sometimes call these artists--and people made great fun of him.

Here is the way the clever humorist Gilbert described his kind:

"A Japanese young man,
A blue and white young man,
A greenery, gallery, Grosvenor Gallery,
Foot-in-the grave young man."

That last was because some of these wild young men, both poets and artists, seemed to think it smart to look as though their unworldly thoughts had used up all their energy and they were about to waste away and die. As for Whistler, he did not care how queer people thought him. He was just contrary enough to revel in shocking them. Perhaps he could shock them out of some of their stuffy, old-fashioned

notions! And as a matter of fact, he did.

Another American artist who was influenced by the French Impressionists and worked mainly abroad was Mary Cassatt (1855-1926). She liked especially to paint pictures of mothers and children. Mary



Photo by The Knapp Co

This statue of Lincoln, by Augustus St. Gaudens, was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago, in 1887. Its unveiling was an important event in the history of American art, for it was at once realized that here was something new and great. It is among St. Gaudens' finest works, one of the masterpieces which have made many feel that he is the greatest sculptor, if not the greatest artist, whom America has so far produced.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

All the sculpture on this page is by French. His noble "Lincoln" is in the Lincoln Memorial.



Here is French's ideal figure called "Memory." It has a quiet, almost classic serenity.

Cassatt (kā-sāt') was one of our first distinguished women artists.

John La Farge (1835 1910), like Whistler, was a pioneer, but not in so radical a way. He too studied in Paris, but unlike Whistler he came back home to work out his style. While Whistler was painting such pictures as "The Little White Girl," La Farge was painting landscapes which for the first time in America used color as Constable used it, giving grass, for instance, its true green instead of the brownish tint painters had been in the habit of giving it.

Whistler and La Farge stand ahead of their times. While they were painting these pictures, a group of younger artists was still studying in Paris, but not with the radicals, as Whistler had done. Instead they were working with the correct and conservative painter of the

Academy, Gérôme. Now Gérôme (zhé-rom') was not a great painter, but at least he taught these young men to draw. And while they learned to draw in France, they kept their American eyes. Then they came home and started a real American school of painting. It was not startlingly new or great, but it was very honest and straightforward. As you study their pictures you cannot fail to see that they are very American.

One of these fine, honest artists was Thomas Eakins (1844 1916). His most famous painting is called "The Thinker." It is a picture of a rather shabby, scrawny little man, with baggy trousers and a lean, lined face, pacing the floor in deep thought. He looks as though he might be a small grocer or a clerk in an office or something of that sort. But now he is thinking deeply



This memorial relief, "Mourning Victory," illustrates French's love of allegorical figures.



Detail from "The Adoration of the Magi," by Joos van Gent, Flemish painter, active about 1460-1480.



**"The Rest on the Flight into
Egypt"**

Gerard David (c. 1460-1523)

National Gallery of Art

Washington, D.C.

(Miller Collection)

The two pictures on this page were painted several centuries apart. Besides, the painter of the upper one, a Hollander, took great pains with detail, while the modern painter of the postman worked under the influence of the impressionists. Yet because of their straight-forward simplicity of manner and their respect and affection for their subjects, these two pictures are much nearer to each other in feeling than they are to the more formal painting of the three or four centuries that came between them.



"The Postman Roulin"
Vincent van Gogh (1853-1890)

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

At the right
 "Dancers at Rest"
 H G F Degas (1834-1917)
 M C A B



Two great modern French painters have given us these ballet dancers. The solid roundness of the arm would alone suggest that the lower picture was by Renoir in his later period. The daring realism of the poses of the tired dancers springs from Degas scorn for the merely graceful and pretty.

At the left
 "The Dancer"
 Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)



Reproduced by the New York Life Insurance Co. with permission of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.
"The Lookout - All's Well," by Winslow Homer (1836-1910).



On the granite side of Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota are the gigantic portraits of Washington Jefferson Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt To make the carving, known as the Rushmore

National Memorial Gutzon Borglum the famous American sculptor designed the models and engineers carved them out with the help of every modern device - even to dynamite

about something, probably about things in general, questioning, working out his own solution Could anything be more democratic, more completely American?

George DeForest Brush (1855-1941), another of this group, is more French in the

smoothness of his painting But he likes American subjects, such as 'Indian and Lily' or 'Mount Monadnock' The latter picture shows the beautiful New Hampshire mountain full of blue and purple reflections from the evergreens that cover its sides



Photo by National Gallery

This is a typical Sargent portrait group: "The Children of Asher Wertheimer, Esq." Their names are Ruby, Essie, and Ferdinand. Sargent's portraits always have a certain dash and style; yet they are good likenesses too. His work was enormously popular in London—so much so that though he painted a great many pic-

tures he could not fill all his orders. He was so free-handed with his money that he never gained vast wealth in spite of his fame. In 1910 he decided to stop painting portraits altogether, and to give all his time to water color, which he loved and had never had much time for. These late water colors are fine work.

These young artists began coming home from Paris just about the time the country was celebrating the Centennial of Independence in 1876. It was an appropriate time, was it not, from which to date the beginning of a true American art? Yet they had a hard time at first, for the public was not used to the idea of an American art and was not sure it wanted any such thing. The young artists had trouble getting their pictures shown. So in 1877 they formed a Society of American Artists, just as the young Frenchmen had started their own salon when the official Salon refused their work. For many years the best American art appeared at the shows of this young Society.

But in some ways the Americans were

luckier than the French. For there were at this same time in America a number of great American architects, also trained in Paris, who had the sense to recognize the talent of young artists and to set them to work painting the walls of new buildings and designing statues and carved decoration.

When All the Arts Join Hands

It is a rare and fortunate thing for architects, sculptors, and painters all to work together. It happened—magnificently—in ancient Greece and in the Italy of the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sôNs'). American art of the second half of the nineteenth century cannot rival those great times; but it too has the very special dignity of *belonging*, which comes from builder, painter, and



"Madam X," by Sargent



"Carmencita," by William Chase
(1849-1912)



"Lady in Black," by Chase



"A Cozy Corner," by Francis D. Millet (1846-1912)



"Girl in White, Ernesta" (1915), by Cecilia Beaux.

sculptor all working together to make one beautiful whole.

For instance, John La Farge's "Ascension" is painted on the end wall of the Church of the Ascension in New York City. The chancel that holds the painting was designed by Stanford White, the best American architect of the time. The carving about the arch was done by a sculptor named St. Gaudens, brother of our greatest American sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens (gô'děnz).

Not long after this work at the Church of the Ascension, Augustus St. Gaudens (1848-1907) himself returned from Paris, where he too had been studying, and began a long and very fruitful association with White, in which La Farge sometimes joined. The first thing St. Gaudens and White did together was the Farragut Monument, now in New York City. White designed the pedestal; it is not just any pedestal, but a most beautiful one just the right shape and height for the statue. The statue itself has no airs, but St. Gaudens has managed to make that ugly costume, a modern coat and trousers, into a fine outline.

He has done it again in his famous statue of Lincoln. In that he had to struggle too with Lincoln's well-known lankiness, which does not lend itself easily to sculpture. He puts a chair behind the figure to keep it from seeming too tall and angular, and uses all his skill on the strong, homely face. The result is that most of us think of Lincoln as St. Gaudens showed him to us.

Perhaps St. Gaudens' most famous statue is a figure on the Adams Memorial at Washington. It is sometimes called "Grief" and sometimes "The Peace of God." The two names are really not so contradictory as you might think, for the statue breathes both grief and resignation, which is a kind of peace, though a sad kind. St. Gaudens' figure is almost all a great, heavy cloak, with only a shadowed face and one arm to be seen. Yet how much it tells of grief and resignation!

There is something of the power of the great French sculptor Rodin (rô'dāN') in St. Gaudens. Yet his art is very truly American, and that in spite of the fact that he was born in Dublin, of a French father and Irish mother. After all, the American people are made up of many nationalities and races, each bringing something of its own to the whole which is America.

There are other excellent American sculptors too. There is Karl Bitter (1867-1915), who carved the graceful fountain in Plaza Square in New York City. There is Charles Veck, whose statues you see scattered all over the same city. There is Daniel Chester French (1850-1931), whose noble statue of Lincoln stands in the Lincoln Memorial at Washington. There is Gutzon Borglum (1867-1941), whose designs

are as vast as the mountains of his native Idaho. He once carved a head of Lincoln from a block weighing six tons; he designed a Confederate Memorial at Stone Mountain, Georgia, which was to be cut from the mountain side; and is actually carving a whole



Photo by Boston Public Library

Between 1890 and 1916 Sargent did a long series of mural paintings on the history of religion for the Boston Public Library. This is his conception of the prophet Hosea. Sargent went to Egypt and to Palestine to study backgrounds for this work, and almost every year he spent months in Boston, painting.

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Phot by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Like the English Pre-Raphaelites, whose work he much admired, Edwin A. Abbey (1852-1911) loved to tell a story in painting. This is the most famous of his illustrations of Shakespeare's plays; it is Cordelia, in "King Lear," saying good-bye to her false sisters, who have caused their father the King to banish her.

"I know you what you are," she is saying to them,
"And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our
Father. . . ."

Abbey took great pains to make accurate costumes and backgrounds of his pictures of history and legend.



This is the gracious landscape called "Peace and Plenty," perhaps the finest of all George Inness's paintings. The beautiful old elms, the harvest fields, the quiet stream, and over all the soft glow of golden light could anything more perfectly express the beauty of peaceful abundance in a land just emerging from

the horrors of civil war? Inness's soft and lovely landscapes remind us of Corot, but the American was no slavish imitator. He did not paint for profit, and had no idea of business. But he was unusually lucky for so impractical a person, and others took such good care of his fame that he died a rich man.

Childe Hassam (1859-1935), who painted this lovely picture of "The Church at Old Lyme," is probably the foremost American Impressionist. It was from the

French Impressionists that he learned how to bathe his canvases in such a shimmer of light Yet his subjects like this fine old church, are truly American

he worked chiefly abroad. We remember him first of all for his brilliant and dashing portraits, which have a style all their own. He is famous also for exquisite water colors, in which he seems to put aside that dashing style and work for the love of it. It was in the wall paintings of the Boston Public Library that he did his finest work in as



"Springtime," by Lillian Genth. This artist studied with Whistler in Paris, but her picture, graceful as it is, is more sentimental than any of his.



"Mother and Son," by Thomas Sully (1783-1872). Sully was the last of the great line of early portrait painters. He studied with both Stuart and West.



It is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Tea Leaves," by William M. Paxton (1869-). Paxton was another American who studied with Gérôme in Paris and then came home to paint honest portraits and realistic scenes. This picture was painted in 1909.



"The Old Sod," by William Magrath (1838-1918). The "old sod" is Ireland, from which country this genre painter came to America when he was very young. Here he has shown us one of the whimsical rural types he knew in his native land.

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The picture above is "High Tide," by Winslow Homer. These girls, in their old-fashioned bathing suits seem to like the sea almost as much as did Homer.



This picture, by Homer D. Martin (1826-1897), is called "Harp of the Winds, a View along the Seine." It is in the style of the "Barbizon school," and reminds one a little of Hobbema's "Avenue."



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is the famous picture called "The Gulf Stream," by Winslow Homer; it set the art world talking when it appeared in the 1880's. Some critics praised the design and the rich blue and white of the Caribbean

waters. Some objected to the sharks, saying that they were far from pretty. Many were fascinated by the story suggested the helpless man adrift on the pitiless sea. The picture is among Homer's greatest.

sociation with White, whose firm designed the building. Another American painter, Edwin Abbey (1852-1911), did some of the other wall paintings, "The Legend of the Holy Grail," for example.

At the same time that all these statues were being put up and all these wall paintings done, a new school of American landscape painters was growing up to carry on Thomas Cole's work. The first of these was George Inness (1825-1894), who made soft, peaceful

landscapes a little like Corot's (*kô'rô'*). His "Peace and Plenty," for instance, is a picture of hay harvest, and as we look at it, our first thought is, "How serene and broad is this quiet valley!" This picture was painted in 1865, just after the Civil War. Perhaps Inness (*in'ēs*) had in his mind the contrast between this scene of peace and the sorrow and desolation of war time.

Inness was not the only one of these painters to study the work of Corot and the

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"Marine," by Edward Moran (1829-1901), a painter famous for seascapes, and one of a family of artists.



"Distant View of the Catskills," by John W. Casilear (1811-1893), a landscapist in the Cole tradition.



"Mrs. John Church Cruger," by George Peter Alexander Healy (1813-1894), a distinguished portrait painter.



"Old Dutch Church, New York," by Edward L. Henry (1841-1919), who specialized in early American scenes.

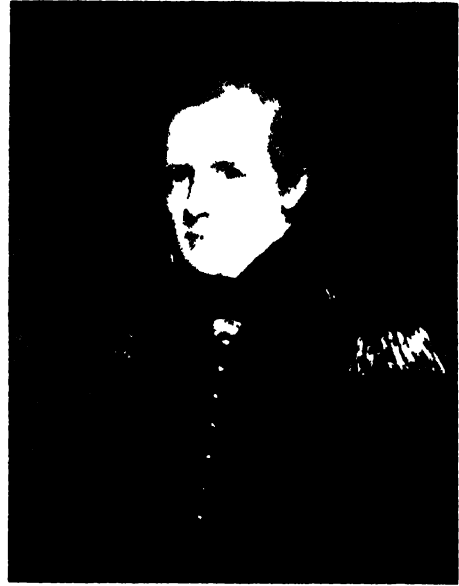


Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

"The New Bonnet," by Eastman Johnson (1824-1906), a well-known "genre" painter—or painter of everyday life. He learned much from Dutch painting.



"Gossip," by Carl Marr (1858-1936). These are Bavarian peasant women, not Puritan maids. Marr lived in Munich.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Above are two more portraits by Gilbert Stuart; they are of Major and Mrs. John Biddle. Unlike his pictures of Washington and other great men of his time,

Stuart's pictures of less well-known people appeal to us as do these paintings—for their attraction as pictures rather than for their subject.

Impressionists, about which we have told in the story of French painting at this time.

Homér Martin worked not only in France but also in England, where he met Whistler and studied the landscapes of Constable. Sometimes the glory of woods and waters seemed to him like the splendor of music. He called one picture "Andante: Fifth Symphony." It is a good thing for us sometimes to be reminded that music and poetry and painting are "sisters under the skin."

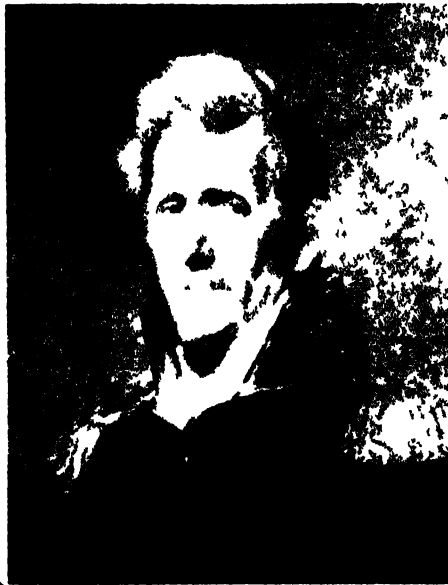
Another of this group was Childe Hassam (1859-1935), who made excellent use of what he had learned from the Impressionists. He can paint a fine old

Colonial church or a village street with all the shimmering outdoor sunshine in which

they loved to bathe their pictures.

There are two other landscape painters—Albert Ryder and Winslow Homer—who stand alone. The others learned their painting from Paris, but these men kept their American spirit so completely that no one but an American can, perhaps, quite understand them. They were both New Englanders, and both knew and loved the sea, and painted it superbly.

Albert Ryder (1847-1917) was born in the mill town of New Bedford. He came up to New York with his family when he was



Later leaders had to get along with less distinguished portrait painters. Samuel L. Waldo (1783-1861), who painted this portrait of Andrew Jackson, was very popular in his day, but is now thought uninspired.

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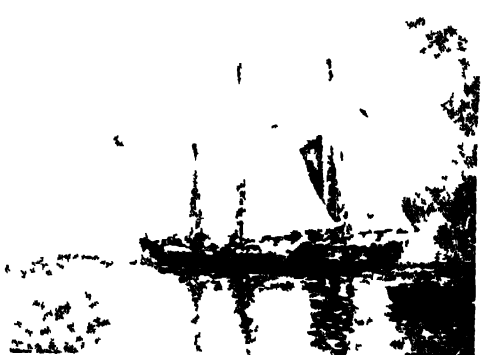
"Winter," by Rockwell Kent (1882)



"Long Island Farmhouse," by William S. Mount



"Golden Afternoon in Oregon," by Childe Hassam



"Waiting for a Breeze," by Carlton T. Chapman



Photos by Metropchit in Mine in f Art
"Eurydice Bitten by the Snake," by Bryson Burroughs
(1869-1934)



"The Lost Mind," by Elihu Vedder (1836-1923), an
artist of considerable fame during his lifetime.



Photo by Freer Gallery of Art

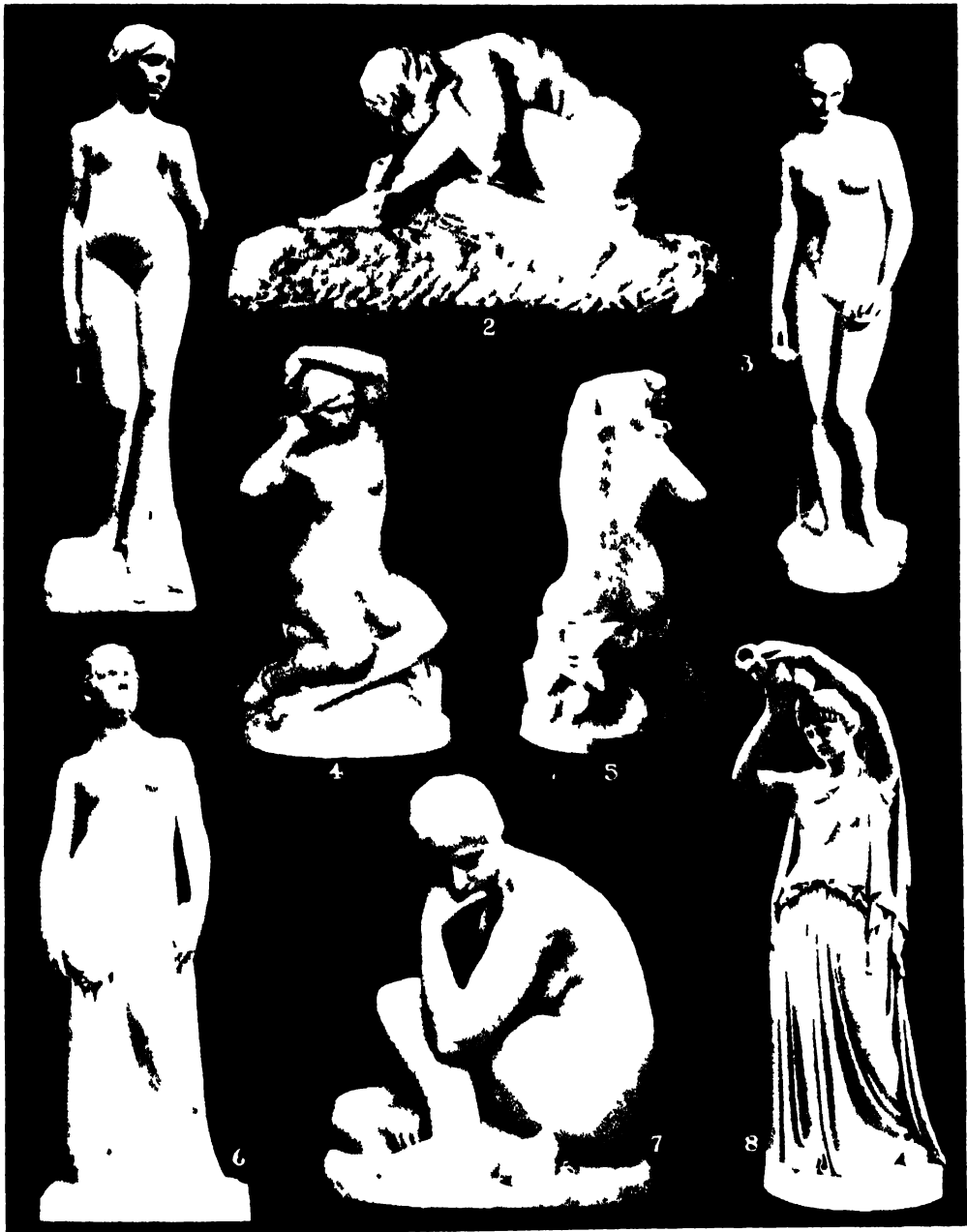
Abbott H. Thayer (1849-1921), who painted this picture, was another of the earnest young Americans who studied at Paris under Gérôme. He is known for his fine landscapes in the tradition of Thomas Cole, for his portraits, and for his studies of gracious and stately

women. Our picture, which is called "The Virgin," is one of the ideal paintings of the last-mentioned group. This calm, serious-eyed girl and these eager children are not meant to be realistic, but to stand as an allegory of strong and beautiful innocence.

about twenty, and there, except for two trips, he stayed all the rest of his life. He tried to study at the National Academy of Design in New York, but the classic style taught there seemed to him dead. So he

taught himself an art that is quite his own. It is not remarkable as *painting*; his color is dull and often muddy. And he does not paint ordinary trees and rocks, but strange dream shapes of his own. But he paints his dreams

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Pl. 136 by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here is a page of American sculpture, new and old, from marbles at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The earliest artist represented is William H. Rinehart (1825-1874), who worked when American sculptors were still trying very hard to follow the "classic" Italian tradition. We can see this in the graceful, rather cold lines of "Clytie" (3), perhaps his masterpiece, and "Antigone Pouring a Libation" (8). Antigone, you remember, was a heroine of Greek legend. We may take the other pictures in order: 1. "On the Threshold," by Edith Burroughs (1871-1916), an ideal of young girlhood, with a sensitive,

almost speaking face. 2. "Eve" (1915), by Margaret Hoard, this must be after the Fall, for the mourning woman has completely hidden her face in her hair. 4 and 5. "The Bather," by Edward Stewardson (1862-1892), this artist died so young that the beautifully modeled figure shown here is practically all he left us. 6. "The Golden Hour," by Rudolph Evans (1878-), another symbolic figure. 7. "Meditation," by Victor Salvatore (1884-), who is an Italian-American sculptor educated at Cooper Union, in New York City. None of this group can be called great, but they show a high level of craftsmanship.

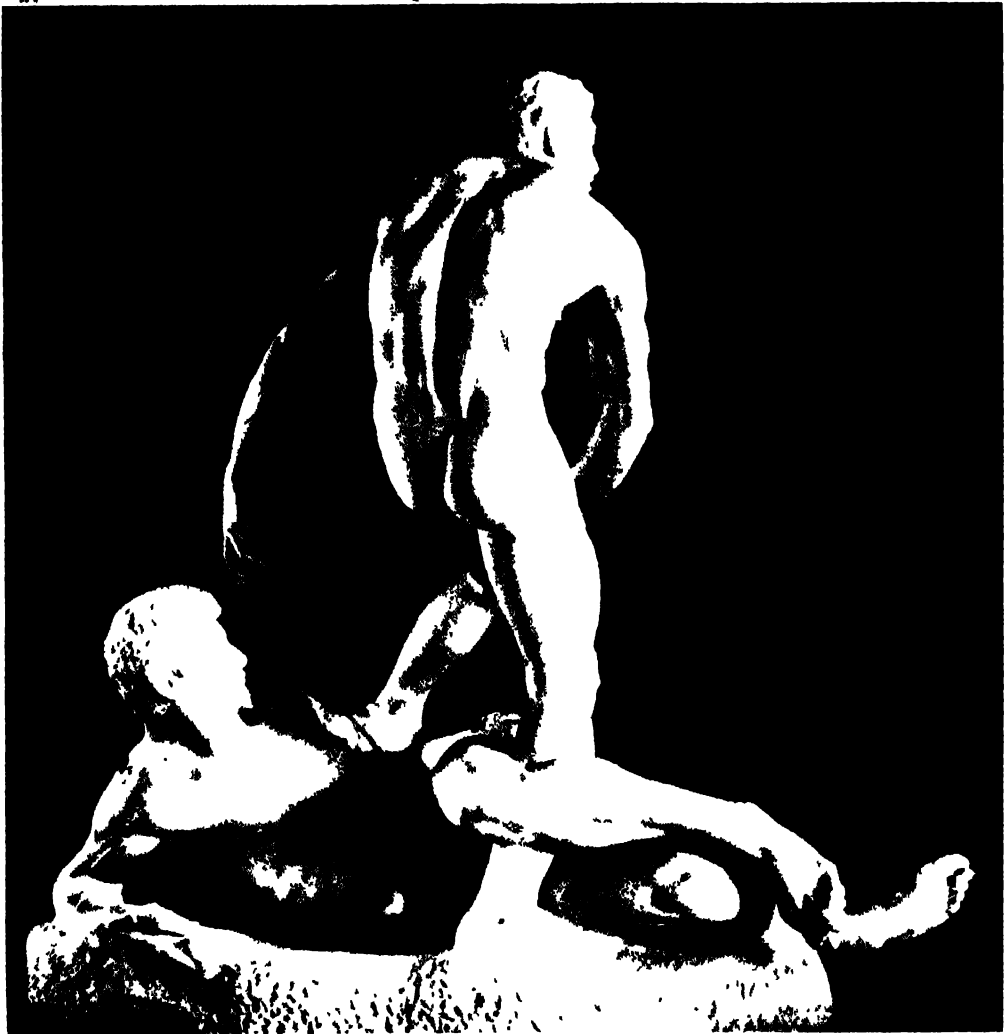


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

"I feel two natures struggling within me," said Victor Hugo; and the American sculptor George Grey Barnard (1863-1938) has given us this interpretation of the idea in stone. But perhaps we should not say that Barnard's "Struggle of the Two Natures in Man" is an "interpretation"; for the artist has not interpreted anything after all. Instead, he has left us fascinated but as puzzled as ever. These two figures, modeled in heroic

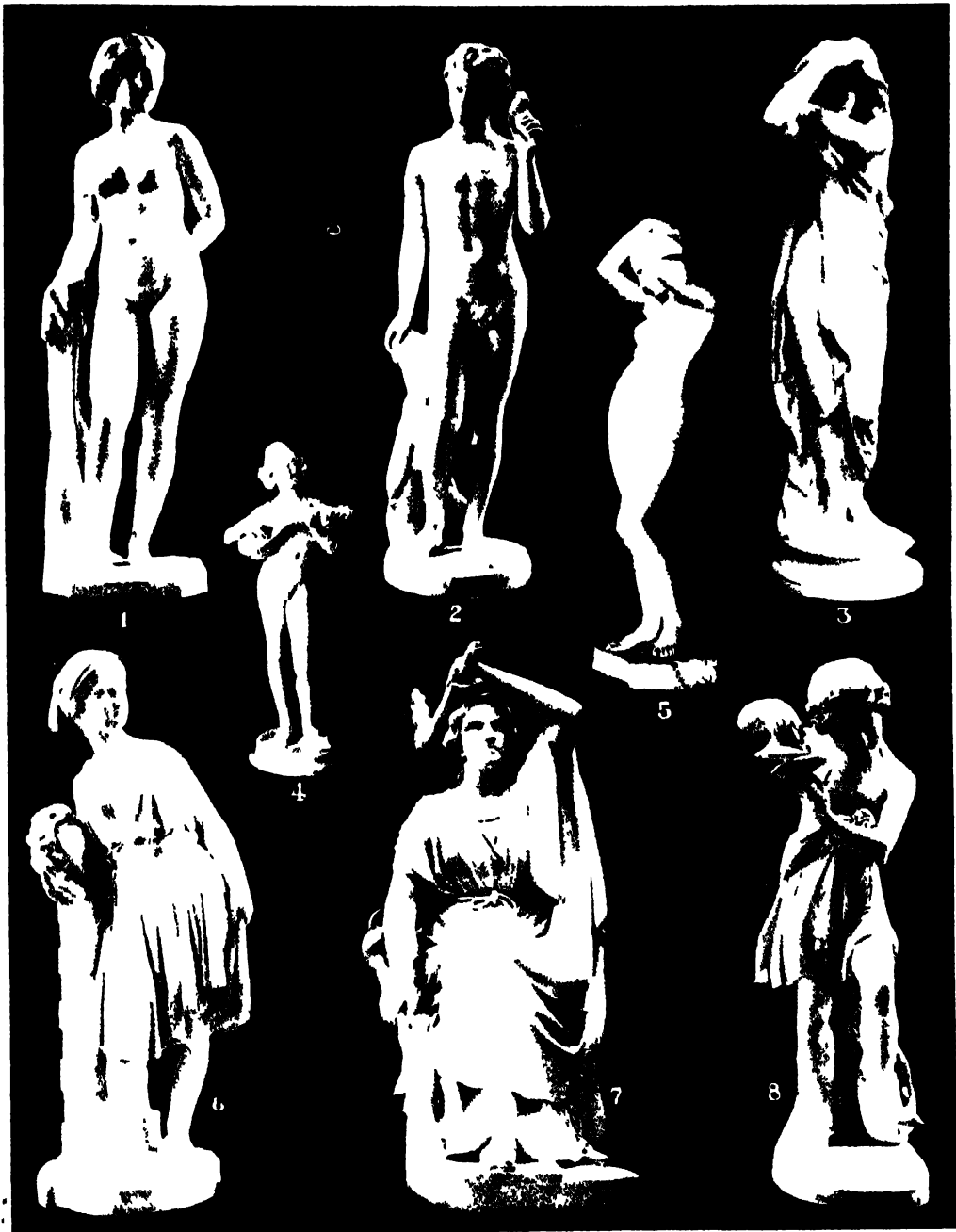
size, are the two natures, and for the moment at least one of them has conquered. But what are the natures, and which is the victor? The figures are much alike, mighty of limb, with faces not beautiful but full of mysterious meaning. Perhaps Barnard means to puzzle us—just as life itself does! There is a "dash of strangeness," a strong originality, in all he does. This statue was made between 1888 and 1894.

in patterns so simple and vivid that we cannot miss their power.

There is, for instance, his "Toilers of the Sea." It is merely a fishing boat, a stretch of open water, a dull moon glowing. But it means more than that. It means the loneliness of fisher folk. There is something almost solemn about it, and we think of the gravely beautiful words in the Bible:

"They that go down to the sea in ships,
that do business in great waters,
These see the works of the Lord and
His wonders in the deep."

Ryder lived for a long time in an attic room in Fifteenth Street in New York, cooking his own meals, and amusing himself mostly by walking, or once in a while with a



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This group of statuary is by artists of the nineteenth century, when American sculpture was first establishing itself. 1. "White Captive," by Erastus W. Palmer (1817-1904). Palmer was the first distinguished American sculptor who did not study abroad. 2. "The Fisher Boy," by Hiram Powers (1805-1873). Powers, on the other hand, lived in Italy, and followed the Italian tradition. He was the first American sculptor to win great popularity both at home and abroad. 3. "Night," by Olin L. Warner (1844-1896). Warner was a charter

member of the Society of American Artists. 4. "Florentine Singer," by Paul Dubois. 5. "Evening," by F. W. Ruckstull (1853-1942). 6. "Rebecca at the Well," by Chauncey B. Ives (1810-1894). This artist's work was very popular in its day, but with changing taste has come to be thought rather weak. 7. "Rizpah," by Joseph Mozier (1812-1870), another sculptor who has lost popularity. 8. "Dancing Girl," by Thomas Crawford, who was almost the earliest well-known American sculptor.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art and Boston Museum of Fine Arts

Here is a group of American bronzes, several of them on native themes. 1. "The Bear Tamer," by Paul F. Bartlett (1865-1925). Bartlett won fame by his animal studies in Paris, and labored all his life to bring his native America and his adopted France into closer friendship. He did a statue of Lafayette given by American school children to the Louvre; also he did fine work for the Capitol and the Library of Congress at Washington. 2. "Boy with Heron," by Frederick MacMonnies (1863-1937), one of the best-known modern American sculptors. 3. "The Bather," by

Richard E. Brooks (1865-1919), well known also for his portrait medals. 4. "Deacon Samuel Chapin," by Augustus St. Gaudens. This sturdy Pilgrim Father is so vigorous and lifelike that he almost starts out of the picture. 5. "Appeal to the Great Spirit," by Cyrus E. Dallin (1861-1944). Not unnaturally, when American sculptors turn to native American themes they often model Indians. 6. "Pilgrim Maiden," by Henry H. Kitson (1865-). This statue was made for Plymouth, Massachusetts. Kitson likes subjects from American history.

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concert, for he loved music. They say that he "looked like one of the old apostles—a great rugged bearded figure—radiating kindness and peace."

Winslow Homer (1836-1910) does not live in a dream like Ryder, but in the midst of his own American outdoors. He is a sort of American Courbet, rugged and powerful. He surely knew and studied Courbet's pictures of the sea, yet his own seascapes are not French but American. They are wilder and more lonely, and at the same time splendid and colorful. He has a picture called "The Gulf Stream." It shows a boat adrift with broken mast in the midst of mountainous waves. There is a lonely Negro stretched out in the stern. The wave surges up behind him so that you seem to feel the strong lift of it.

Homer started out as a magazine illustrator. He was a war correspondent during the Civil War, and made sketches of both Union and Confederate soldiers on the side. After 1876 he lived in Maine, along the most northern coast of the United States, where the sea is really wild and lonely. He lived

by it, watched it at all times of the day and night, drank in the salty air, and studied how fishermen brave the wildness of wind and water to earn their living. Later he spent a winter in the Bahamas, and painted brilliant water colors of the tropical sea—blue, green, and purple, white with foam above coral reefs, whipped by fierce hurricanes.

He had the American outdoors in his blood. The wild sea of the fishermen, the bare sandy beaches of Cape Cod, the rocky land of Maine, and always the sea, angry and turbulent, or lying calm in sunshine or moonlight. He knew too the mountain country of huntsmen. But he painted above all the sea, no one else has painted it quite as he has.

The year 1893 is a new landmark in American art. For in that year there was a World's Fair at Chicago, and the work of all these American painters and sculptors was brought together and proudly exhibited. The men who had been left out at the Centennial exhibition in 1876 were the very ones whose work everyone flocked to see and admire.

This charming medallion, called "Little Ida," was made by Charles Calverley (1833-1914), an American sculptor who started life as a marble cutter.



Calverley did a good many busts and portrait medallions, and, as one might guess from this head, he sometimes cut exquisite cameos.

Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

The HISTORY of ART

Reading Unit No. 28

THE "RIDDLE, JEST, AND GLORY" OF MODERN ART

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index.*

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Summary Statement

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| What the future holds no one knows. New and opposed forces are constantly arising to change | the direction the artists of today and the new ones of tomorrow are going to take. |
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This gay painting of a place of amusement in the Luxembourg gardens in Paris is by one of the most delightful artists of all time, Auguste Renoir. It belongs to the period of the artist's life when he was fascinated with the play of light and was covering his canvases with the bright colors of the rainbow. Later, after he had traveled in Italy, he turned to

more sober tones and severer drawing—much to the disappointment of all those who had come to love the bright colors he had formerly used, after the manner of the Impressionists. Still later he was to take a step in the direction that Cezanne was taking—and that is why he belongs as much to the Moderns as he does to the Impressionists.

The “RIDDLE, JEST, and GLORY” of MODERN ART

*Here Is a Story of the Men Who Are Painting Pictures Such as
Make the Whole World Stare and Gasp*

MANY modern artists and art critics will tell you that painting has nothing whatever to do with making a picture look like anything in nature. If they want to make the people in their pictures have blue hair or impossibly thick arms and legs, they will do it without a quiver. If they want to paint blazing heat by showing a cow actually bursting into flame under the sun, they will do that too. If they want to make a picture that looks like a mere jumble of angles and curves—though it may mean something to *them*—they will not hesitate a moment.

They will tell you that the things which they express in these strange pictures are much more real than the things we see about us in street or field. They will say that the camera can show us the outside of things, but that their pictures can tell us the meaning of things—of the things painted perhaps or of the thoughts the artist has about them. Or perhaps what the artist wants is merely to express a particular emotion or to make a beautiful or striking design of color, line, and mass. Whatever he is trying to do, he is usually *not* trying to make his picture look “natural.”



Photo by the Museum of Modern Art

Above is one of Renoir's landscapes. He painted few of these compared with the large number the other Impressionists painted. He loved to paint people.

The only way to understand "modernist" painting and sculpture at all is to remember what we have just said.

It all goes back to the revolutionary work of the French artists Renoir (rē-nwār') and Cézanne (sā'zān'), especially Cézanne. Therefore, although they lived about the same time as Monet (mō'ně') and Seurat and others we have talked about in another story, we are going to begin the story of recent art with them.

The first thing that happened was that solid shapes came back, after the blurred effects of Monet and the other Impressionists. This had already begun to happen in the Salon (sā'lōN'), or exhibition, of the Independents (1884). Signac, and Seurat were Post-Impressionists, which merely means that they came after the Impressionists.

Auguste Renoir (1841-1919) was another

But he often puts his people in a leafy setting or in a garden; for he was very fond of nature and of the pleasant, clear light of the out of doors.

Post-Impressionist, and a bigger man than any of the others we have mentioned. Seurat's (sū'rā') pictures were solid, but frozen and motionless. Renoir brought back life and motion as well as solidity.

Renoir's Love of Color

He is a joyous, hearty, vigorous artist. He started out as an Impressionist, but right away he showed a difference. He loved to paint people, whereas the Impressionists liked best to paint landscapes. He loved color as much as they did, but he did not, like them, make a science of it. He painted color because he could not help it. He loved it so much that he liked to paint women better than men just because they have more color about them.

Renoir had a hard time in his early days, as did most of these artists. For a while he lived in wretched quarters in Paris with

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Monet; then came the Franco-Prussian War and Monet was off to England. Renoir finally found work painting china in a china factory. He sent paintings to the Salon and they were always refused. Then he exhibited with the Impressionists.

One of his finest pictures is of the family of the publisher Charpentier (shâr'pôn'ty'), who defended Renoir and the other Impressionists and Independents and bought many of their paintings. He must have been pleased with this picture of his family even if it had been some other man's family it would have made any room gay!

For it is all ablaze with splendid color. The little girls have reddish hair. Renoir loved red hair. They are dressed alike in soft bright blue with white bows and sashes. Their mother is in black; Renoir used black as the Japanese do, not as shadow but as color, to set off the other colors just as on any dance floor the gay dresses of the girls are set off by the plain black of the men. The nearest little girl sits on a great drowsy black and white dog. Behind them all the wall is painted in strips of bright red, with Japanese birds on it, blue-green peacocks and a white heron with a red beak. On the table are a blue tea set and bright flowers.

How is that for color? Renoir's pictures are like that. We might almost call them luscious.

Renoir is his own peculiar kind of modern artist. He has an old-time gayety. Many artists to-day have to write pages and pages to explain their art. Renoir just painted. When he was very old his hands became paralyzed. So he had his brush strapped to his hand and went on painting. He had an

eye for color such as Rubens and the old Venetians had, and he added a gayety and freshness all his own.

The other great one, Paul Cézanne (1839-1906), was a different sort of person altogether. He, even more than Renoir, is the father of the modernists. For more than any other one man he is responsible for the idea we mentioned a moment ago that it is not important for artists to copy nature.

For a long time Cézanne was even more neglected than the others. He too started out with the Impressionists, but because his art seemed full of straight lines and

sharp corners he was not understood even when people had learned to understand Impressionism. The way people made fun of him hurt him so much that he went back home and buried himself in his painting. People forgot he even existed. As late as 1895, when the Impressionists were an old story, Cézanne was still practically unknown.

Cézanne's Early Struggle

Cézanne's art did not come naturally like Renoir's. He fought and struggled with it.



Photo by Museum of Modern Art

For the last thirty years of his life Renoir painted nothing but women, children, and flowers. His paintings of women and children are no more portraits of particular people than his paintings of flowers are portraits of particular flowers. They are *any* people and *any* flowers, and all the more beautiful because of it. Above is his colored lithograph of "Young Girls." Often one can get a clearer impression of a modern picture if one holds the photograph of it at arm's length as one should do with the reproduction shown above.



Figure 4
to by J.M.W. Turner

Renoir was not so much interested in the thing he was painting as he was in the way the colors were put on and the relation of one color to another. Yet he has given us many paintings which we can enjoy for their subject as well as for their color. One of

these is his charming "Child Writing" which you see above. Everything, from the plump cheek to the intent expression on the face of the youthful penman, shows that Renoir had looked at his little model with affectionate understanding.

He threw canvas after canvas out of the window, groaning that he was only a beginner. Yet how much he began.

Putting Peaceful Beauty on Canvas

Cézanne was born in Aix (ěks) and lived there most of his life. Aix is in Provence (prô'vô's'), in the most southern part of France. It is a beautiful, green land. In February the hillsides are covered with the blooms of almond trees. In summer the sun shines hot and glaring on green hillsides and the blue water of the Mediterranean. The warm, bright sunshine of Provence seemed natural to Cézanne. He belonged to it. It was in his blood. It did not give him sunstroke. It filled him with peace.

He wanted to put that peaceful beauty on canvas. And after many failures and long trying, he did it.

Now when we look out on a particularly lovely view of valleys and rolling hills or distant sea, our minds seem to have seven-league boots to cover all that space. We feel a delicious *stretch* inside us. How wonderful that we can take in so many miles and hold them inside our minds. It is a peaceful feeling too. Our eyes are tired of looking at little things. The sweep of a great prospect rests us.

But we cannot always stay looking at our view. Perhaps we have to go back to the city. How can we take it with us? We try a photograph. But it is strangely disappointing. The camera cannot picture those distant hills very well. They all crowd up together. There is no space between. Instead of our great prospect we have only a poor small one.

Cézanne gives us our view. There is in it

wonderful depth. We have our seven-league boots again and can reach out into space with great leaps. There are our solid mountains, our blue, blue water, the soft green shaded with gray so typical of Provence fruit trees, the quiet arches of a bridge. Here is our peace.

How does he do it? It is hard to explain, just as it was hard to do. Chiefly he does it by the extraordinary way in which he made a pattern of his color.

He was not trying to make his color give us sudden glimpses or sight-impressions such of those of the Impressionists. He was trying to make his color express the *feeling*, the spirit, of the landscape for instance, this feeling of distance and of peace. He studied his view and he studied his color. He found that blue and green and violet are *distant* colors. We speak of "far-away blue hills." Far-away hills are not yellow. Yellow and red are *near* colors. If red or yellow is very

far away it looks brown or black, as a rule.

So, argued Cézanne, I can use my color to tell certain things. My little houses in front I shall make red and yellow, my far-away hills just the right blues and greens to suggest distance. And the solid masses of green trees, the little rises in ground between the foreground and the distance, the changeable blue water—each one must have just the right color to help out the effect I want to get.

But it is hard to give all the little changes of light over a great expanse of land, and, what is more, there is no need of doing it. What you must do is give the important ones that give your picture shape or design. Cézanne's pictures are simpler than nature. They seem like beautiful patterns of all the loveliest views we have ever seen. They do

not give exact details, but they catch and hold the feeling of a landscape—say our feeling of distance and peace.

Cézanne was fascinated by this simple pattern, this speaking shape, which he saw under all the cluttered details of nature. It was not only his landscapes, though they are easiest to explain. It was other things too. He liked to paint what we call "still life" a table with fruit and china on it, a vase of flowers on a window sill. These too had pattern and were beautiful shapes.

People were hardest. His way of painting took so much study—and people will not

stay still forever. His friend Vollard (vôl' lâr') sat 115 times for his portrait. And after all that Cézanne said with a sigh, "The shirt front is not bad."

When Cézanne Was Discouraged

No wonder he would sometimes get discouraged and throw his canvases out of the window, or give them to the peasants, who had no idea what it was all about, or toss them to his son to cut up into puzzles. Over



Photo by Museum of Modern Art

Cézanne never painted in a hurry, as Van Gogh always did. He pondered over each brush stroke, for he wanted every part of his painting to be in the proper relation to every other part, so that the whole picture would hang together. It was as though he had been an architect planning a building so sturdy that no earthquake could ever shake it down. And indeed we call the sort of painting he did "architectural" painting. Above is the "Man with a Blue Cap," a painting in which you may see how Cézanne tried to build up interesting forms even when he was doing a portrait.



Photo by Museum of Modern Art

Cézanne was never tired of painting "still life." Next to his landscapes, his paintings of apples on a table—with draperies as a sort of frame—are the most famous paintings he ever made. One of his admirers has said, "With Cézanne a mere crumpled tablecloth may take on the majesty of a mountain." Now it may often happen to you that the first time you look at a painting by one of the modern artists, you will feel

repelled or be quite at sea to understand what it is all about. In that case, look at it for a moment and then turn to something else; but come back to it later and look at it earnestly, perhaps with your eyelids partly closed. The chances are very good that in the end you may come to feel that it has great charm and a depth of meaning that you missed at first. Above all, try to see some of these pictures in color.

and over again he cried, "I do not succeed in expressing myself!" Yet his portraits, as well as his landscapes, have great strength and solidity. This is because he reduces objects to simple, fundamental forms: a mountain to a cone, a house to a cube, a human head to a sphere—and thus became the "father" of the modern school.

In the early years of our own century this friend of Cézanne's, Vollard, who was a picture dealer and one of the few who believed in Cézanne, came down to Aix to buy up his canvases. "Here," said the peasants of Aix, "is a chance to make some money out of these crazy pictures M. Cézanne has given us." So out came all the gifts, to be gleefully sold to Vollard for as much as twenty dollars apiece. The peasants thought they were asking terrific prices for these messy pieces of canvas. To-day the same pictures sell for thousands of dollars.

But poor Cézanne died in 1906 from a fever caught painting in a downpour of rain. He did not live to see his great success.

Someone has said that Cézanne is a man building a house. He has studied all the old buildings of the past and loves them. But he does not want to live in them. He wants a house made especially for the man of to-day, a modern house. He built the framework of this modern house; our modern art of painting is the carrying on of his building.

A Hollander in Provence

Vincent van Gogh (1853-1890) was one of the new builders. His art comes from Provence, like Cézanne's. But it is very different. Part of the difference came from the fact that Van Gogh (vân gòK') was a Hollander by birth and a Provençal only by adoption. He was not used to this blazing



Photo by Ollivier, Paris

Van Gogh's fishing boats should be seen in color—bright red and green and Prussian blue. His paint-

ings always burn with intense color and his lines swirl in a sort of fiery dance.

sunshine. It seemed to jump up and hit him in the face with violent color. He had never seen such brightness. It gave him a sort of fever.

Pictures in Rioting Color

In this fever he painted his pictures. "I have painted seven studies of corn," he writes. "They are all of yellow tone and were done at frantic speed—just as the reaper works, silently, in the sweltering sun with only one thought in his mind—to cut down as much as possible." And again: "I work at high noon in the blazing sun in the corn fields. I delight in it like a grasshopper." They say he was terrifying to look at when he painted—and no wonder! For he was frantic, as he himself says. Color rioted in his head.

There is nothing else in art like his paint-

ings. When he paints sunflowers they are not ordinary yellow flowers. They seem soaked in yellow; the background is yellow; everything is yellow. When he paints fishing boats drawn up on the sand, he makes them bright red and green and yellow and Prussian blue. His pictures have the fiery stillness of hot noonday sun, and yet they quiver and crackle as if they were about to boil over.

How Van Gogh Painted

He starts to paint with tiny, careful spots, like Signac (sē'nyāk') and Seurat, but he is too excited, too much in a hurry. His brush makes feverish strokes. If he cannot lay his color freshly enough he squeezes it directly from the tube on the canvas.

Van Gogh is trying to make a world more real than what he sees. At his best his color

is glorious pattern. It is thrilling—but it is frantic. He is a man seeing visions all by himself. Cézanne said Van Gogh was mad. Who knows? Certainly the hot sun of Arles (árl) in Provence is not meant to go out in of a high noon in summer. And Van Gogh could not stand it as Cézanne could; it gave him sunstroke. In the end his fever was too much for him; he shot himself.

The art of Van Gogh's friend Paul Gauguin (1848-1903) is peaceful again. But it was only after much tumult and suffering that Gauguin (gō'gāN') found his peace far away from the noise of civilization in the depth of the South Seas.

Gauguin took modern art another step away from a slavish copying of nature. Like so many others,

he started out with the Impressionists. Pissarro was a kind friend to him. But he disliked the blurred effect of Pissarro's (pē'sā'rō') and the other Impressionists' art. He wanted pattern; so he liked the patterns of Puvis de Chavannes' (pu've' dē shā'vān') pictures, though he missed bright color in them. Then he discovered Cézanne. He saw how Cézanne used both color and pattern, how he made his color a part of his pattern.

Only Gauguin went further than Cézanne. Why, he asked, do we have to paint the color that we see at all? The old glassmakers

who made the windows for our cathedrals did not mind making one sheep blue and another red if the picture looked better that way. I shall paint a pink dog if it looks better than a brown one. So we must not

expect Gauguin's pictures to be strictly "true to life."

Gauguin, like a good many other people, thought art, and life too for that matter, had become sadly muddled in our modern days. He was very unhappy in Paris, trying to be a banker and wanting all the time to be an artist. Art was all that mattered, and yet there seemed to be no place in modern life for it. Life was all cluttered up with noise and machines and smoke and dust, and art somehow had gone astray. It seemed to Gauguin that the roaring, blatant life of a modern city had no inspiration for an artist.

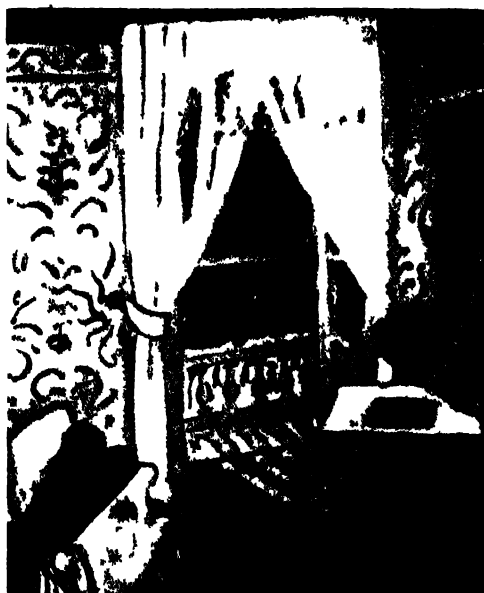
So he hunted for inspiration away from modern life. He went looking for people who were not in a hurry, who had no machines. First he found the peasants of Brittany, hardy, simple fisherfolk who lived by the sea on a land of rocks and wind-blown heather. But even Brittany was too near civilization. So finally he left his business, his family, his comfortable income, and went out to Tahiti (tā'hē-tē), which lies lazily sunning itself in the tropical sunlight far out in the



Photo by Museum of Modern Art

This is a portrait of a Tahitian by Gauguin. The artist lived in Tahiti for eight years, painting all sorts of fascinating pictures of the simple South Sea natives—pictures of lovely brown girls with flowers in their hair, or studies of the sea, with a foreground of writhing waves that seem like patterned writing, with a mysterious and barbarous story to tell. Some of his paintings, done in a flat manner with figures in strange, distorted positions, look rather like Egyptian wall paintings.

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HENRI MATISSE

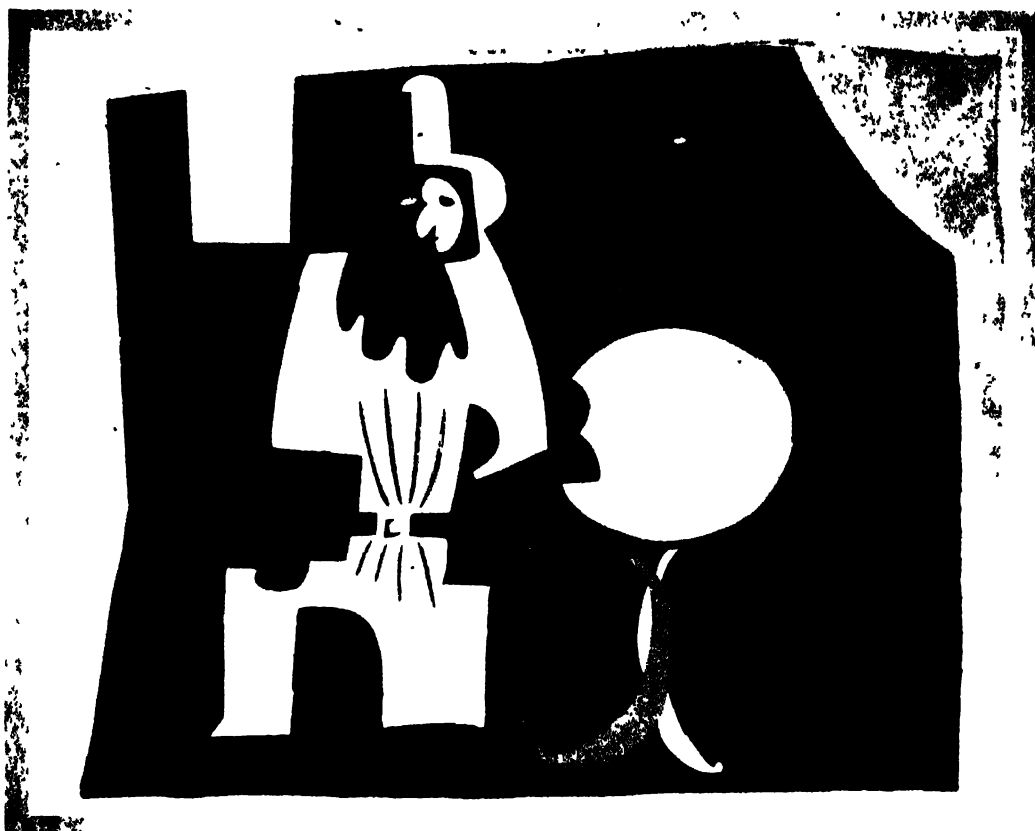
As you can, easily see from his two paintings above, Henri Matisse is a painter of patterns. His lines and spots are put in not accidentally, as some people like to think but each in the place where the artist intended it to go. In many of his pictures one pattern may be echoed and reechoed in many different objects and in various parts of the picture.

Artists have taken their inspiration from many strange sources. The artists of the Renaissance took Roman art as their model. The Impressionists got inspiration from the camera and from Japanese prints. Picasso and others have studied African native art. Matisse is influenced by mediaeval glass painting and the art of Indo-China.



Charles Burchfield, whose "Railroad Gantry" you see above, comes from Ohio, and might be called the "painter of Main Street," for he is interested in the

picturesque ugliness of small middle western towns. Japanese prints may have had some influence upon him, otherwise, his art is his own.



Photos by Museum of Modern Art

One painting alone will tell you very little of the art of Pablo Picasso, for he is forever changing his style of painting to attack some new problem in art. He is said never to have left a problem unsolved; but the minute he is satisfied with what he has done, he turns to something else. So you can see that he has

not, as so many artists have done, repeated his own successes until people grow bored with his worn-out mannerisms. He has done many pictures of harlequins. They were romantic and appealing to him at first; later he used them purely in an abstract pattern—as, for example, his “Harlequin” above.

Pacific Ocean—a kind of enchanted island.

There he found a gentle, unhurried life, untouched by all the noise and blare he hated so heartily. Day after day he could sit by the blue ocean under green spreading palms and paint the friendly, simple-hearted natives, whose strong, brown bodies fitted so perfectly into the pattern of tropical sea, trees, and sky. He painted in simple, flat patterns and bright colors that speak to us of that strange life in a far-away, tropical land.

When Art Set Out upon New Paths

As we should expect from Gauguin's theories about pink dogs and such things, these pictures are about as different from photographs as anything could well be. Twentieth century art was by this time

definitely adopting the new doctrine that art is not “representation” that is, it is not the copying of nature. It was a startling change. For centuries men had been trying to paint nature just as they saw it, and had been coming nearer and nearer to the goal. Then all of a sudden—as if it were afraid of turning into a plain photograph—art takes this new course. It goes back to design and color that are beautiful or full of meaning in themselves, even if they do not picture what the everyday world looks like.

It started, as we said, with Cézanne. Artists looked at his simple shapes and lovely colors and let themselves wonder. They wondered, like Gauguin, why we should not paint lovely color and not care whether it is the color of real life or not. They wondered why we have to paint pic

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11 By Museum of Modern Art

Arthur B. Davies, an American artist, paints a dream world of rhythmical landscape and clear, glassy waters

When there are human figures they are tall and slender and poetic Above is his "Italian Landscape"

tures that look like anything in particular, anyway. They wondered which is more

important, the things we see or the things we dream

When artists once started thinking that way, the strongest sort of things happened. For when everybody is trying to paint the world we all see around

us the results are bound to be at least a little bit alike. But when each artist starts trying

to paint the world in his own head, almost anything may happen. All the old rules are thrown overboard when they get in the artist's way. And the brave experimenting that was being done during the

This monumental figure, so strong and solid and simple, is "Summer" by Aristide Maillol

To the right is Maillol's "Spring," a slender, budding maiden as compared with his "Summer," a woman of riper years. Yet "Spring" is strong and simple as all his sculptures are

Photos by Museum of Modern Art





Photo by Museum of Modern Art

Henri Rousseau is all by himself in the history of art; he taught himself all the painting he ever knew. Yet this simple soul was able to solve many of the problems in art that have baffled modern artists. He was like the poet Blake in a good many ways; he saw strange visions just as Blake did, and he lived in a world that existed only inside himself—in a sort of “dream, equally wild and lovely.” When he was a boy

Rousseau went to Mexico with a military band. Years later he painted tropical scenes—jungles such as you see above, with monkeys and wild beasts that are like charming toys but have the inspired quality of Blake's

“Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?”

nineteenth century begins to look conservative and old-fashioned beside the amazing things done by the wilder of the “modernists.”

The Club of the “Wild Men”

In 1900 a group of these artists made a sort of club. They called themselves the Wild Men. They realized that they would seem like wild men to the public and they thought it rather fun to be savage. Henri Matisse (1869–) is the chief of them. His art is like a lovely Persian painting. It is not deep or solid. It is a pattern in color. He likes to use the black crisscross of a window frame as a background; like Renoir he uses black to bring out the brightness of his other color. Raoul Dufy (ra’ool’

du’fē’), another of the group, is a sort of laughing Matisse (mă’tēs’). He is the gayest and wittiest of modern painters.

The Spaniard Pablo Picasso (1881–), another of the Wild Men and perhaps the most influential artist since Cézanne, was responsible for one of the most famous of the new experiments. Picasso (pê-ka’sō), to be sure, was a changeable soul, and sometimes painted roundly and solidly enough. But he and another artist named Georges Braque (zhôrzh brāk) became so excited over the lovely patterns of Cézanne that they thought they would make their paintings all pattern—no color, no human forms as we know them, just pattern. They saw the world, including people, as different arrangements of spheres and pyramids and

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Photo by Museum of Modern Art

André Derain is one of the group of painters of which Matisse is the greatest—who called themselves the

"Wild Men." Above is one of his patterned landscapes, with thick, almost woolly trees.

squares and other geometrical figures. So some of their paintings are simply designs of circles and cubes. Was it surprising that some bright critic dubbed them Cubists?

As a matter of fact, a modern artist does not have to be a Cubist to like geometry. For what is more like our modern world, with its round dynamos and rectangular skyscrapers and curved steel bridges, than is geometry? Most artists have not run off to Tahiti, like Gauguin, but have stayed at home and tried to say their say about modern life in curves and angles. With their passion for pattern, they have made all sorts of beautiful or striking designs out of the sharp, clean shapes of machines and clear, bright, metallic colors.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Jacob Epstein, one of the most famous of modern sculptors, was born in New York of Russian-Polish parents. He studied in Paris and then settled down permanently in England. The world has been shocked by a number of his unusual sculptures, but it is gradually being won to his emotional, rough surfaces. Above is his "American Soldier."

ists once decided that they did not have to be "natural," they began admiring sorts of art that no one had thought of admiring, much less imitating, before. They found that there had been "moderns" in their sense ever since art began at all. They discovered the beautiful, angular patterns of ancient Egyptian and Cretan art. They discovered that the Byzantines (bī-zǎn'tin) in the earlier Middle Ages had been modernists. They discovered that childlike peoples like the Negroes of the Congo and the American Indians had each its own marvelous, unrealistic art, from which there was very much to be learned.

Sometimes they even imitated the crooked, untrained drawing of children. There is something charming in

If he does not go to machines, the modern artist may find other unexpected places to go for inspiration. As soon as the modern-

the queer pictures made by a clever child. And one of the modern painters whose works you see in the big museums man-

aged to make himself famous without ever learning any more about drawing or coloring than a clever child knows. This is Henri Rousseau (1844-1910), a French customs house officer who painted in his spare time. Rousseau (rōō'sō') never learned to draw very well; he just drew the best he could. But such charming pictures! He would paint what he saw and loved about him: a white road with its tracks and a man walking on it, the clouds and trees, the gay little flowers. Or he would paint what he had only dreamed or read about: some Alice-in-Wonderland jungle, with enormous, fantastic tropical flowers, and an absurd and delightful lion asleep in it.

The same sorts of things have been going on in sculpture as in painting, except of course the reveling in color. Sometimes what a sculptor seems to be trying for is simplicity and strength of design. The Frenchman Aristide Maillol (ā'rēs'tēd' mā'yōl') was an admirer of Gauguin. But he wants too to give sculpture the solidity that belongs to it. He carves simply in great blocks, so that you feel the strength of stone. Antoine Bourdelle (āN'twān' bōōr'dēl'), another Frenchman, can also make us feel the solid strength of stone.

The Work of Modern Sculptors

The sculptors too, like the painters, have learned much from old and primitive arts. Ivan Maestrovic (mēs'trō-vich) lives in Yugoslavia, which used to be a part of the Byzantine empire, and his carving has much of the stiff, formal beauty of that old style; yet at the same time it is astonishingly alive. The American Paul Manship has learned of the early Greeks, before the classic period. The German Carl Miller used the design of a golden cup found at ancient Mycenae (mī-sē'nē), in Greece, to make a fountain.

Some of the sculptors, again like the painters, have been interested in almost nothing but pattern and design, or, as they often call it, "abstract form." Alexander Archipenko (ārch'ī-pēng'kō), for instance, cares nothing about the shapes of living things; what he wants is for his sculpture to move in lovely curves.

Most of the artists we have been talking about are French, for during the last hundred years France has been far ahead of the rest of the world in art. She has been a teacher of the other nations. And now in the twentieth century art is becoming more and more international; our painting and sculpture and architecture are more alike, all over Europe and America at least, than they have been since the fourteenth century--when America, of course, was not even part of the known world. Take the Wild Men, for instance: they met, of course, in Paris, but one of them was a Pole and another a Spaniard. And in Paris are working artists from all over the world--England, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Russia, America, even Japan. Each carries home to his own country the same ideas of pattern and color.

The Vivid Art of Russia

Of course each country treats them a little differently. The Russians perhaps keep their own nationality most. They have always had a vivid peasant art with a different sense of color from other people. You see it in Russian dolls and gay Russian blouses--red, blue, yellow, green, orange, purple, all thrown together in riot. Sometimes, too, they have a terrible gloomy blackness that makes our gloom look silly. And now since the Revolution they are developing a sturdy proletarian (pro'lē-tā'ri-ān)--or working people's--art, which is different from anything else in the world.

Another country that has a strong native art which it has never forgotten is Mexico. Mexico has never had very much connection with Europe; her artists have usually been too poor to study in Rome or Paris. They have had to make an art for themselves. And they found ready at hand the rich art of the Indian civilizations which flourished in Mexico and Central America before the white men came. We have said something about this old American art, especially the art of the Mayas (mā'yä), in our story of the Indians. Maya or Aztec blood runs in the veins of many and many a Mexican; and all about them are the ruins and remains of that old art.

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Above: Collection of Museum of Modern Art, New York. Below: courtesy Mrs. C. M. Gooch.

"Homestead" by Thomas Benton (1889) and (1892-1942) show the simple, straight-forward quality of much modern American art.

THE HISTORY OF ART



Photos Above, *An American Place*, New York, below, the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York

Georgia O'Keeffe (1887-), American painter of "Jimson Weed," above, is famous for her "abstractions." Diego Rivera (1886-), a Mexican artist, often shows humble people, as in "Offering," below.

The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit

No. 1

THE OLDEST HOUSES OF THE WORLD

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
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| If you set out into the wilds to | ent from the houses men built |
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Summary Statement

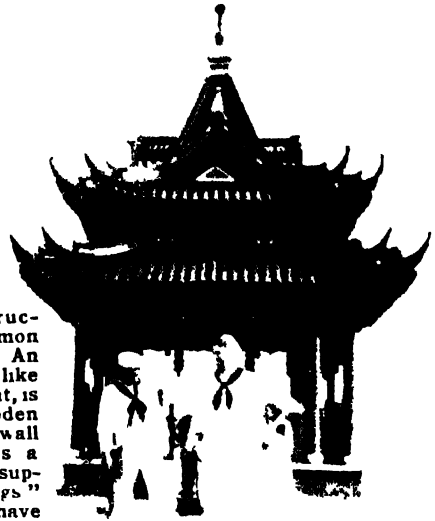
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| The three earliest forms of | the tent—led to widely different |
| building—the cave, the hut, and | ideas of building. |

THE OLDEST HOUSES OF THE WORLD

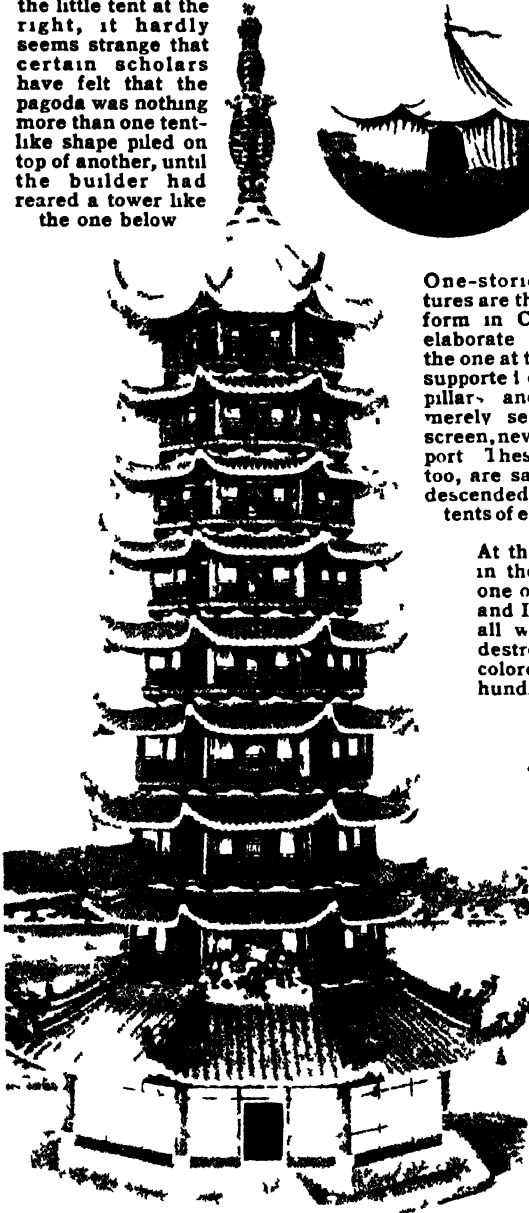
When one looks at the little tent at the right, it hardly seems strange that certain scholars have felt that the pagoda was nothing more than one tent-like shape piled on top of another, until the builder had reared a tower like the one below



One-storied structures are the common form in China. An elaborate roof, like the one at the right, is supported on wooden pillars, and the wall merely serves as a screen, never as a support. These "t'ings" too, are said to have descended from the tents of early men.



At the left is a model of the Great Pagoda at Suchow, in the province of Kiangsu. It is 250 feet high, and one of the finest in China. Pagodas are built in Japan and India, as well as in China, but the most famous of all was the beautiful Porcelain Pagoda at Nanking, destroyed in 1854. It was covered with tiles of bright colored porcelain, and from its many angles swung hundreds of little bells that made a silvery music whenever the breeze sprang up.



Beautiful memorial gateways, like the one standing knee-deep in the water above, are common in China and Japan. Often they lead to a shrine, as does this one from Japan, and they always are full of dignity and beauty. As a rule Chinese and Japanese structures are picturesque but not imposing.



THE OLDEST HOUSES OF THE WORLD

Buildings are dreams, dreams come true in wood and stone. But the dream must be lived with and pondered, sometimes for many years, before the man who cherishes it can take the solid blocks and pile them into a pyramid or tower.



The OLDEST HOUSES of the WORLD

The First Architects Were Just Trying to Keep Out the Wind and Rain, but They Invented Things That Were Some Day Going to Turn into Temples and Skyscrapers

WE ARE all builders. We have all piled our blocks into a towering castle on the floor, and called to everyone to come and see. For we were as proud as if we had made a skyscraper.

And we have all breathlessly set up a house of cards or smoothed the roof of a little cavern in the sand. What if it should cave in! We did not know, then, that our little towers and domes had to obey just the same laws as a soaring spire or a skyscraper—for every builder has to get the better of certain great forces of nature. We went ahead and did our best with our castles and our houses because it is in the nature of all mankind to love to build and to create. As soon as we can build something that is beautiful as well as strong and useful, we are happy indeed. And it is then that we may be said to be architects.

Now when men first began to build, they

did not have much time to worry about how their houses looked. What they needed was something to keep out the wind and rain and to ward off prowling animals at night. So their early homes were not much different from the shacks that boys build nowadays as headquarters for the "gang" except, of course, that early man had no boards or nails. For the walls he wove reed mats and stopped them up with pitch or clay, and for the roof he used the same kind of mats, with clay or mud on top to shed the rain. Tree trunks or bundles of reeds tied together with stout stems made the corners of his building solid and served for doorposts and crossbeams. Of course people who lived near forests could make the walls of poles.

Later, those humble little homes grew fine enough to have a window, and even a hearth and chimney. But the chimney did not come for a very long time, and meanwhile

THE OLDEST HOUSES OF THE WORLD

the smoke had to find its way out through the window or a hole in the roof and many must have been the eyes that smarted!

You can see at once that the first huts had to be very small, and that no matter how carefully they might be built, a strong wind would lay

savage in those days, and lived on the animals he killed and the fish he caught and it did not take away his appetite to eat them raw. But even then he had a feeling for beautiful things, and sometimes he decorated the walls of his dark, smoky den with drawings that amaze us they are so skillful and lively!

As long as man was savage, the cave served him very well for a home. But after a good many thousands of years he began to herd some of the wild animals—the cows and goats and sheep—and to drive his flocks wherever he could find grass. He could not carry his cave with him, nor yet the materials to set up a hut, so he invented tents, made out of skins from his flocks and easy to carry. Such were the dwellings of Abraham of Isaac, and of Jacob, and such are the only homes the Bedouin Arabs know to-day.

But what do caves and tents and huts

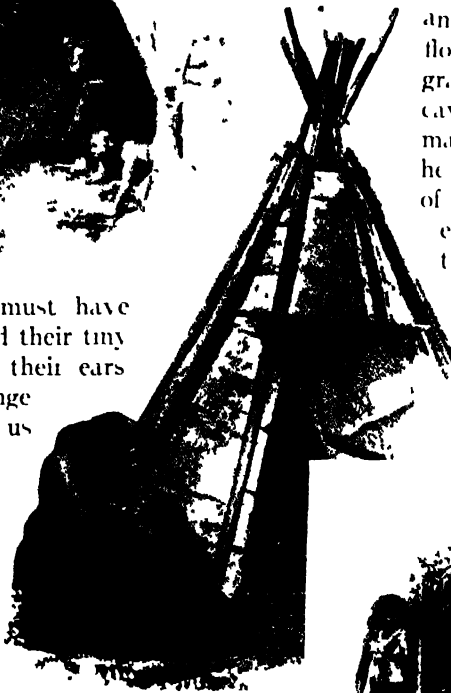
The men who lived in caves looked much like this. Clearly, they would not greatly mind that their floors were of dirt instead of marble and that their walls were bare instead of being covered with paintings and tapestries.



them flat.

Many an early family must have wakened in dismay to find their tiny mansion tumbling about their ears. Time has played strange tricks in preserving for us certain things from the long ago. Countless vast stone structures have crumbled away. But scholars digging lately in the soft earth in Southern Mesopotamia near Ur, the city of Abraham's birth, came upon some of those little ancient homes. Here women worked and children played six or eight thousand years ago, and here the tiny tots built houses in the soft, warm mud that lay about them everywhere in that marshy land, just as children do to-day.

But man lived on the earth a long, long time before he learned to make a house for himself. At first he roamed about without a home. Then he dwelt in caves that he found or dug in the side of a cliff. He was



A house like the one above is a good deal better than nothing, and is quite convenient if its owners must keep traveling about. But it is not to be recommended for those who dislike a draft of chilly air.

At the right is the very simple affair that serves to shelter certain natives of the tropics. Luckily, in their climate a free circulation of air is altogether desirable, and a leafy covering will keep off the sun as well as shingles could.



Photos by Natl. Museum and Field Museum

have to do with architecture? Now the answer to that question is very interesting and important, and when you know about it

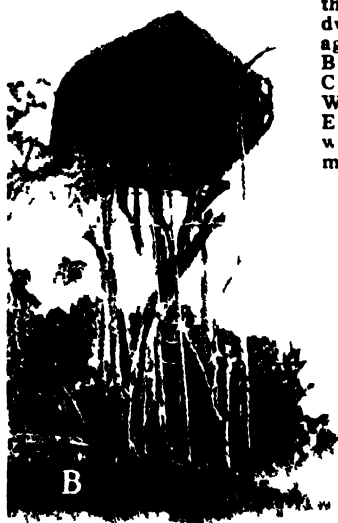
you will understand a great law that governs all our history—a law which in architecture has helped to produce all the different kinds

THE OLDEST HOUSES OF THE WORLD



A

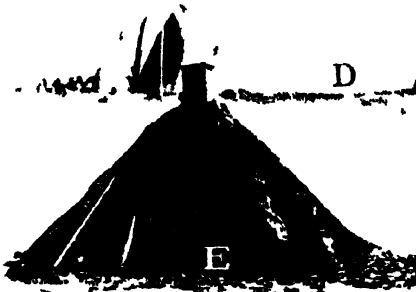
Here are some of the strange houses that men have built. A Swiss lake dwellings of six or eight thousand years ago, the first wooden houses in Europe. B Tree house in the Philippine Islands. C Native mansion in West Africa. D Wigwam of the North American Indian. E Laplander's dugout, for winter weather. F The first American apartment houses, homes of the cliff dwellers in the southwestern United States.



B

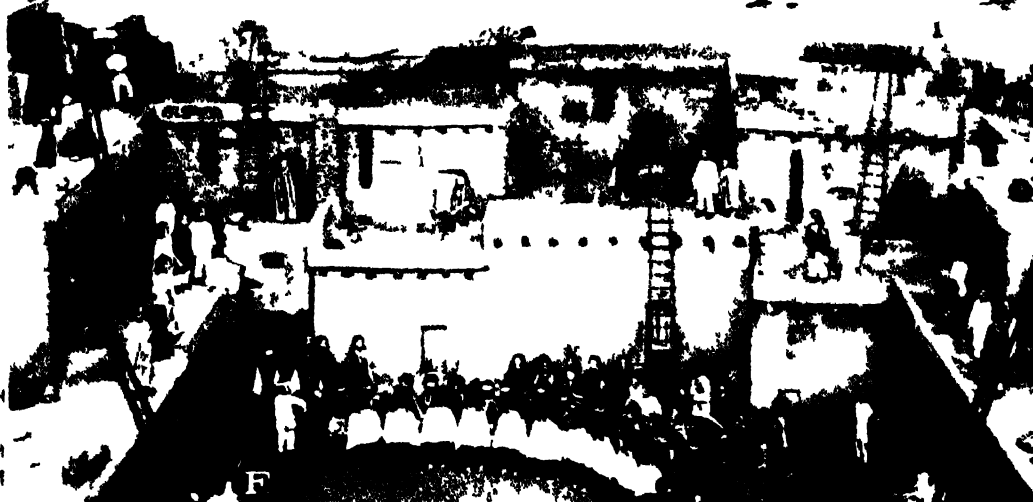


C



D

E



F

THE OLDEST HOUSES OF THE WORLD



Photo by National Museum

Here are Eskimos hard at work building their igloos, temporary residences which they construct out of

blocks of snow and ice, the only building material at hand in many places. A sheet of ice serves as a window.

of buildings we have to-day. It is the Law of Growth and Change.

For nothing in this world comes into being all new or just of its own accord. Everything has had a long development, centuries of growth and change behind it—the rocks, the trees, the animals, and you and I. Houses are no exception to the rule, for by the Law of Growth and Change men can make the new only out of what has gone before.

Just as the ocean liner springs from some savage's canoe of long ago, so a modern skyscraper, with lofty summit bursting into a flower of lights at night, had its far-off beginning in that little reed hut in Mesopotamia. Everything that we shall have to say will be by way of tracing the growth that has led to such an amazing climax.

Now until very lately, the greatest builders in the world have all been busy, in the main, in doing just what you and I did with our blocks on the floor. That is, they have been finding new or safer or more beautiful ways

of putting one block on top of another and seeing that it stayed there. Sometimes their blocks were made of wood, sometimes of brick or tile or stone, and sometimes even of ice, as in the frozen north. But they were

always blocks of some kind or other and they always had a stubborn way of falling down again as soon as they were up.

If people had lost heart as easily as you and I did, we should all be living still in caves! But luckily there are always men who will not let themselves be beaten no matter how long and hard the task. We have those men to thank that we can live in beautiful, warm homes to-day, without worrying as to when the roof will tumble in.

Now when men first began to feel the need of buildings that

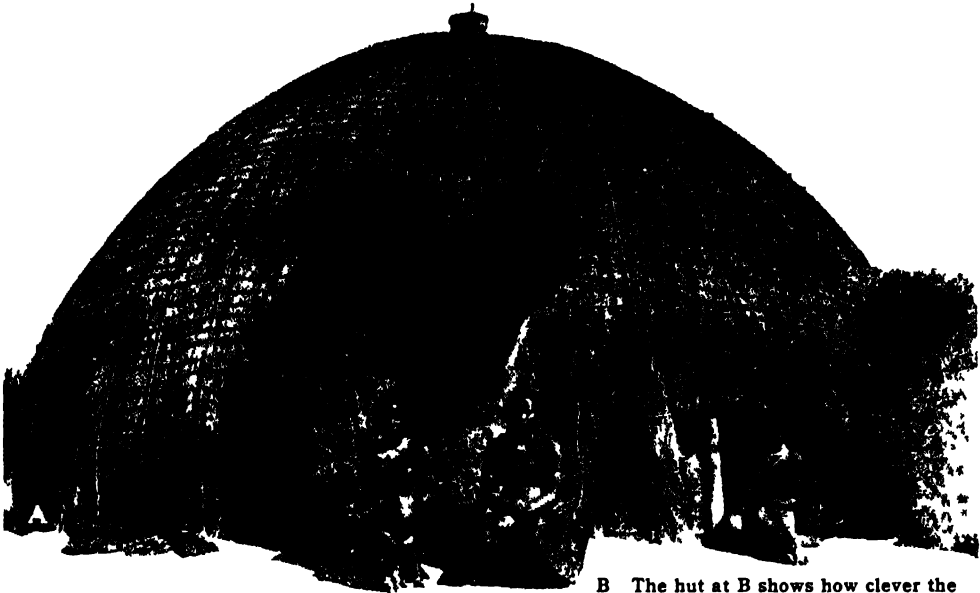
should be more lasting and more beautiful, they had at hand the three types of dwelling we have mentioned upon which they could experiment and improve—the cave, the hut, and the tent. You will hardly be surprised to learn that the growths resulting from those three seeds are quite startling in variety—



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

In some parts of Russia the peasants cover the frames of their houses with leather. The strange sugarloaf above has been built in this way. The Eskimos, too, build cone-shaped skin tents for summer residences.

THE OLDEST HOUSES OF THE WORLD



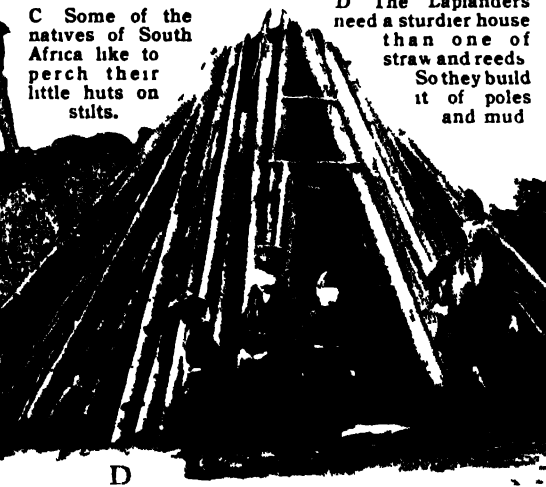
A Simple people must always build their homes of materials that are at hand. So we need not be surprised to find the African Zulus building their "kraals" of reeds and grass, as shown at A. Those thatched domes serve very well to shed the rain and ward off the sun's rays. And of course in that climate the last thing anyone wants to do is to keep out the cold! We might find the interior, with its mud floor, a bit bare, but the Zulu has not yet reached the stage of feeling a need for any other kind.

B The hut at B shows how clever the natives of the Tonga Islands are at building with grass and reeds.



C Some of the natives of South Africa like to perch their little huts on stilts.

D The Laplanders need a sturdier house than one of straw and reeds. So they build it of poles and mud.



THE OLDEST HOUSES OF THE WORLD

as different, say, as a rose, a pine tree, and a cabbage.

The cave was of course much safer than the hut or the tent, though a good deal less comfortable; so men who no longer lived in caves still used them for the burial of their dead and as temples for their gods. Do you remember how Abraham, when Sarah died, bought, for what was then a tidy sum, a

unblinking eyes upon the mighty Nile, which in life the king had worshiped as a god.

To find the buildings that sprang from that early herdsman's tent, we must go very far from home to India and China and Japan. We are by no means sure that they came about in this way, but if you will look at a picture of a pagoda, you will have no trouble in seeing why certain writers, at

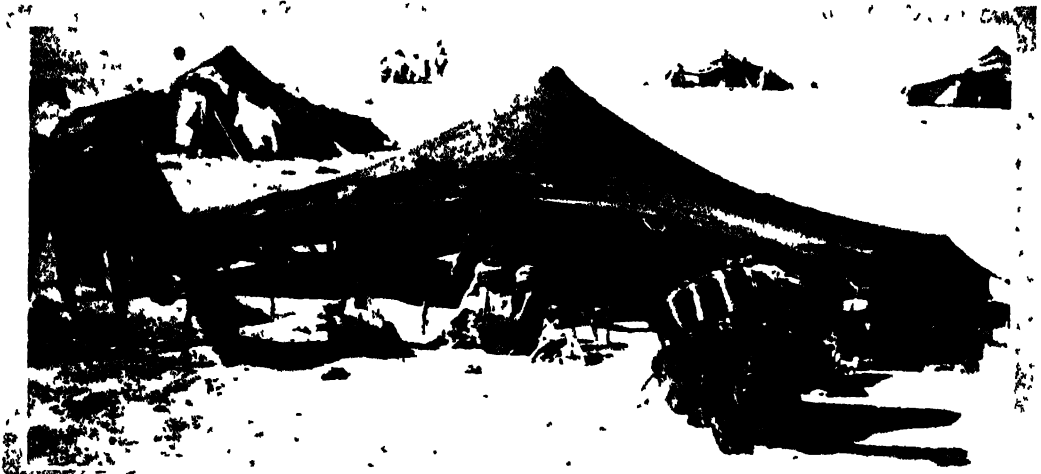


Photo by Keystone View Co.

Wandering hither and yon over the desert, the Arab pitches his tent wherever he happens to be, and rolls it up again when he is ready to move. Castles and

palaces, villas and bungalows may house the rest of mankind, but he still lives in a structure that was the first one his forefathers ever learned to build.

cave in which to bury her and all the other members of his family when they should die? For hundreds of years men used caves as tombs and temples, and they often hollowed a room as big as a church out of the solid rock.

The Temple of a Vain King

So we find that at Abu Simbel (a'boō sīm'bēl), in Egypt, Ramses the Great, who had so many slaves that he did not care if he did work them to death, ordered a temple ninety feet long carved out of a great granite hillside. There were two large pillared halls, a sanctuary (sǎngk'chū-â-rī)—or "holy of holies"—and eleven smaller rooms. Outside, against the front wall, four enormous figures seventy-five feet high were carved in the side of the cliff. All of them were portraits of the king himself. For thirty-two hundred years those images have stared with

least, have felt that the dainty little tower is nothing but a series of tents, heaped one upon another. The pagodas that are standing to-day are none of them very old, but we may be sure that they are just like the ones of long ago, for until lately nothing ever changed in China. Her people were absorbed in the worship of their ancestors, and so they were always looking over their shoulders into the past instead of ahead into the future.

The Chinese Pagoda

They did not worry much about the generations that were to come, and never tried to put up houses that would last. Though the country is very ancient, the oldest building in China dates only from the sixth century since the birth of Christ. But the Chinese are a people of exquisite taste, and whatever they make, even if strange to our

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Western eyes, is always very beautiful. Many men consider Chinese art the most perfect in the world.

Though the pagodas may seem monotonous in shape, their ornament is nearly always beautiful and sometimes very lively. Often they are decorated with porcelain tiles of brilliant color and clever workmanship; and the interiors are magnificent with carving. The building always has an odd number of stories, usually thirteen, for the Chinese believe that odd numbers are masculine and even numbers feminine, and feel that the powerful odd numbers will be more successful in keeping evil spirits away.

The "t'ing" looks still more like a tent than the pagoda does, and is the common type of building in China. It has only one story, as a rule, with an elaborate roof, like an awning, supported on short columns, or piers, which are usually wooden. It is the roof that is the important thing about the building. It may be double or triple, made of brilliant tiles, decorated under its up-

curved eaves with carving and bright-colored woodwork, or along the ridges with images of dragons or other quaint animals. But no one must think that this is done as a joke. The Chinese take dragons and such strange creatures very seriously, and what we might feel were interesting toys, they worship as gods, who represent for them powerful forces of nature.

Caves, tents, and huts—those were the homes of men thousands of years ago. And they are still the homes of many men to-day. Their forms may vary to suit the corner of the earth where their builders live; and they may be made of anything from mud to ice—for simple men have to build with whatever lies at hand. But plenty of those crude homes are still the only ones men know. For, as you will learn, it took thousands of years of thought and bitter toil before men turned their little huts into our beautiful buildings of to-day—and you and I are warm and comfortable because of what our forefathers worked so hard to learn long centuries ago.



Through this fine gate one enters Peiping, the capital of China. No matter where you saw it you would know it for Chinese. The elaborate "roof," the strange shape of the tiles, the wealth of ornament, and the low, unassuming plan, all show that it comes from a country where the people are fine decorators but not very good architects.

Photo by Keystone View Co.

The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit

No. 2

FROM THE MUD HUT TO THE PYRAMID

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

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What a Sumerian god's "home" was like, 11 404
Why the Tower of Babel was never finished, 11-406-7
Why a house with 700 rooms was built without windows, 11-407
Why the Hanging Gardens of Babylon amazed the world, 11

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How a strange belief preserved for us an exact record of the life of ancient Egypt, 11 409
How slavery built the most lasting of all man's monuments, 11 409
Karnak, the most stupendous columned hall in the world, 11-413

Things to Think About

What was the most important building in the city of Ur?
What did the Babylonians learn from the Sumerians?

What was the method used in building the pyramids?
Why did Egyptian life go unchanged for centuries?

Related Material

The Egyptian religion was a severe one, 5 49
The Egyptians used a sign language which we call hieroglyphics, 10 38
Egyptian history began early, 5-47
Digging for the remains of an-

cient times is great fun, 5 6
The Egyptians knew how to build ships, 10 160
They produced an art which in many ways has never been equaled, 11-7-20
They made wonderful glass and enamels, 12 63, 68

Leisure-time Activities

The size and glory of Egyptian architecture can be felt to some extent by visiting the Egyptian

collections and models in museums.

Summary Statement

The Egyptians left a record of their lives in stone monuments which have lasted for thousands

of years. They built with wonderful skill and patience.



THE PYRAMIDS AT GIZEH

Against the ever changing background of the desert loom the gaunt forms of the pyramids at Gizeh. And for this once it would seem that man had built as well

as Nature can, for though the race that reared those monuments has long been dust, their handiwork bids fair to last as long as the enduring hills

From the MUD HUT to the PYRAMID

Starting with Houses That Might Hardly Last a Day, Our Fathers Learned to Put Up Towers That Will Stand Almost Forever

WHEN early men at last had time to turn to building houses that should be beautiful and last a while, they set themselves to improving the dwellings they had at hand, and those, as we have seen, were nothing more than caves and tents and huts. It was the little shabby huts which, after centuries of thinking and planning, became our soaring buildings of to-day.

If you will look at a map of Asia, you will see that Mesopotamia is the region that lies at the head of the Persian Gulf, in the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Now in the days when the huts were built, long before the Flood that we read of in the Bible, all the lower part of the valley was a marsh. There was no wood or stone, not a tree

What were the people to build their houses of if they wanted them to last? There is an old saying that necessity is the mother of invention. Those early men, with minds so alert and yet so ignorant, noticed that the pitiless rays of their tropical sun baked the soft mud into something almost like stone. It was the one hard substance they could find in that spongy land. So they made up their minds to use it for their houses. In other words, they invented bricks, and piled them block on block, to make a solid wall.

But those early bricks, made of mud and baked in the sun, did not have the strength of our modern brick. The ones at the bottom of a wall were likely to be crushed by the weight of those on top. What was to be

done? Probably a good many walls crumbled before someone had the happy notion of building them much wider at the bottom than at the top, and so distributing the weight over a larger number of bricks. This resulted in the sloping—or “raking”—sides that are found on all the oldest buildings. You can see how they were made by piling layers of blocks on top of each other, with each layer narrower than the one beneath.

Then, too, those first mud bricks had another fatal defect. They were all right while the sun shone on them; but all the ground was marshy, and when the walls had been wet for any length of time, they turned to mud again. It was embarrassing!

Houses That Melted in the Rain

Everything was done that could be thought of to keep the house from melting. To get them up out of the marsh, all the towns were built on high mounds, and canals were dug in the lowlands to carry the water away. It all helped, but still there was the rain! At last someone learned to burn bricks in a kiln until they were too hard to take up moisture. Then the problem was solved. No more houses melted in the rain.

And then things went much more rapidly. There are ruins of large temples, dating from several centuries before Christ, in which much of the work is quite beautiful. The whole country, now a desert, is dotted with vast mounds, or “tells,” sometimes nearly a mile around and often two hundred feet high. On top of them are the remains of ancient cities, built by the people we now refer to as the Sumerians (sū-mē’rī-ăn). Many of those mounds have yielded up their

secrets to skillful searchers who have pieced together all the scattered bits of information until they have built up for us the picture of a powerful people living five thousand years ago.

The most important of those ancient cities was Ur, referred to in the Bible as Ur of the Chaldees. Its kings had vast wealth and

built great temples to the god who was so lucky as to be worshiped by them. The temple always stood in the center of the great mound on which the city was built, but was itself raised upon a still higher platform. For the Sumerians had lived in a hilly country before coming to the marshy low

lands of Mesopotamia, and had worshiped their gods on the hilltops—the “high places” so often spoken of in the Old Testament. Now in Ur four thousand years ago the god in highest favor was Nannar, the moon god. It was his temple that stood in the center of the mound and towered—the “Mountain of God” or “Hill of Heaven,” as his worshipers called it—above the soggy plain. Hard by the temple was a vast palace for the priests, the servants, the sacrifices, and all the worldly affairs of the god. For gods in those days were very thrifty, and did a driving business in grain, cattle, dairy products, and even manufactured articles!

What Is a Ziggurat?

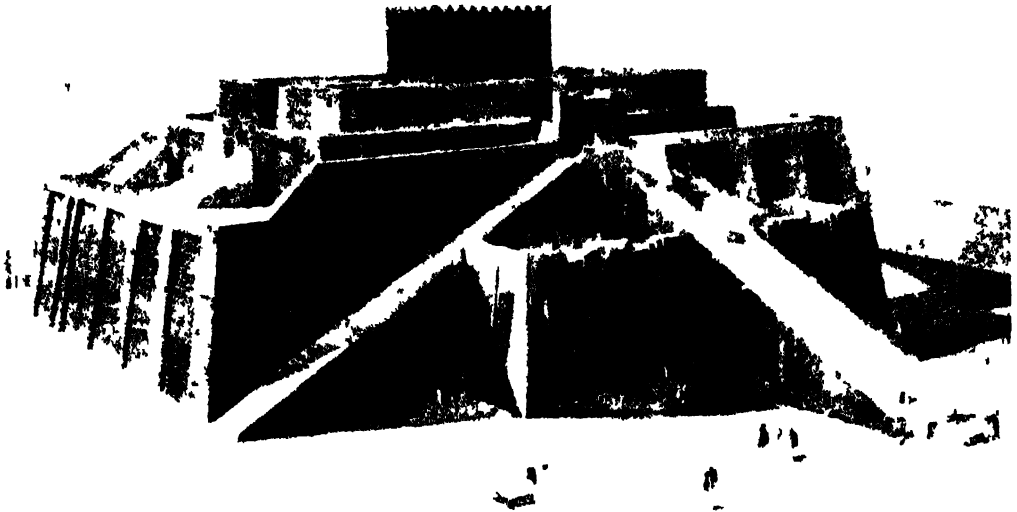
The temple of Nannar, in which the god might be said to have had his private apartments, was a kind of tower called a ziggurat (zīg’ōō-răt). It was a solid heap of brick in the shape of a rectangle some seven hundred feet around, and was arranged in three levels, or stages, with the shrine—the god’s especial home—on top. Three broad staircases, each



Photo by Visual Education Service

This painting shows a scene at Ur in the days of Abraham, the little boy who was born there and later journeyed far to the west.

ARCHITECTURE



This is what scholars think the ziggurat at Ur must have looked like when priests and worshipers thronged

its terraces four thousand years ago. In the small tower on top, Nannar, the moon god, had his shrine



Out of this heap of ruins—the temple at Ur to-day—scholars have reconstructed the model shown above it.



Photo by Jersey City Printur C

Something like this, perhaps, were the scenes at the building of the Tower of Babel. All those bricks had

to be carried on the backs of men and donkeys under a sun too hot for northern men to endure.

with a hundred steps, met at a gate on the first level. A staircase at the back led from this level to the shrine, seventy feet above the ground.

If you look at the picture of a ziggurat you will see that the walls have the sloping, or "raking," sides always found in buildings at this date, even when, as in Egypt, they were built of stone. You will notice too that the bare sides of the tower are ornamented with set-in rectangles. We shall find this ornament everywhere in Mesopotamia, and later on in Egypt, for the Egyptians borrowed it. And if you will look at the buildings you pass every day in the street, you will see this ancient decoration still in use even to-day.

Dwarf Skyscrapers of Ur

The ziggurats had a kind of rude strength and beauty of their own; in fact, they remind us a good deal of a dwarf skyscraper. That their builders, too, thought of them as sky-

scrapers is proved by one of the Bible stories. For the Tower of Babel, which was to "reach unto heaven," was nothing more nor less than a ziggurat which was built in Babylon, not very far from Ur, but which has since been destroyed.

The Famous Tower of Babel

Of course you remember how the story goes. Men at first all spoke one language. But certain of them journeyed to the east until they "found a plain in the land of Shinar," which is another name for Sumeria. "And they said one to another, Go to,"—or as we should say, "Look here!"—"let us make brick and burn them throughly. And they had brick for stone and slime had they for mortar." This is one of the first architectural descriptions in history, and thanks to modern scientists, we need be in no doubt as to what it means. You see men had by this time learned that they had to

do something more to their bricks than dry them in the sun; they had to "burn them throughly" or "thoroughly" -if their buildings were going to last. Then, too, they had discovered that they needed mortar to hold the bricks together; so "slime had they for mortar." In other words, they used bitumen (bi-tū'mēn), a slimy substance from which our asphalt is made; it is plentiful in Southern Mesopotamia.

"And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven." You see, a tower like Nannar's at Ur, seventy feet high and set on top of a mound two hundred feet high, would look very lofty indeed to those early folk though in reality it was no higher than a modern five-story building.

So they began their tower. But, as the Bible tells us, the building of it was interrupted. For God was displeased, and brought the work to a standstill by making the laborers speak many different tongues. They should have known that Heaven is not reached by material means. It is man's pure thoughts, and not the height of his buildings, that bring him nearer God. That this confusion of tongues may have existed is not unlikely. The probable explanation is that the king who planned the tower tried to use slave labor, brought in captive from all the lands he had conquered, and that the various languages made it so hard for the workmen to talk to one another that the scheme had to be abandoned.

The Builders of Babylon

The power of the Sumerians finally fell. They were followed by the Babylonians and Assyrians, who at last gave way to the

Persians. But none of those later peoples, though very rich and powerful, ever invented much that was new in building. As a rule they were satisfied with copying what early peoples had discovered and trimming it up a bit. Because the Sumerians had built on mounds, the people who followed them thought they must do the same, though their

soil was not marshy.

In order to seem to have mounds the Assyrians built huge platforms of brick, sometimes almost a thousand feet square.

The Sumerians had used the arch to take the place of a straight beam, such as had been used over the doorway or in the ceiling of those first little huts. The Assyrians and Babylonians developed the arch into the domes that covered many of their palaces. We can be grateful to them for that. Their walls were gay with brilliant tiles - for the Sumerians had been clever

enough to discover the art of glazing. Sometimes the walls were incased with marble carvings, alabaster, copper, or gold. The entrances to the palaces were guarded by huge winged bulls that boasted human heads, with curly hair and beards. The people doubtless felt them to be very handsome and lifelike portraits of one of their gods.

At Khorsabad, near Nineveh, was the vast palace of Sargon, who was king of Assyria in the eighth century before Christ. It had walls twenty-eight feet thick and was divided into some seven hundred rooms, all of them, strangely enough, without windows, for the heat in that country is terrific, a thing to avoid in every possible way. And since no one knew how to put glass in windows, every opening let in just that much heat. It is thought that the rooms were dimly



PHOTO BY LIFE MUSEUM

The glory of Babylon is long departed. Down this main street, a dusty ruin to-day, flowed all the swift life of the capital of what was then the greatest empire in the world.



Photo by Brown B.

From the terraces of the far-famed Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which may well have looked a good deal as they are shown here, the lonely foreign bride of

King Nebuchadnezzar looked toward the ziggurat towering in the distance and tried to imagine that it was a hill in the far-off land of her birth.

lighted through pipes set into the walls and domes.

The temples were still copies of the ziggurats of two thousand years before. But the Law of Growth and Change had been at work, and as a result the towers were now built up seven stories high. Each story was dedicated to one of the planets and painted a different color from the rest. Those temples must have been quite beautiful at least to people who were used to them.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon

But the most famous of all palaces in Mesopotamia were the Hanging Gardens of

Babylon, built by the great king Nebuchadnezzar who reigned toward the close of the sixth century before Christ. He it was who destroyed Jerusalem, carried the Hebrews into captivity, and threw the three men into the fiery furnace, as is described in the Book of Daniel in the Bible. During his long reign he made of Babylon the most magnificent city in the East. Her walls were seventy-five feet thick and may have been some three hundred feet high, and they were at least forty miles around. Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens, the roof gardens of his palace, where he planted trees and flowers, were one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

ARCHITECTURE

While all those nations were jostling one another on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, the valley of the Nile was nursing a civilization nearly or quite as old and just as remarkable. It first grew up at the city of Memphis, not far from modern Cairo. By the time of Menes, who lived 3,400 years before Christ and was the first Egyptian king whose name we have, the people of Memphis had learned a great deal about building. Not long after his death they began to work in stone instead of sun-dried brick, so many of their great structures are standing even to day, while those of Mesopotamia have gone to hopeless ruin.

By a great piece of good fortune we know exactly what the daily lives of the Egyptians

were like. We owe it all to their strange religion. As you will notice, men have always spent most care on the houses of their gods. Now the Egyptians believed that the souls of men came back after three thousand years to inhabit their bodies again. But if the bodies were no longer to be found, the unhappy spirits had to wander about

sad, homesick ghosts forever and ever. So it became the owner's chief care to preserve his body for those days to come and to arrange for it as real a life as possible.

First of all the dead were

embalmed. Then they were inclosed in underground chambers in skillfully wrought stone tombs, or mastabas (mas'ta-bâ). There they were provisioned with everything, just as in life—food, clothing, dishes, and even slaves in the form of little wood or stone images to do their work. On the walls of the tomb were painted scenes from the dead man's daily occupations, in order that when he came back he might be able to pick up the thread of life just where he had dropped it. If the Chinese were always looking backward and so neglecting the future, the Egyptians were always looking forward and so neglecting the present.

So their houses and public buildings were flimsy and uninteresting, made of sun-dried

brick. But their tombs and temples were such marvels of careful workmanship that they are more durable than any other buildings in the world. "I built myself a house," boasted Amenemhet I, a king who ruled about two thousand years before Christ, "adorned with gold, its roofs were painted blue, the walls were of stone bound together with metal. Made for eternity, time shrinks before it."

In 2900 B.C. was built the largest of the time-defying giants known as the pyramids. Under King Khufu a hundred thousand slaves, it is said, toiled for

This view of the Great Pyramid, tomb of King Khufu at Gizeh, was taken from the Second Pyramid, in which was buried Khufu's brother Khafre. Originally Khufu's great heap of lime stone blocks, of which there are some 2,300,000 altogether, each one averaging ten and a half tons in weight, was covered with a facing so exquisitely fitted together that the joints between blocks weighing several tons showed seams only one ten-thousandth of an inch wide. As Sir Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptian scholar, says, this was "equal to optician's work of the present day, but on a scale of acres instead of feet or yards of material."

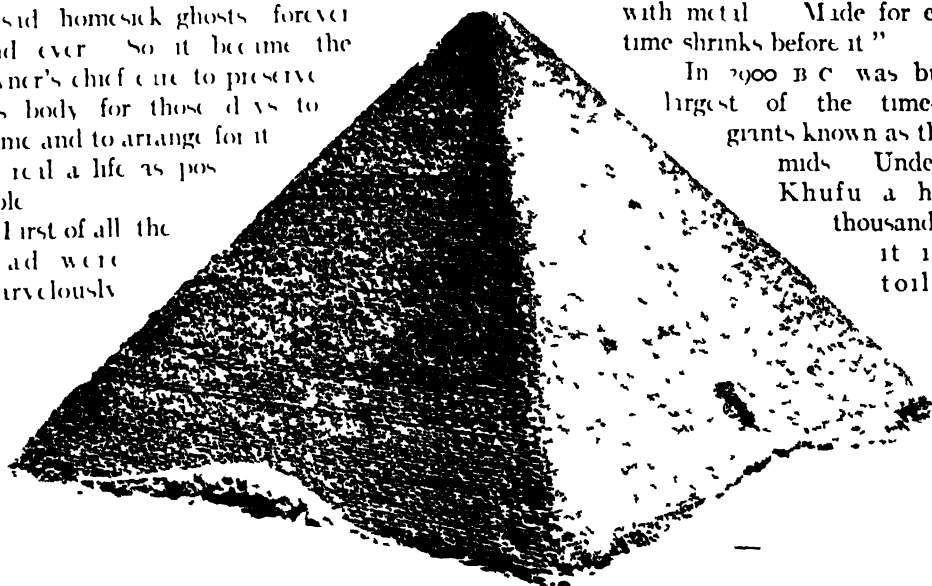


Photo 13 Metropolitan Museum of Art



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

We must not think of a pyramid as only one more tomb. It represented the concentrated effort of an entire nation over a long period of years. When Khufu built the Great Pyramid, called by his people "the Glorious," he closed all the temples in Egypt, put a stop to all the sacrifices, and set everybody at work to rear his tomb; and during his reign and the next, the people were bitterly oppressed and the country sorely drained to carry on the project. Whenever a new king came to the throne he at once decided upon a site for his tomb and started operations. Then he set up a flimsy palace for himself and his court in a handy spot, and there passed his life, near the scene

of this great enterprise. The pyramids were usually built on the desert plateau which rises a little distance back from the Nile. On the east side of the pyramid was a false door through which the soul of the departed made its exit, and on this side there was also a hand some temple devoted to ceremonies in honor of the dead, with a large group of priests to officiate. Around the pyramid and temple, with its buildings for the priests, was a high wall, as you may see in the model above. And down on the bank of the river was a magnificent gate shown here in the foreground and a landing platform for boats. Sometimes a causeway connected this gate with the temple up on the plateau.

eleven years to build what is known as the Great Pyramid (pīr'ā-mīd). With two others only a little smaller, it stands at Gizeh, near Cairo. Its sides are 755 feet long at the base; and so skillfully was it built that after all these years the four sides of the square show an error of only six-tenths of an inch. It is a solid mass of rock, with some stones weighing as much as fifty tons. Those were pretty big building blocks, but since they were piled into a solid heap, there was no way for them to cave in. And if they were carefully set in place, nothing could topple them over.

How the Pyramids Were Built

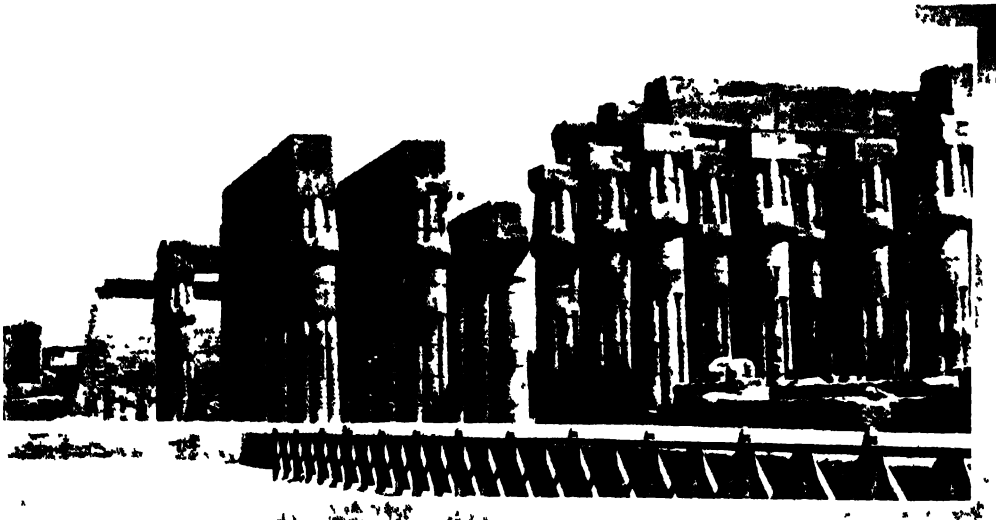
The labor of building with them is hard even to imagine. All those huge stones had to be quarried at a distance and carried, sometimes several hundred miles, down the Nile. Then they were hoisted into place, a tremendous task, for the top of the pyramid

was almost five hundred feet above the ground. And all this without any of our modern machinery! It is thought that the great blocks were dragged up long inclined roadways built to lead to the top of the building, where the work was going on.

Where Kings Were Buried

A pyramid was always the tomb of a king—and a king was always a god besides! Somewhere in the solid mass of stone was hidden, with the greatest pains, a narrow stone chamber containing the coffin, or sarcophagus (sar-kōf'ā-gūs), that held the king's mummy. The passage leading to it was like a puzzle. Alleys that led nowhere, tunnels that came back to the starting point, and frequent obstructions were meant to discourage the robber who might be tempted by the rich loot the tomb held. For to keep a mummy safe was the whole point of a

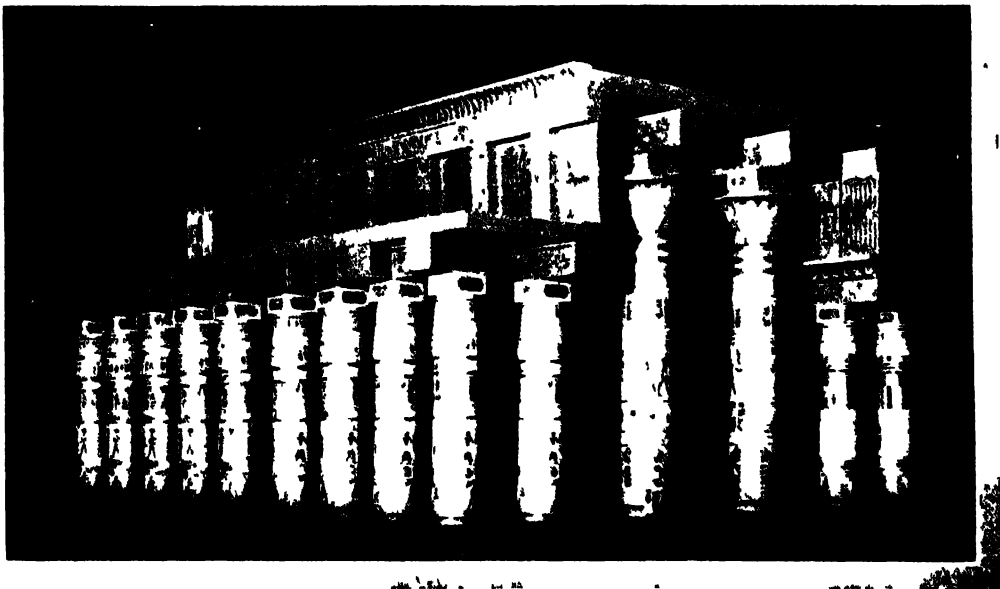
ARCHITECTURE



From the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The columns above are about as good proof as one could wish that once upon a time the very early Egyptians had adorned the wooden pillars of their houses with the stems and buds of plants. For here are

pillars from the Eighteenth Dynasty which have been carved to look like papyrus stems, with a cluster of the buds for the capital at the top. You even see the band that bound the plants to the column.



From the Metropolitan Museum of Art

When the Great Hall of the Temple of Karnak was thronged with worshipers it looked very much like this, though the little model can give one no idea of its stupendous size. On the tops of those great capitals a hundred men could stand, and the stones that lay

across them weighed, each, a hundred tons. Through the windows under the ceiling of the higher portion filtered a mysterious light that served to increase rather than to reveal the vast proportions of this, the greatest pillared hall that man has ever raised.

pyramid. It seems a gigantic cocoon to hold nothing more than the poor dead shell of a man.

The pyramids were all built when Egypt was young. Later kings spent their energy

on temples. For the Egyptians were always great builders. During the months when the Nile overflowed its banks and flooded all the fields, agriculture was at a standstill. Then it was that the vast army of slaves

was put to work building tombs and temples for its kings. By 1500 B.C. the capital of the country had been moved to Thebes—"hundred-gated Thebes"—

some four hundred miles up the Nile from Memphis. Here a number of monarchs, ending with Ramses the Great, the pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, built the temple of Karnak. It was finished in the thirteenth century B.C.—

as much later than the age of the pyramids as we are later than the birth of Christ.

This temple, one of many during that time, was the masterpiece of the builders of Thebes. But in style it was no different from the temples built two thousand years before, in the Pyramid Age. For if China changed but slowly, Egypt was as if frozen into one posture. All classes of people were crushed beneath the weight of their religious customs. They might as well have been buried under one of their own pyramids for all the progress they could make. No one could swerve a hair's breadth from what had first been done thousands of years before. It was as if we to-day should think we ought to do everything just as the Greeks and Romans did it!

So the temples of Thebes have the same "raking" sides as the temples of Memphis—and of Ur. This was not necessary any longer, now that stone was used and the bottom layers of a wall were strong enough to bear the weight of those above; but people could not imagine building a wall in any other way. The first little huts had had posts and crossbeams for a framework; so the vast temples of Egypt were set up on the same plan, even though the Egyptians had learned to use the arch, and might have

introduced it, if only for the sake of variety. Early temples had been built in the shape of a rectangle—that is, they were longer

than they were broad. They had a large outer court, and inner covered hall filled with columns, and then a series of smaller chambers leading to the sanctuary (sāngk'chū-ā-rī), or holy place, where the god was kept and only priests might enter. This lasted as the pattern for all temples for nearly three thousand years.

You always approached a temple through a long avenue of sphinxes dignified beasts with the head of a man and the body of a lion. Of course they were really gods. They crouched on either side to guard the sacred way, and must have made a fine, if fearsome, setting for the long religious processions that the Egyptians delighted in. One such road at Karnak was a mile and a half long.

Through great gates, or pylons, like the one at the left, from Karnak, the long Egyptian religious processions wound their magnificent way. And the only part the worshiper played was to stand and watch them go by! Since the priests alone might enter the main body of the temple, these imposing entrances and the long avenues that led from them, were necessary to impress the people.



Photos by Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History

Above is a sectional view of one of the low Egyptian tombs called mastabas. It is as if the tomb had been cut away to show an upper and lower chamber. An important person would have had many more chambers in his tomb, for in that case the food and furniture and other equipment provided for the dead was enormous. In the lower chamber you see the sarcophagus. It has been lowered down the shaft at the right and then a false wall built to separate the chamber from the shaft. When everything was complete the shaft was filled in to the top, and the dead person left to live his shadowy life "in the west," as the Egyptians phrased it.

Just before the gate of the temple were set gigantic figures of the king, and two or more obelisks (ōb'ē-lisk), tall pointed columns dedicated to the



Photo by Keystone View Company

Centuries of wind-blown sand have worn down the features of the Great Sphinx till the face is little more than a mask. But the majestic bulk of the gigantic

king or queen. The gateway itself was what we know as a pylon (pi'lon) two huge, wall-like masses of masonry with an entrance between them.

But the glory of a temple was usually its Hall of Columns, a forest of lofty stone pillars dimly lighted by windows set just under the roof. In the Great Temple of Karnak, which was more than a quarter of a mile long, was the most stupendous pillared hall the world has ever seen. Here were 134 gigantic round columns, some of them nearly seventy feet tall, and all bell-shaped at the top, where they were brilliantly colored, red, blue, and green, like enormous blossoms. They held up a roof painted blue and studded with silver stars, while the walls of the temple and the columns were covered with vivid inscriptions on a white ground. The effect must have been at once beautiful and mysterious—as mysterious as the strange religion that the temple served.

Those columns, bell-shaped at the top, like the flower of the papyrus (pa-pi'rus) plant, were not the only kind used by the

creature still crouches beside the pyramids, where it was carved out of the solid rock, a portrait of some king who lived nearly fifty centuries ago.

Egyptians. Stone pillars had long before taken the place of wooden ones, or of simple trunks of trees set up as supports. So a good many early stone pillars were even carved to look like palm trees. But the wooden pillars must sometimes have been twined with lotus, the sacred flower of the Egyptians. For later columns of stone were carved as with lotus stems and flowered into lotus buds at the top, where there were bands that seemed to bind the lotus to the column. You will remember that by the Law of Growth and Change men can create the new only out of what has gone before. That is what the Egyptians did.

The Egyptians, bound in the chains of their religion, invented little in all their later history. But what they had built in their youth was never to be equaled for strength and gigantic calm. Many of their structures have been willfully destroyed by man, but when we look on those that are standing still, we are willing to say with a famous English poet, "Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids."

The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit

No. 3

THE FINEST BUILDINGS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index.*

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|--|--|
| Why we say the Greeks were the first to give architecture a soul, 11-417 | How a great pageant in marble encircled a whole building, 11-422 |
| The three great Grecian orders: Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, 11-418 | How the Parthenon was blown up, 11-423 |
| How the fluted column came into being, 11-419 | An Englishman gathered up the "Elgin Marbles," 11-423 |
| How and why the Greeks fooled the eye, 11-421 | The sad story of the "Porch of the Maidens," 11-425 |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|---|---|
| What simple principles did the Greeks use in their great buildings? | Why did they not make their columns of equal thickness throughout their length? |
| Why did they never put carving on the part of a building that had heavy work to do? | How did the acanthus leaf come to be a form of decoration? |

Related Material

- | | |
|--|---|
| The great Greek philosophers and scientists, 13-112 | "The Discus Thrower," another example of the Greek ideal, 11-37 |
| Greek writers, poets, and dramatists produced many beautiful works, 5-159, 172 | Aristotle defined the Greek idea in art, 11-46 |
| Greek Mythology, 14-406-12, 422-24 | Recent discoveries in Greece, 5-16-20 |
| The Greeks invented many sports and games, 14-471-75 | Greek history, 5-149-82 |

Practical Applications

- | | |
|---|--|
| The principles of architecture perfected by the Greeks can be | seen in almost every new public building that is built to-day. |
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Summary Statement

- | | |
|--|---|
| The art and architecture of the Greeks are still the principal starting points in the studies of | all those who are interested in the arts. |
|--|---|



Nashville Tennessee Temple

Anyone who goes to Nashville, Tennessee, may see this copy of what many people believe to be the most beautiful building the world has ever seen. In proportion

and details it is exactly like the Parthenon at Athens. And yet something is lacking, some tint of sky or quality of atmosphere which may be found in Greece alone!

The **THE FINEST BUILDINGS** *of the* **ANCIENT WORLD**

*How the Great Greek Artists Put Up Structures of Such
Grace That We Are Proud to Imitate
Them to This Day*

THE little shaky hut that was man's first house was the parent of all the mighty buildings he was one day to put up in many a land. And naturally enough, the shape of his buildings depended a good deal on the soil upon which he had to put them. For by our powerful Law of Growth and Change, things must always fit nicely into their surroundings if they are to live and be useful. So the little hut, as it grew and changed under men's hands, gave rise to a great many kinds of buildings.

Now while Egypt and Mesopotamia were developing it into mighty pyramid and gorgeous palace, another people was struggling up into civilization on the shores of the Aegean Sea. For a long time their center was the island of Crete, which was near

enough to Egypt and to Mesopotamia to learn from both those elder sisters in culture. By 2000 B.C. the Cretans, or Minoans (mī-nō'ān), as they are called, were skillful enough to build for their king Minos a great palace covering nearly six acres. It was at Cnossus (nōs'ūs), and it contained that fatal labyrinth, or winding maze, where Theseus slew the Minotaur, as told in the famous Greek legend.

Minos's beautiful palace—and the labyrinth as well—the Athenians believed to be the work of Daedalus (dēd'ā-lūs), the first great inventor whose name we have. They used to say that he was the first aviator, and that he made himself a pair of wings out of feathers and flew on them from Crete to Naxos, an island not far away. You may

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remember that his little son Icarus (ik'á-rūs) went with him, but disobeyed his father and flew too near the sun. The heat melted the wax in his wings, the feathers came apart, and the boy fell into the sea.

Some people think that the wings of Daedalus may really have been great sails that

It is in that great palace, too, that we first find stairways that turn on a landing part of the way up. A stairway made like that takes up much less room than one that goes up straight.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing of all in that remarkable building is its



On this magnificent altar the people of ancient Pergamon (pér'gá-mòn), in Asia Minor, offered their sacrifices to Zeus, greatest of all the gods. It was built in 180 B.C. to commemorate the victory of the king of the city over the barbarian Gauls; perhaps that is the reason why the sculptured frieze represents a contest between the giants and the gods, with the gods vic-

torious. The scenes are full of heat and stress, as Greek art never was in its earlier, greater days, but the altar, which is in the Ionic style, is a fine example of the art of Asia Minor, nevertheless, and is now one of the chief treasures of the Prussian State Museum in Berlin, to which it has been removed. The inset shows an Ionic capital.

he taught the Cretans how to use, for they were the world's first great mariners.

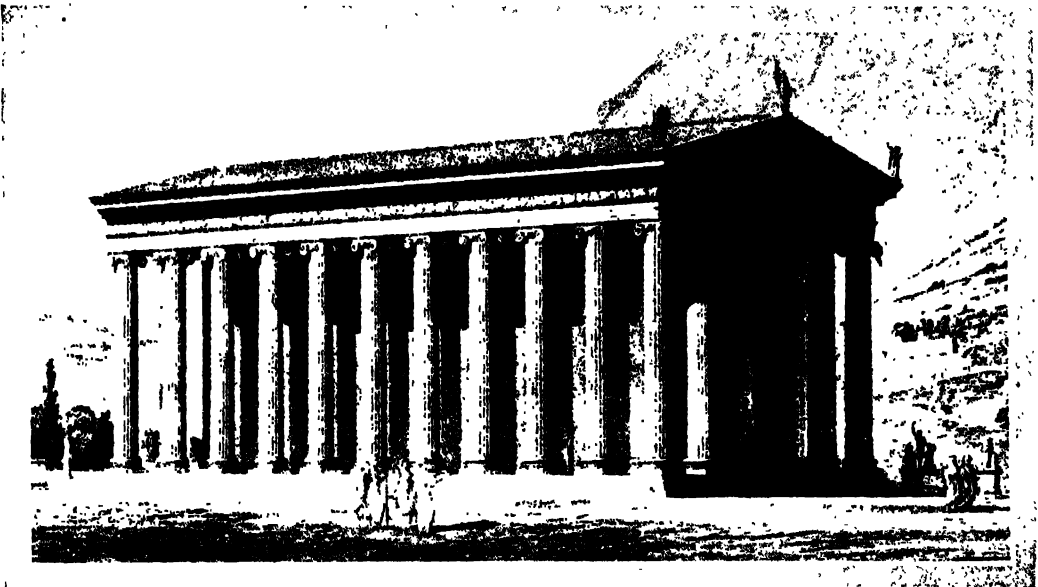
Whether it was Daedalus or not we cannot say, but at any rate some very great inventor fitted out the palace of Minos with a system of water pipes and sewerage that was never again equaled till late in the eighteenth century. And then it had to be invented all over again! You see, the palace in Crete had been covered over with earth for hundreds and hundreds of years, and it was not till the nineteenth century was well over that its walls were laid bare.

strong, straight sides. For the builders at Cnossus were the first in all the ancient world who had the courage to do away with the raking or sloping—sides that all the other great peoples had copied from the Sumerians. You see the men of Crete were independent as well as intelligent.

Just before the Greeks

At Mycenae (mī-sē'nē), on the Grecian mainland, we have found other remains of that early Aegean people. There we can visit their great "beehive" tombs, named

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To-day we rarely see a Greek building in the setting it would have had in ancient Greece. Our "Greek" banks and libraries and churches are likely to be

jostled by apartment houses or dwarfed by skyscrapers. But the temple above, like many others of that day, stood in a calm green vale inclosed by lofty hills.

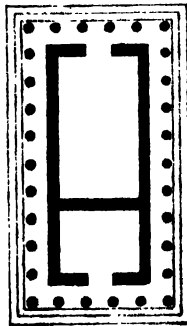
from their shape. Some are almost fifty feet high. But their domes were simple enough in idea. Each layer of blocks stuck out a little beyond the layer below on the side toward the center, until the top layers met and the whole thing was roofed over.

But at last those remarkable Aegean folk had to bow before another race that came down from the north. We call them the Greeks. They were rude and unlearned in that early day, but they had the same eye for beauty as the people they overcame. They were taught by the Minoans, and by all the other nations, and by the fifth century before Christ they had learned to make things so beautiful that no one has ever surpassed them. All up and down the northern Mediterranean they spread their learning and their art —

and wherever they went they took with them their love of order, of wisdom, and of beauty. The Sumerians and the Egyptians had long before found out how to make buildings strong and useful. Now the Greeks came

and gave architecture a soul. They gave it proportion and grace and loveliness.

Like all the other ancient peoples the Greeks tried their hand with wood and brick before they built in stone. So their first pillars were tree trunks, with a wooden lintel, or crossbeam, laid across the top; and to the very end they liked to use the post and lintel better than the arch. You can see how they did it if you will set up two blocks and lay another across the top.



This is the plan of the temple shown above, but it might belong to many other Greek temples of that time. The body of the temple consisted of two rooms, the cella, where the image of the god was kept and the sacrifices were offered, and the smaller treasure room at the rear. Around the whole was a row of columns supporting the roof, which projected beyond the walls of the temple to make a covered walk.

All Greek temples were built on this simple but sturdy principle of setting up blocks, or pillars, and resting crossbeams upon them. As a result Greek buildings have a strength and repose that only such solid construction can give. You see, in spite of all their knowledge and taste the Greeks, like the Egyptians, still clung to

the simple outlines of that little hut of early man.

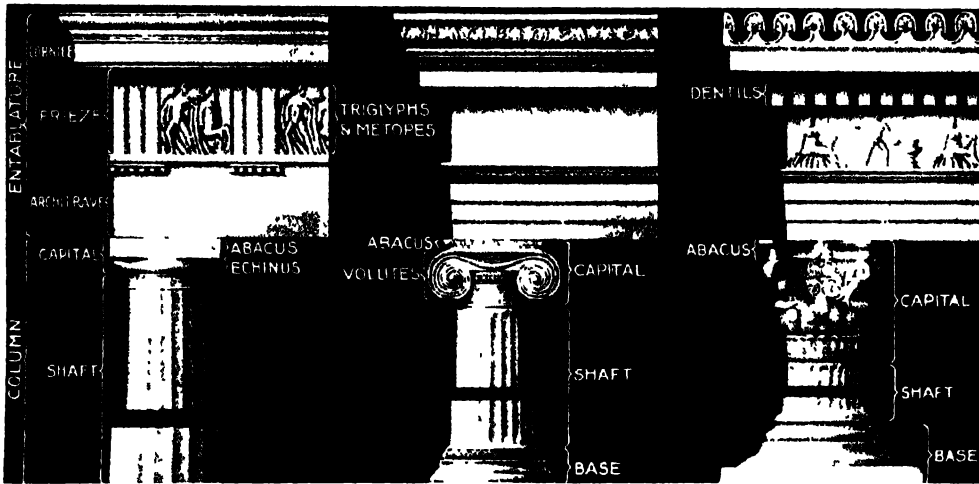
But how they changed it! Like the hut, the Greek temple had just one room, as a rule; it was called the cella (sĕl'ă). Oc-

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casionally there was another smaller room behind it, in which treasure was kept. But unlike the little hut, the temple had a roof that reached far out beyond the door to form a portico (pŏr'tī-kŏ), or kind of porch; and the weight of this was held up by pillars

timid in using color on the outside of their buildings as we are to-day; they even painted walls of stone, unless the stone was marble. They probably would have felt that our own pallid statues looked very cold indeed.

For decorating the pillars and crossbeams



These diagrams show the three Greek orders of architecture, which we still use to-day. At the left is the

simple Doric, in the center the graceful Ionic, and at the right the ornate Corinthian.

across the front of the building. Sometimes, too, the roof projected in the same way over the other end of the building—and sometimes over all four sides. Then it was held up by a row of pillars, or a peristyle (pĕr'ī-stīl), around the whole building. This peristyle—from “peri,” around, and “stylos,” a column—not only made an imposing pillared walk, but helped to shelter the walls from the weather. You can see how useful it would be in the early temples, which were made of sun-dried brick.

How the Greeks Made a Roof

The little hut had had a square flat roof. The Greeks made a sloping roof that would shed the rain much better. Lengthwise down the center ran the ridge; and at the two ends, where the roof and crossbeam made a triangle, or pediment (pĕd'ī-mĕnt), were groups of statues. Indeed, statues and carving made the stone alive in a good many parts of the temple. And over all was a magnificent wash of color, on statues, roof, and walls. For the Greeks were not so

of a building the Greeks worked out three different types of ornament; and a building always belonged to one of those three types—or “orders.” They were known as the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian. The first was named for the Dorians, who had been one of the earliest of the Greek tribes that swept down on the ancient Minoans. It was natural that the order named for them should have been the oldest, the simplest, and the sturdiest of all. As a matter of fact, it came even earlier than the Dorians, for it was another of the creations of those great inventors, the Minoans.

The Doric pillar, or column, usually rested its powerful round shaft directly on the floor, and tapered slightly toward the capital—or “head”—at the top. The capital was made up of two parts. The first was a simple, swelling cushion known as the echinus (ĕ-kī'nŭs), or “hedgehog” and if you can tell why it was given that name you will do better than anyone else has ever done! On top of the echinus rested a square block called the abacus (ăb'ă-kŭs)—meaning a “board” or

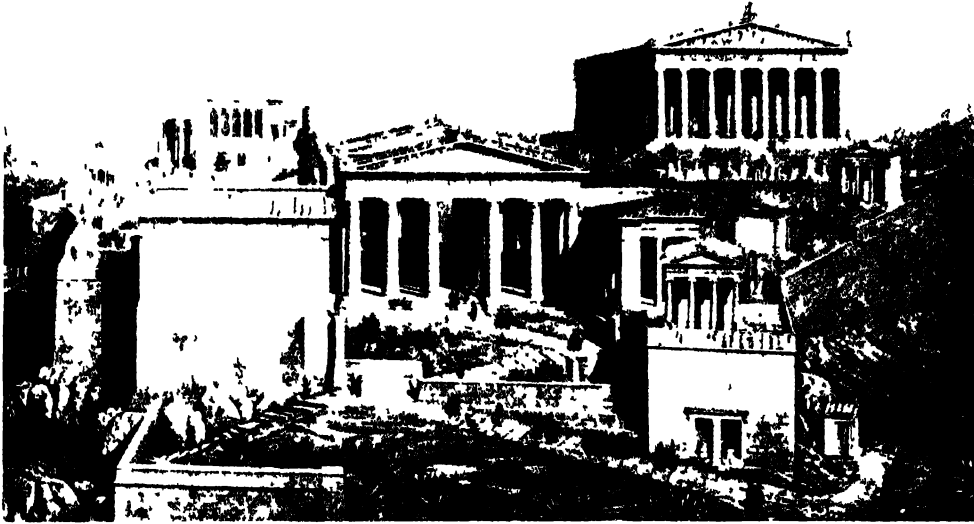


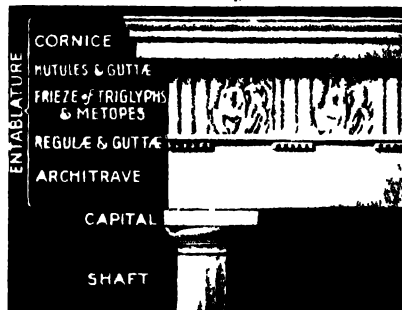
Photo by the Pruss. Museum

From this hill, known to the Greeks as the Acropolis, the torch of civilization has been carried through twenty-five centuries to every corner of the globe. At first a fortress, in the great days of Athens it became a shrine for all that was holiest in the life of the city. It must then have looked a good deal as it is shown

in the picture above. At the highest point stood the Parthenon, and opposite it at the left was the Erechtheum. The large building in the center was the Propylaea (prōp'ī-lē'a), or "entrance," to the Acropolis, with the little jewelike temple of Athena Nike (ni'kē), or "Athena of Victory," just in front at the right.

"tile." It was a broad, firm resting place for the crossbeam. The shaft of a Doric column was fluted, or grooved, and had, you will notice, a narrow band around it just under the capital.

Perhaps you have already guessed where those bands and flutings came from. You will remember that the little hut sometimes had posts made up of reeds all bound together with a band of leaves. And you will remember, too, those great Egyptian columns carved in stone to look like lotus stems with bands about them at the top. Once people have grown used to anything they do not like to give it up; so the



Here is a diagram of the capitals and entablature of the Parthenon. You will notice that under each of the grooved portions—or triglyphs—in the frieze is a row of small projections, called *regulae* (rēg'ū-lē) and *guttae* (gūt'ē). The *regulae* were decorative bands, each of which had six *guttae*, or small studs, on the under side. It is thought that these *guttae* represent the wooden pegs that originally held the rafters in position. Just under the cornice were *mutules* (mu'tūl) with *guttae*, the *mutules* being flat projecting blocks with the *guttae* underneath. Of course in a temple of the date of the Parthenon all these little devices merely served for ornament.

proudest temples the world has ever seen wore a reminder of those slender reeds and leafy fastenings that mankind had learned to love in the childhood of the race.

And there is yet another way in which the flutings may have come about. Plain trunks of trees set up to act as piers would be round, of course. But it would be quite simple to slice off four sides and so to make them square. Then if you sliced the corners off, eight sides would be left; and if you sliced the angles off again your column would have sixteen

sides. By cutting off the angles again and again, and then grooving out the spaces be-

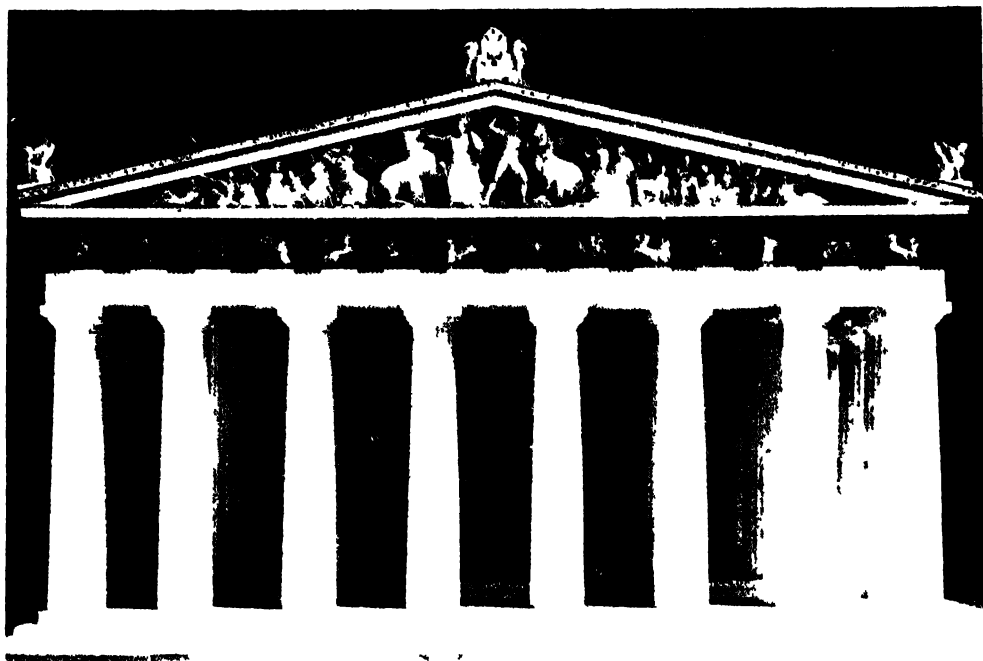


Photo by the Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is a small model of the Parthenon, made to look as nearly like the original building as is now possible. The sculptures have been modeled after drawings made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This view shows the western end, with the sculptures in

the pediment representing the contest between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of Athens. The small figures on the squares or metopes below tell the story of the fight between men and the centaurs. A bronze grating between the pillars inclosed the porch.

tween them, you would finally have the round fluted column of the Doric style. And it would still remind men of those ancient posts made up of bundles of reeds or carved with lotus stems.

On top of the capitals rested the long crosspiece, or beam, that held up the roof. It was called the entablature (en-tăb'lă-chûr)—the "table," you see—and was divided into three parts. Of these the lowest was the architrave (ar'kî-trăv), or "chief beam"—just as an archangel is the chief angel and an archbishop the chief bishop. It was the work of the architrave to support the rest of the entablature.

Just above the architrave was the frieze (frēz)—and that is a very interesting word.

It comes from "Phrygian." For the Phrygians were noted for a beautiful gold embroidery, and since the middle part of the entablature was finely carved and colored with red and blue and gold, men were reminded of those beautiful Phrygian tapestries and took the name from them.

Upon the frieze rested the cornice (kôr'nîs), or "crown." It was the summit of the whole entablature, and on it the roof was lodged.

The Greeks believed that when a part of a building had heavy work to do, it should be left undecorated. It seemed to them to look stronger if it was altogether plain—and of course the eye is pleased to have a building look firm and secure. That is



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This, with a few shattered marbles in museums over the world, is all that remains of the Parthenon to-day.

why a Greek builder never carved a column except with grooves, and always left the architrave plain, since it had to support the rest of the entablature and the roof. But the frieze might be heavily carved; and the cornice was decorated with bands and mouldings.

The Doric frieze was very interesting, and is well worth looking at carefully. It was made up of square blocks of stone nicely fitted together and all of them carved. Every other block was a triglyph (tri'glif)—a word made from "tri," three, and "glyph," a carving or groove. You see, every triglyph was cut into up-and-down grooves, with three raised bands left between them. Between the triglyphs were blocks carved in high raised figures. Those blocks were called "metopes" (mēt'ō pē) a word which means "openings," or "windows."

An Echo of the Past

Now you might have to puzzle a long time before you guessed the reason for all those blocks in a Doric frieze; but you will hardly be surprised to learn that it, too, is an echo of the past. At first, when temples had been made of wood, the architrave supported, not a frieze, but the ends of the wooden beams that held up the ceiling. And between the beam ends openings were left to let in air and light. What was easier than to decorate those beam ends with a simple grooved carving? And what more natural than to reproduce that carving when the building was made of stone? And it was natural, too, that even when the openings between were filled with stone, the blocks set into them should still be called the metopes, or windows.

It is to the Doric order that the most beautiful of all Greek temples belongs. Indeed, many critics think it is the most beautiful building in the world. It is called the Parthenon (pär'thē-nŏn), for it was dedicated to Athena Parthenos—Athena (ä-thē'nä) the Virgin—who was the patron goddess of Athens. To-day it is a majestic

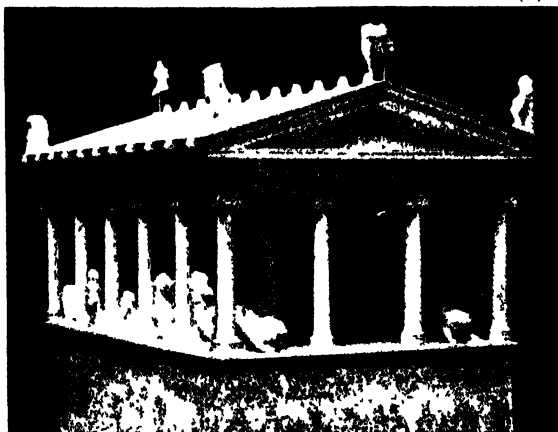


Photo by British Museum

This model is a reconstruction of the temple to Athena at Priene (pri-ē'nē), in Asia Minor—built about 345 B.C., and as exquisite in its way as many of the larger temples. It contained only one room, the cella, and so had a single entrance.

ruin, but its beauty still reigns over the Acropolis (ä-kröp'ō-līs), a hill in Athens which wore as its crown some of the noblest temples of the ancient world. There it has stood for nearly twenty-four hundred years, ever since it was built by the architects Callicrates (kā-līk'rā-tēz) and Ictinus (ik-tī'nūs), working under Phidias (fīd'Y-ās), perhaps

the greatest sculptor the world has ever seen.

The temple is built of pure white marble; and so exquisitely are the great blocks finished that, without cement, they fit together with joints that can hardly be made out. The builders of such a masterpiece must have been men of amazing skill, for they made their handiwork perfect to the smallest detail. They were clever enough to realize that the eye can play strange tricks. So there is not a line in the Parthenon that is perfectly straight—though all seem to be so!

How the Greeks Outwitted the Eye

For instance, any long straight line across the front of a building will seem to sag in the middle; but every horizontal line in the Parthenon—those of the foundation on which the columns rest and those of the entablature—curves upward ever so slightly, and so they all look straight. The columns are not equal distances apart, though anyone would think they were; and all of them slope



Photo by the British Museum

For over two thousand years these riders have reined in their steeds as they marched in the noble procession

on the Parthenon frieze. At present they are in the British Museum, a part of the Elgin Marbles.

inward just a trifle at the top, so that they look as if they were set straight up and down. Then, too, each column swells a very little bit about a third of the way up. This bulging, called the entasis (ĕn'tā-sīs), makes the column seem to taper upward gradually. You can well imagine that only a perfect eye could take care of these details. The result is a building that, instead of being rigid marble, seems almost to live and breathe.

To our modern eyes, used to gigantic buildings that lose themselves in the clouds, the Parthenon seems small, for a Greek temple never was meant to hold a congregation. Worshipers entered it by two's or three's, at most the members of a family together. But so perfect are its proportions

and so noble its design that the effect is one of splendid majesty. The cella, or main hall, is a hundred feet long, with a small room behind it. At each end of the temple is a portico, and around the whole is a peristyle, or long pillared walk under the projecting roof.

A Pageant of the Past in Stone

The pediments, over either portico, were filled with magnificent groups of statues. One represented the birth of Athena, goddess of wisdom. The other showed the contest between Athena and Poseidon (pō-sī'dŏn), god of the sea, for the honor of being the patron of Athens. All the metopes in the frieze were carved with scenes from history or mythology. For instance, certain of

them showed a spirited battle between men and the centaurs (sĕn'tôr), those creatures who, having the body of a man, were conveniently provided with the legs of a horse.

All the way round the outside of the temple wall, inside the peristyle, there ran a yard-wide band of sculpture representing the Panathenaic (păn-ăth'ĕ-nă'ĭk), or All-Athenian, procession. This was a ceremony that took place every four years, when a group of highborn Athenian maidens, accompanied by all the people of the city, carried to the goddess Athena a veil they had newly woven. And here on the wall, deep cut in stone, there marched along that lofty pillared walk an eternal procession of all the types of people who lived in ancient Athens. Priests, maidens, judges, warriors, matrons, slaves, and charioteers, on they paced, five hundred feet of them, a vivid record of the gracious life that was Athens.

A Goddess of Gold and Gems

Inside the temple stood Phidias' gold and ivory statue of Athena, forty feet high and glistening with gems. It was one of the two greatest pieces of sculpture in the ancient world.

The Parthenon lasted down through many centuries almost unharmed. It housed strange worshipers, first as a Grecian temple, next as a Christian church, then as a Mohammedan mosque. But in 1687, when Athens was under fire from the Venetians, the

We do not know just what the pediments of the Parthenon were like originally. This is one of the restorations of Athena and Poseidon, the two central figures on the western end. You will notice that while Poseidon is in much the same position as in the restored model of the Parthenon which we have shown on another page, the two figures of Athena are quite different. If you study them both you will be able to guess just about how much of the original statue was left for modern artists to build on. The problem of making these restorations is often exceedingly puzzling.

Turks used the Parthenon—of all places!—as a powder magazine. A shell exploded the powder, “and instantly, with one wild roar, as though nature herself were shrieking at the sacrilege, the Parthenon was ruined! Columns on either side were blown to atoms, severing the front of the temple from the rear, and covering the whole place with marble fragments, mute witnesses of beauty forever lost to us!”

What Are the Elgin Marbles?

There the glorious frieze lay scattered about until the opening of the nineteenth century, when Lord Elgin, a Scottish nobleman, purchased part of it from the Turkish government and shipped the pieces to England, where we may now see them, set up in the British Museum. The collection is known as the Elgin (ĕl'gĭn) Marbles. The rest of the fragments have only lately been gathered up, pieced together, and put back into place on the building.

The next Greek “order” to appear was the Ionic (i-ŏn'ĭk)—named for Ionia, in Asia Minor. In an Ionic column the shaft rests on a kind of round cushion, called the base, and is much slenderer than the sturdy Doric shaft. The echinus has taken the shape of an oblong block of stone carved at the ends into scrolls that look like rams' horns. Those spirals are called volutes (vô-lût')—a word that means “turns” or “folds.”

The Ionic architrave, instead of being solid and undecorated, as in the Doric style, is divided lengthwise into three parts. It is as if it had once been made of three long wooden beams in the little wooden temples that the Greeks first built. And the frieze, too, has changed. It is a continuous band, sometimes carved but no longer divided into a suc-

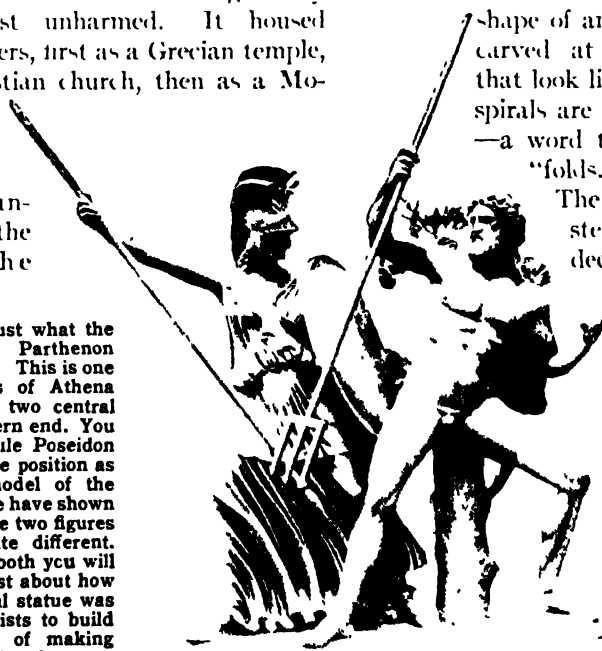


Photo by Wiley

ARCHITECTURE



Photo by the Metropolitan Museum of Art

This view of the Erechtheum as it is to-day shows the western side of the building, the side shown in our

picture of the restored model of the Acropolis. In the inset are two columns from the Porch of the Maidens.



The beautiful temple of Athena Nike looks like this to-day. Our picture of the model of the Acropolis will

give you an idea of its original proportions. And even these ruins reveal its loveliness.

cession of separate square blocks. Taken all in all, the Ionic is less majestic but more elegant than the Doric; and it is a good deal more fragile in appearance.

We see examples of the Ionic style all about us to-day, but another temple on the Acropolis will show us how the Athenians used it. The Erechtheum (ĕr'ĕk-thĕ'ŭm) was named in honor of Erechtheus, a king that a legend said had once ruled over Athens. The temple, which was finished a little later than the Parthenon, was not like other Greek temples in shape, for it had to shelter two sacred spots. One was the spring that Poseidon, the sea god, called forth in the famous contest, when he struck the rock with his three-pronged spear and gave the Athenians water; and the other was the site of the sacred olive tree which was Athena's gift to the city. The Athenians like the olive tree best and chose the goddess for their patron.

Perhaps the most famous thing in the Erechtheum was the Porch of the Maidens, in which all the supporting columns are beautifully carved figures of women. These are known as caryatids (kār'i-ăt'id), and are said to take their name from the women of Caryae, whom the men of that city allowed to be carried off when the city was punished for siding with the Persians against the Greeks. The women, turned to stone and condemned to this unceasing labor, were set up as an everlasting reproach to their cowardly husbands and fathers. There are certain chivalrous critics who find this type of pillar not quite in the best taste; and it must be confessed that one has rather a tired feeling in the back of the neck if one looks at these beautiful women too long!

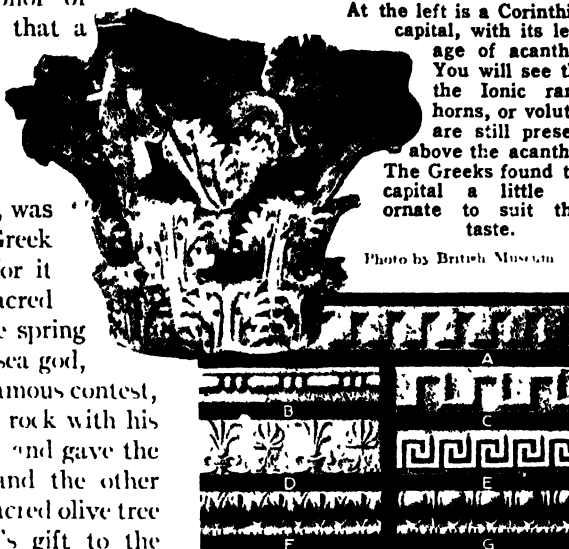
The third of the Greek orders was the Corinthian (kô-rĭn'thĭ-ăn). As a matter of

fact it was never much used by the Greeks themselves. It was in Rome that it flourished. The base, the shaft, and the entablature was borrowed from the Ionic order, but the capital was taken from the Egyptian papyrus column. In this case the plant to be honored was the Greek acanthus (ă-kăn'thŭs), a prickly shrub with very beautiful

leaves, not unlike our thistle. A pretty story of the origin of this capital is told by Vitruvius (vĭ-trŭv'vĭ-ŭs), a famous Roman writer who lived not long before the birth of Christ and recorded for us much of what we know about Greek architecture. We cannot vouch for the truth of the tale.

One day a famous architect of Corinth happened to pass the grave of a young girl who had recently died, and saw thereon a little basket, covered with a tile, which had been set by chance upon a

young acanthus plant. The little plant had pushed its beautiful leaves up around the basket until they completely covered it. When the architect made inquiries he learned that after the young girl died, her nurse had gathered together all the little odds and ends her young charge had loved, had put them in the basket, and set it on the grave. The little plant had perfected the adornment. Touched by the beauty and the pathos of the little object, the architect made it into the capital of the most elaborate of the Greek orders. A fine example is the monument erected in the fourth century before Christ by Lysicrates (lĭ-sĭk'ră-tĕz).



At the left is a Corinthian capital, with its leafage of acanthus. You will see that the Ionic rams' horns, or volutes, are still present, above the acanthus. The Greeks found this capital a little too ornate to suit their taste.

Photo by British Museum

These delicate borders were found on all the Greek buildings, carved with infinite care. And you will often see them on our modern buildings to-day. At A is the dentil, at B the bead and reel, at C and E two different forms of a design called the Greek key, at D the acanthus, sometimes called the honeysuckle, at F the Lesbian leaf, which was commonly combined with the bead and reel, and at G the egg and dart, which was also combined with the bead and reel.

The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit

No. 4

HOUSES FOR THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index.*

Interesting Facts Explained

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| How the Romans developed the wonders of the arch, 11-427 | How the Colosseum, the largest theatre in the empire, was built, 11 433 |
| Another Roman achievement: The perfection of concrete, 11-428 | Why the Greeks worked most on their temples, and the Romans on their places of amusement, 11 438 |
| How the most sacred fire in Rome was housed and watched, 11-430 | The Romans' most costly buildings were their baths 11 438 |
| Why the Pantheon is one of the best of Roman buildings, 11-430 | How their bridges have become their monuments, 11-438 |

Picture Hunt

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| How was water carried to Roman cities? 11-427 | On what plan was the Colosseum constructed? 11-433 |
| What are the parts of the Roman arch? 11-428 | Of what does the arch of Constantine remind you? 11 435 |

Related Material

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| The Romans were the first art collectors, 11-61 | 5 184-87 |
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| Roman literature, 5-229, 242 | The decline and fall of the empire, 5 245-54 |
| Roman mythology, 14-406-12, 422-24 | Romanesque architecture in the United States, 11-512-15 |
| The Seven Wonders of the World, | The Romans worked wonders in bronze, 12-14-17 |

Practical Applications

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| The engineering principles used in the construction of Roman | buildings are still followed today. |
|--|-------------------------------------|

Habits and Attitudes

- | | |
|--|---|
| Though they had not the sense of pure beauty that the Greeks | had, the Romans have left us many grand monuments |
|--|---|

Summary Statement

- | | |
|---|---|
| The building of the aqueduct, the arch, baths, and theaters | make up the Roman contribution to architecture. |
|---|---|



Photo by Anderson

Across the peaceful Roman countryside stretches this remnant of the power of a great empire. In a conduit

along the top of the aqueduct the water from little mountain streams was carried down to Rome.

HOUSES *for the* MASTERS *of the* WORLD

*How the Romans Learned the Secrets of the Greek
Builders and Put Up Great Temples,
Theaters, and Baths*

EVERY great empire has had to bow the knee, sooner or later, to its conquerors. In spite of all their intelligence, the Greeks were finally overcome by the armies of Rome. Now the genius of the Romans lay in law and government. They built up a great organization which in many ways we are glad to copy even to-day. But they did not have the feeling for beauty that the Greeks had had, and so they were obliged, for the most part, just to copy Greek models. They never made a new style of their own in art—for that is a pretty hard thing to do.

This was true in building as well as in other things. They invented very little

But whatever they did construct was massive and imposing, for it expressed the Roman love of power and display, though not the Greek love of self-control and beauty. So though it is true that there was much bad taste in what the Romans built, it is also true that for dignity and grandeur they are hard to surpass.

And they did make one great advance in the art of building. They developed the use of the arch. You will remember that this had been invented many centuries before, probably by the Sumerians, and later used by the Assyrians and Babylonians. It had been brought to Italy by a stirring young race known as the Etruscans (ê-trûs'-

kān), and when the Romans finally conquered them, the victors were glad enough to take over the arch—together with a number of other handy things—from the men they had conquered.

Now the arch seems simple enough to us—we see it everywhere. But we have begun to realize that even the simplest things have come to perfection only after a long and patient effort. There had to be centuries of experiment before the arch was made safe. And even at its strongest it can never be so solid as the post-and-crossbeam construction.

If you will compare the two you will see why this is so. A heavy weight on a crossbeam can only push the supporting posts more firmly into the earth. If you will stand two logs of wood on end and put a block across them, you will find that you can pile a great deal of weight on top of them and they will not give way unless you rock them or push them from the side.

The Wonders of an Arch

But weight upon an arch is a very different matter. You would have to work a long, long time before you could build an arch of little blocks that would not cave in. Just try it! And then imagine what it would be like to build the arch with blocks of stone instead of wood and to put a heavy weight on top of them—a thick stone wall, perhaps, or the roadway of a bridge. The parts of an arch must be made just right to stay in place at all.

And then there is still another weakness that the builder has to overcome. An arch may stand alone very nicely, with every block so shaped that it fits into all the rest to make a neat and solid whole. But even if the weight on top of it does not crush the arch itself, it may push outward so hard against the supports at either side that it

will spring them and make the whole affair collapse. You will get the same effect if you bend a green branch in your hands and see how hard it pushes to the sides. This "thrust" has caused disaster in many a building where the walls or pillars were not heavy enough to stand up against it; and later builders used a number of devices to resist it.

But it was like the practical Romans to seize upon an invention that was so economical as the arch. The huge stones necessary

for the pillars and crossbeams of a Greek temple were very costly to quarry and ship. But an arch can be made of small stones or even of bricks; it is just a matter of fitting them together and making the supports strong.

The Great Age of Augustus

And when the Romans first began to build, it was brick that they used—brick and concrete. For the perfecting of concrete was another of the achievements of that practical people. All about Rome lay a volcanic earth, mixed with lime, which made



Photo by Chauffourier

This arch, once thought to have been built in honor of the Roman general Drusus, is now known to have supported an aqueduct. It is hardly more than a shadow of what it once was, but it shows very clearly the principle on which an arch is made. Because they are shaped like a wedge, the stones around the curve fit against each other perfectly and help to hold one another up. The stone in the center at the top is called the keystone; it "locks" the whole structure together, for without it the other stones, called the voussoirs (vōō'swar'), would not stay in place. The two lowest voussoirs, the "springers," here rest on heavy blocks called the imposts, and these in turn are supported on stone piers.



Photo by Gurnastorff Bros.

These are the maidens who kept the sacred fire in the exquisite temple of Vesta, shown on the next page.

The younger vestal virgins are receiving instruction in their duties from the older priestesses.

the best concrete that has ever been known. Of course the Romans made the most of that convenient building material.

But finally they came to use stone. It was the boast of the emperor Augustus, Julius Caesar's nephew, that he found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble. But like most other boasts, this was not quite true, for though he did indeed find the buildings brick, about all he accomplished, except in a few cases, was to cover them with a facing of marble. Up to his time—which you can easily remember, since it was during his reign that Christ was born—the Romans had built nothing worthy of comment. But during the next three hundred years they put up more imposing structures than any people has ever done in so short a time until our own day.

A Relic of the Practical Romans

As one might guess, people so deeply interested in practical affairs did not devote their efforts solely to tombs and temples. No structure was too humble to be worthy of presenting a dignified appearance. The Cloaca Maxima (clō-ä'kâ mäk'sf-mâ) is an

arched stone tunnel emptying into the river Tiber and was the main artery in a vast network of sewers. It was made so solidly that it is in use even to-day, and is so large that a good-sized automobile could drive through it comfortably.

Imprints of Dignity and Power

Majestic aqueducts (äk'wê-dükt), which brought water to the city from melting snows or bubbling springs in the distant mountains, still wind their way like gigantic serpents for many miles over the Roman countryside. And theaters, palaces, bridges, baths, courts of justice, triumphal arches, and gates, all bear the imprint of the Roman passion for dignity and power.

Even bare walls had grandeur. Across the north of England stretched a line of fortification known as Hadrian's Wall, built during the period when Rome was mistress of the world. The wall was so soundly constructed that much of it is standing to-day. It was high and wide, with fortifications at intervals along it, for the unruly barbarians who lived in Scotland were a great nuisance to their noble Roman conquerors. Much of

the wall has been torn down, for ruins are always an easy quarry for later builders in the neighborhood. But miles of it still remain, as stern and majestic as the moorland it crosses.

Roman temples were usually new copies of those of the Greeks. And there were plenty of models to work from, for Southern Italy and Sicily had long had thriving Greek colonies. But the Etruscans, too, had had some interesting notions about the use of arches and circles. Their curving lines made a pleasing contrast to the straight lines of the Greeks. So the Roman builders designed all sorts of arches and vaults and domes; and the round temple, which probably began as the circular hut for the Etruscan kings, became a great favorite in Rome especially for temples of Vesta, the goddess of fire and the hearth.

We may still see the ruins of one of her exquisite little temples. It was held more holy than any other Roman shrine, for it housed the sacred fire, tended without ceasing by six white-robed priestesses known as the vestal virgins.

Those highborn maidens were appointed before the age of ten for a period of thirty years, and were trained for a period of ten years before they were allowed to take up their duties. Besides tending the sacred fire they had various other tasks, such as the daily bringing of water from a sacred spring and the guarding of the seven sacred objects upon whose safety the power of Rome was thought to depend. And the position was much sought after, for it brought wealth and power and was held in deep respect.

The most famous round temple of all is the Pantheon (păn'thê-ŏn)—a word meaning to "all the gods," for the shrine was dedicated

to all the Roman deities. It was built by the emperor Hadrian in the second century after Christ, and is one of the best examples of Roman architecture that we have. It no longer houses a crowd of Roman gods, for it has been a Christian church for a good many centuries—the church of Santa Maria Rotunda. But even those old gods could

hardly have been pressed for room in it, for its great circle is 147 feet across and the roof is 142 feet high. The lofty dome of solid concrete sits on the walls like a huge lid on a box. At first it was incased in bronze, but long ago the metal was filched away—stolen by one of the noble Roman emperors. At the top of the dome is an opening thirty feet across, the only window in the temple. But through it the light pours down from a brilliant Italian

sky and illumines the interior with a mellow glow. And even in the heaviest storm "the rain falls down slowly, through the immense emptiness of air, in a cylinder of drops, but only marks the pavement with a circle of moisture!"

Crossing Greek with Roman

At the entrance to the Pantheon is a deep Greek portico, such as the Romans liked to add to their temples even when, as in this case, it was out of keeping with the shape of the building. The columns are Corinthian (kô-rin'thî-ăn)—a style the Romans used so much that it became more Roman than Greek. They used the other two Greek styles, or "orders," also; but these were too simple for the Roman taste and lost much of their loveliness in Roman hands.

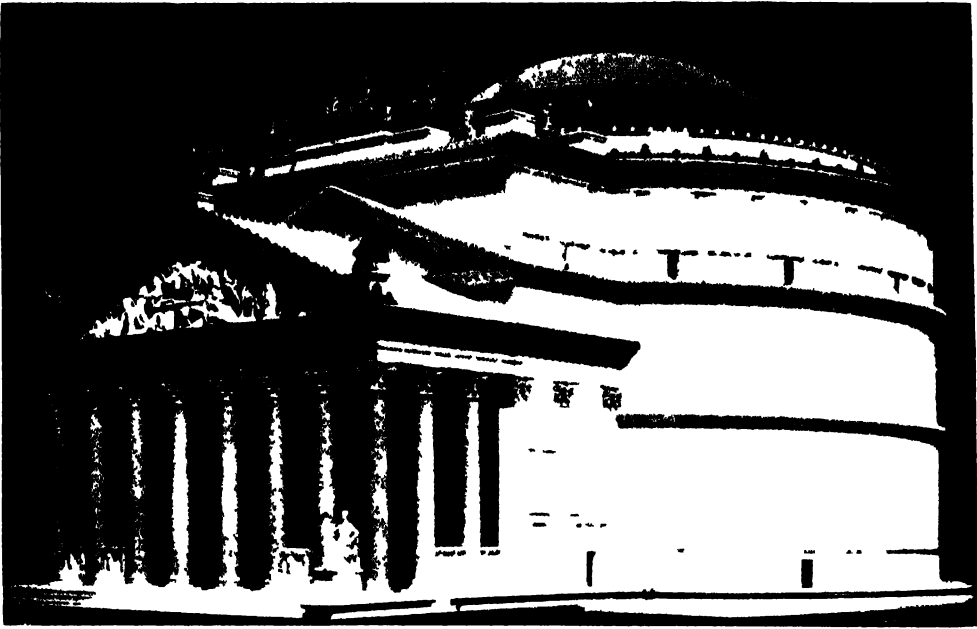
The Romans even had a fourth order, inherited from the Etruscans and known as Tuscan. But it had been borrowed, to start with, from the Grecian Doric—and like many borrowed things, had not been well



Photo by Chas. Bourner

In this little temple of Vesta six virgin priestesses were always standing guard over the sacred fire, on which the very life of the Roman state was thought to depend. Though small—its single room was only ten feet high—it was very beautiful in detail and proportions, and was held the most sacred of any shrine in Rome.

ARCHITECTURE



THE PANTEON IN ROME

Somewhat like this, as scholars think, the Roman Pantheon must have looked in its glory. The walls

are of concrete with a facing of brick, and the dome is a solid mass of concrete that rests like a lid on the walls.

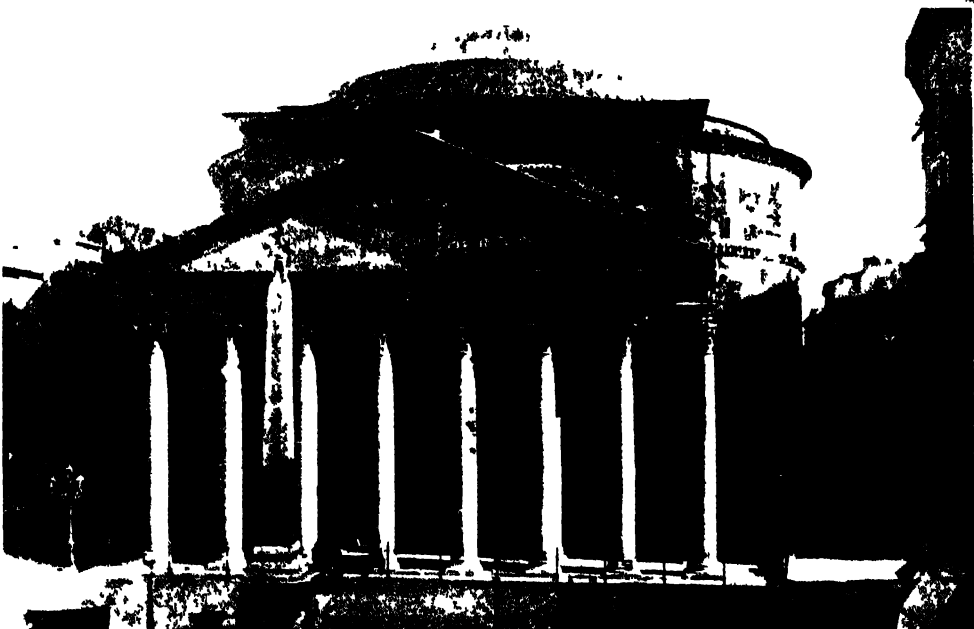


Photo by Clauffourier

The Pantheon has been robbed of the bronze tiles on its dome and the statues of bronze that adorned it, and many of the marble slabs that covered the lower

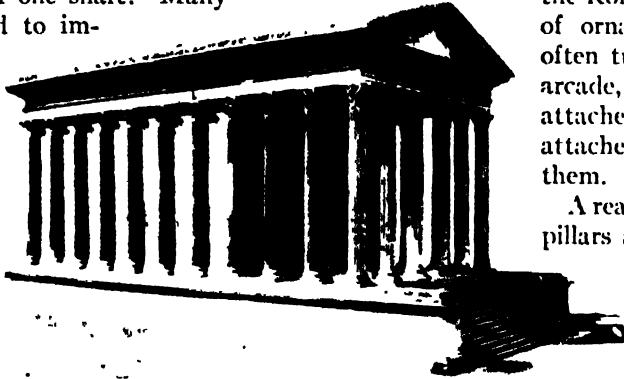
story have disappeared, but it still has a noble majesty, and is the best-preserved of all the ancient buildings in Rome. To-day it is a Christian church.

ARCHITECTURE

used. It differed from the Doric in having a base and a smooth shaft—and in having a good deal less charm. The Romans thought they had made a fifth order when they crossed the Corinthian and the Ionic (i-ŏn'ik) and called it the Composite (kŏm-pŏz'it). But in reality it was nothing but a mixture of the other two, made by putting the capitals of both on top of one shaft! Many people have tried to improve on the three Greek orders, but no one has ever succeeded.

Our most perfect example of a Roman rectangular temple is to be found, not in Rome, but in Southern France, in the city of Nîmes (nēm), where the Greeks had planted a colony that the Romans later occupied. Here the Maison Carrée (mă'zŏN'kă'ră'), or "Square House," is visited every year by thousands of people who come to admire its delicate beauty and fine proportion. For the taste of those Greek colonists still lived, even though it had been transplanted to a strange soil.

And the builders at Nîmes borrowed from the Etruscans, too. For instead of standing, like a Greek temple, on a foundation of layers of solid stone in the form of three deep steps all the way round the building, the Maison Carrée is mounted on a platform and reached by a flight of steps in front. The portico is very deep; and what would be a peristyle (pěr'i-stil), or pillared walk all the way round the building, has turned into a series of columns attached to the temple wall. In fact Roman builders rarely extended the peristyle around more than three sides of a building. But this temple is small, as a Greek temple is small—the cella measures forty-five by eighty-five feet—and its Corinthian details show a sense of form which could have come only from Greece.



At Nîmes, in Southern France, is the Maison Carrée, the most beautiful of all the rectangular temples of the Romans. You will notice that, unlike the Greek temples, it is raised upon a foundation, and although it has columns along the sides, there is no sheltered walk behind them, for they are built against the wall.

This notion of using columns built against a wall for decoration and not for support is one that is very much like the Romans. The Greeks seldom used it; for it is not in the best of taste, since it robs the columns of all their meaning and turns them into shams. And sham, whether in buildings or in people, is always cheap and tawdry. But

the Romans liked this style of ornament, which they often turned into a "blind arcade," made up of pillars attached to a building, with attached arches between them.

A real arcade, made up of pillars and arches used for the actual support of a wall above

them could be very beautiful as the Romans handled it. They often lined whole streets in this way, leaving the hallway behind the arches to serve as a sidewalk, comfortably sheltered from the heat of the sun. Sometimes

they put an entablature (ĕn-tăb'lă-chûr), or crossbeam, in the wall above the arch; and this too was not in very good taste, for the entablature lost its meaning and became a sham, since the real support was furnished by the arch.

A Roman Gift to Architecture

It was the Romans who hit upon the plan of putting one order above another on the wall of a building. This was effective in some ways. It added greatly to the appearance of height in a building, for a wall that is divided into stories looks much higher than one that is plain. The Romans made use of the idea on their theaters and amphitheaters (ăm'fĭ-thĕ'ă-tĕr), a series of fine buildings scattered throughout the empire, most of them modeled on the beautiful theaters of Greece.

The Colosseum (cŏl'ŏ-sĕ'ŭm) at Rome was the largest theater in the empire—its

ARCHITECTURE

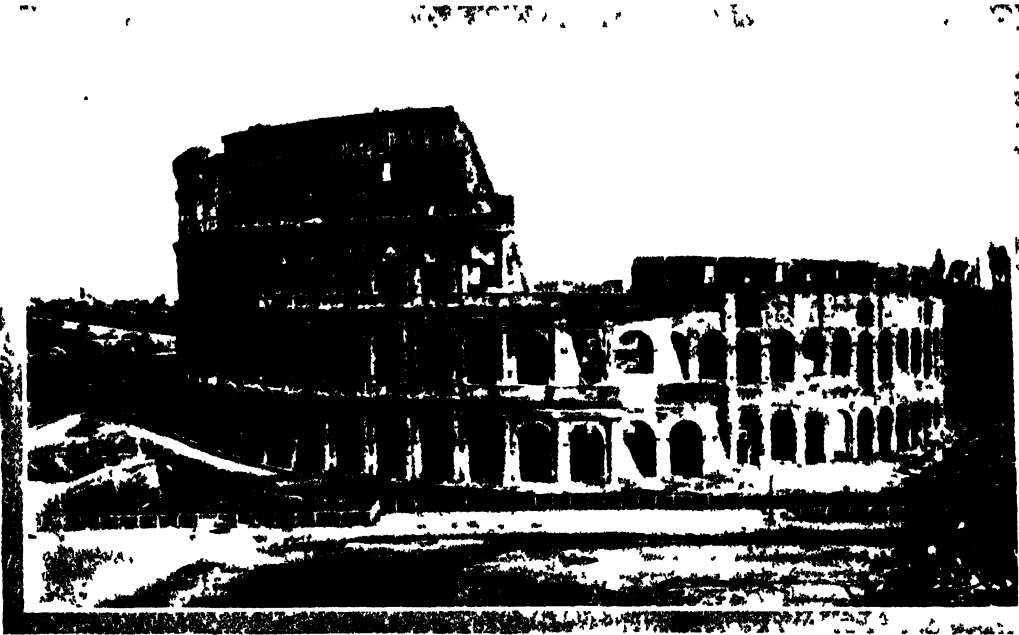


Photo by Chauffourier

The noble ruins of the Colosseum are a fitting monument to the departed grandeur of Rome. Inside, tiers of galleries ran around the arena, which was in the center; and underneath was a honeycomb of subterra-

nean chambers and passages where the wild beasts and gladiators were confined. Movable platforms raised them through trapdoors to the upper level. The eighty arches on the ground floor served as entrances.

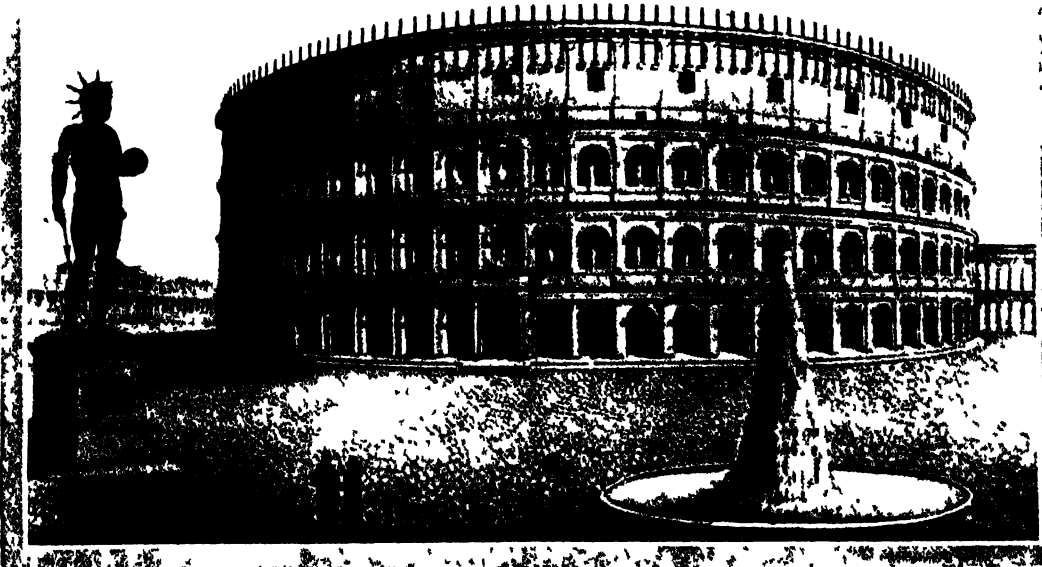


Photo by Chauffourier

When the early Christian martyrs died in its arena the Colosseum probably looked about like this. On each of the three lower stories the columns belonged to one

of the three Greek orders, and the arches gave light and air to the passages inside. At the top, brackets held up poles which the awning was stretched upon.



This is Chiosfour r

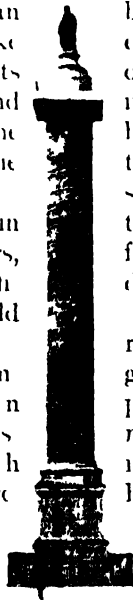
Nearly nineteen hundred years ago this house in old Pompeii was burned under lava and ashes from Vesuvius, to stay there for centuries until it should be dug out and restored to look as it did in the brave days of

Rome. The view above shows the inclosure about which Roman houses were always built, with the rooms opening from it. Everything was bright in that sunny court, but in the rooms windows were few

very name means 'gigantic'. It was an amphitheater—that is, round or oval like a circus—and measured 620 feet along its greatest length. Forty or fifty thousand persons could find places in it. In the center was a large open area called the arena (a-re'na) and covered with sand. In fact, the word "arena" is the Latin word for "sand." Certain silly emperors, it is true, thought to show their magnificence by covering the arena with gold dust!

It was here that the gladiatorial combats took place, and the contests between wild animals, and here that the Christians were thrown to the lions, which were confined in dens under the inclosure. 'The later Romans, you see, greatly admired bravery—especially in Christians and lions.' It was even possible to flood the arena and hold a sea fight.

The lowest bank of seats was reserved for the prominent officials. It was a fine privilege to sit where one could get the best possible view when a man was



This is Clia ff er

This great column, nearly a hundred feet high, is in honor of the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius, and has on it a long spiral of raised figures to commemorate his victories in Germany.

being done to death. So here were the emperor and his train, the senate, the state officials, and the vestal virgins, for no one in Rome was too squeamish to enjoy bloodshed. Above the nobles, tier upon tier, crowded the common people, eager to see as much life lost as possible. We are told that when the Colosseum was opened for the first time, the shows lasted a hundred days.

By this time you must have begun to realize that a nation's buildings are like gigantic shells, built for the comfort and protection of the beings inside, and always made to fit. The architecture of a people is as certain to show us the customs and habits of the men who created it as a sea-

shell is certain to tell us the kind of delicate creature that formed it. The Egyptians, with their solemn passion for the resurrection of the body, the Greeks, with their love of perfection in every detail, the Romans, with their genius for planning and their thirst for wealth and power, all have left us records of brick and stone which

ARCHITECTURE



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

Near the Colosseum stands the arch of Constantine, which originally must have looked about as it is shown above

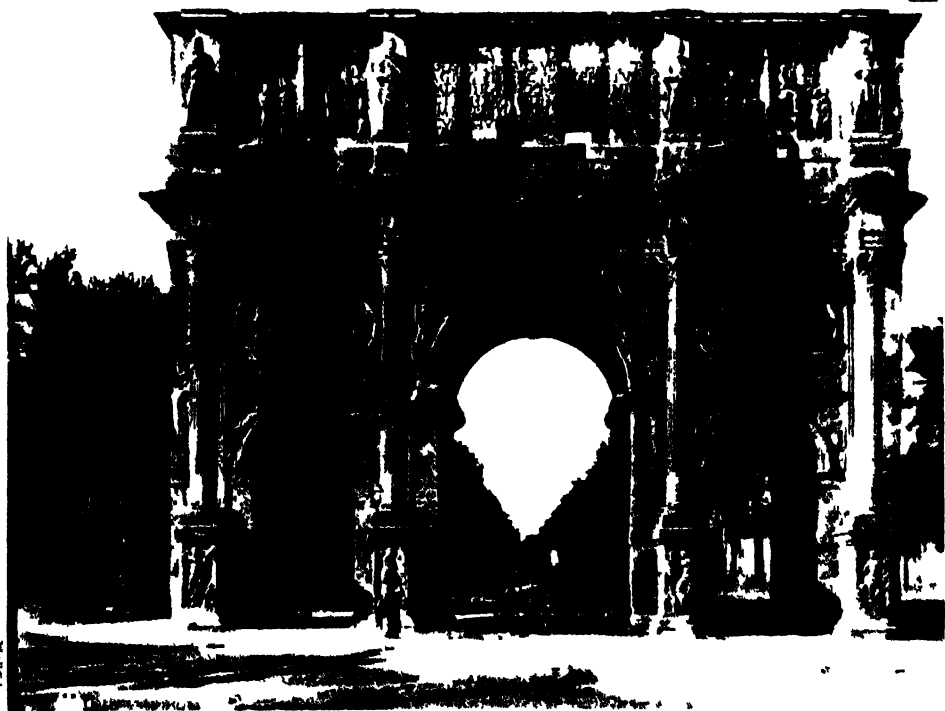


Photo by Chaffourier

The arch of Constantine to-day, the finest in Rome. It was largely a copy of an earlier arch of Trajan.



Photo by Chaffourier

At the beginning of the fourth century the eastern end of the Roman Forum looked much like the picture above. High in the background, on the Palatine Hill, stood the palaces of the emperors. In front and lower

down was the palace in which the vestal virgins lived, with the temple of Vesta just inside a corner of the inclosure. Along the left side of the palace of the vestal virgins passed the ancient Sacra Via, or Sacred Way

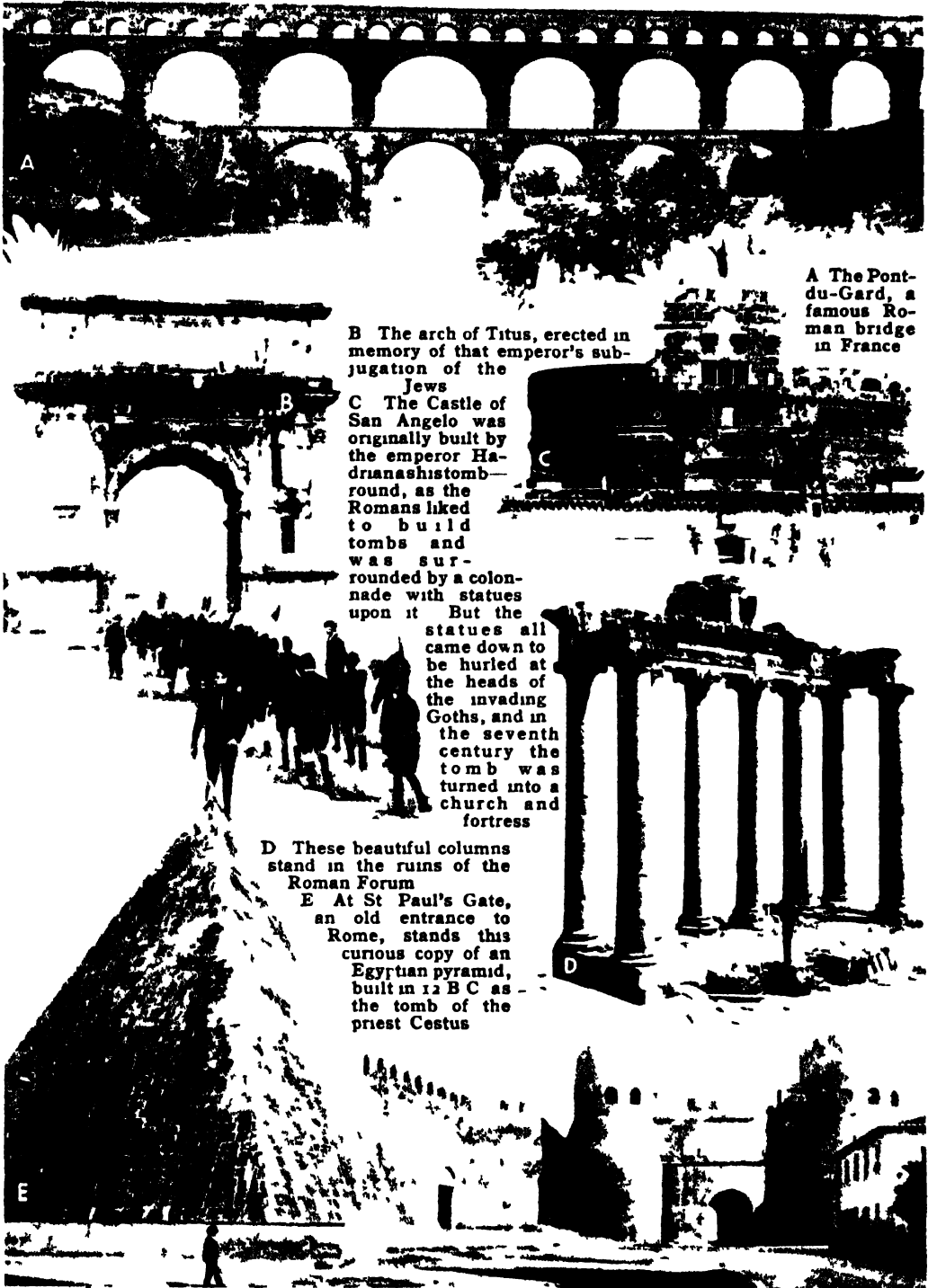


Photo by Anderson

This is all that is left to-day of the Palace of the Caesars, once one of the most magnificent buildings in Rome, rich with exquisite marbles and fine mosaics. The house of the vestal virgins is in ruins, too, but

enough of it has been excavated to show its beauty. It was built around an open space, or atrium, and contained baths, quarters for servants, and a bakehouse, as well as the apartments of the priestesses.

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Photos by Parry Pastorel and I. Chauffourier

show exactly the kind of people they were. Because the Greeks had a sense of what was fitting and beautiful, they found it impossible to do the silly and revolting things the Romans could be guilty of. The Greeks built no arenas—and the Romans built no Parthenon! But the Greeks planned no fine cities and left us little in the way of public works.

Now just as the Greeks spent their best efforts on their temples, so the Romans took most pains with their places of amusement. Their noblest ruin is the Colosseum, scene of more horrors than we can well imagine; and their most costly buildings were their public baths. These were immense establishments, centers of most of the gay life of the city and a popular resort for poets, statesmen, philosophers, and men of leisure, as well as for the common people. In a word, they were what clubs and moving-picture theaters and gymnasiums and amusement parks are to the people of our own time.

There are none of them standing entire in Rome to-day, for they were built of brick instead of stone, and have not lasted well. But we still have their ruins, and know that they were gorgeously decorated and very luxurious. In them were hot and cold swimming pools, baths of various sorts, gardens, gymnasiums, lecture halls, and even theaters and libraries. Whenever an emperor wanted to curry favor with the people, he built them one of these expensive resorts.

What Is a Forum?

The Romans had still another meeting place besides the baths. Scattered through the city were various centers of business known as forums—for a people that would rule the world must have a great deal of business to transact. The forums were usually a group of buildings gathered around

an open space, sometimes where two streets crossed. Of them, the Forum Romanum (rō-mā'nūm), or Roman Forum, was the oldest and most important.

It had been a kind of market place at first, with a certain number of temples and public buildings grouped about it. But gradually the little shops were crowded out, jostled aside by the magnificent shrines and civic buildings that made the Roman Forum the center of the world. Here, between the Capitoline Hill at one end and the temple of Vesta at the other, were the senate house, the law courts, the exchanges, and temples to all the principal gods of Rome. And here the business of the world was carried on.

Bridges That Have Become Monuments

We can hardly leave the Romans without speaking of what many people feel were the most beautiful and imposing structures they ever built. Knowing the Roman turn for the practical, you will hardly be surprised to find that these were not tombs or temples but bridges—bridges so noble that they can hardly be thought of as mere feats of engineering. They are works of art. Across the steep banks of a little stream not far from Nîmes in Southern France there stretches a bridge so lofty, so majestic, so perfect in its proportions that upon sight of it one is tempted to exclaim, as did the great philosopher Rousseau, "Oh, that I had been born a Roman!" It is called the Pont-du-Gard (pōN du gar), or Bridge of the Gard, though in reality it was originally not only a bridge but an aqueduct, which carried water to Nîmes through a large tunnel at its summit. It carries water no longer, but the noble bridge still spans the river Gard, and others as beautiful still do sturdy service in Spain and elsewhere. They are fitting monuments to a people who once ruled the world.



The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit No. 5

WHAT THE FIRST CHURCHES WERE LIKE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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| What the Roman catacombs were used for, 11 440 | How the old law courts were turned into churches, 11-442 |
| Neither laws nor emperors could keep the old religion alive, 11 440 | What mosaics and frescoes meant to the new churches, 11-442 |
| How Constantine was converted and Christianity became the | How the early Christian churches grew into great cathedrals, 11-443 |
| | Why the new architecture was known as Romanesque, 11 443 |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|--|---|
| What was life like for the Christians during the years when their faith was forbidden? | gether for worship? |
| Why did the Jews and Christians believe in gathering people to- | Why were the new churches bare outside and splendid inside? |
| | How did the baptistery begin? |

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| The decline and fall of the Roman empire, 5 245 | How they made their first churches of salvaged materials, 11 75 |
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| How Justinian, the Byzantine emperor, built Santa Sophia, 11 | |

Summary Statement

- | | |
|--|---|
| Beginning with nothing of their own, the early Christians soon planted the seeds for a new and | distinctive architecture that would be distinctively Christian. |
|--|---|



This was the end that awaited many an early Christian; and more than one maiden met her death in the arena, as has been the fate of this one whose end the emperor

Nero is watching with interest. Such constant tragedy helped to form, not only the hearts and minds, but the very buildings of the men who lived in fear of it.

WHAT *the* FIRST CHURCHES WERE LIKE

How a Single Great Event Came to Change the Mind of the World, and Therefore All Its Buildings

ALMOST two thousand years ago something so important happened that you have heard of it more often than of anything else in history. No one can list all its results, for it will influence countless generations to come. But because of it you and I, some twenty centuries later, are living under conditions altogether different from what they would otherwise have been. You have already guessed this great event. It was the birth of Christ.

Now we hardly need to be reminded that what changes men's lives so greatly will change their buildings too. For as we have said before, the structures that men put up are like outer shells for them—exactly fitting the needs of the beings who create them, but of very little use when outgrown.

Some three centuries had to pass after Christ before it became safe to be a Christian. The Roman emperors had found it altogether agreeable to be worshiped as gods, and took it decidedly amiss that the Christians held

out against the practice. As a result the Christian religion was forbidden, and its courageous followers were often the victims of the cruel sports of the Roman arenas. It might sometimes be hard to get lions, but Christians there always were in plenty. During those times of bitter torment, the followers of the new religion had to hide their worship, taking it to rooms in private houses or even underground. People who go to Rome may still visit the catacombs (kāt'ā-kōm), several miles of tunnels and underground chambers, story below story, dark and cold. Here the hounded Christians cut out tiny chapels in the solid earth, and buried their dead in narrow graves, one above the other, in the walls.

But their numbers increased, just the same. The ancient civilization was dying, and its rulers were vicious and corrupt. Men had outgrown the old religion, and all the laws of all the kings and emperors failed to set it up again in their minds and hearts.



Fig. 13. Catacomb of St. Peter.

In the cold underground chambers of the catacombs the Christian martyrs were buried, as this picture shows. Their tombs were little cells dug out of the

rock walls, and rude frescoes were the only decoration those first Christian churches had. Most of them never received the light of day, but were lighted by torches.

Persecution only served to scatter the seeds of the religion that was to come. If people could die for their religion like the Christians, there must be some beauty and glory in it, thought many of the spectators at the arena. Finally one of the rulers himself was converted. In 313 Constantine was converted, and Christian persecution mainly ceased. When he was made emperor eleven years later, Christianity became the state religion.

From Catacombs to Church

Now you can readily see that one of the first needs of the new religion, when it came out of hiding, was for suitable places in which people could go to church. The old temples, for the most part, would not do. They were too small. None of the older religions in Greece and Rome had ever gathered people together for worship, as the Jews and the Christians gathered.

A Greek or Roman temple was the god's home, to which a worshiper came only to offer sacrifices—some wine, a dove, or a lamb. An Egyptian or Assyrian temple served the same purpose, but into its inner shrine the worshiper might not even enter. The priests alone had that honor. Other

people could only stand and watch the priests go by. You see, none of those old religions had very much to do with conduct—with right and wrong or with the kind of lives men ought to lead. The very gods themselves were capable of great wickedness, and were no better than the men who worshiped them.

But from now on all this was to be changed. For men were to worship "in the beauty of holiness—a God of righteousness, Himself of infinite perfection, who would reward them for virtue and punish them for disobedience." So it became necessary for men to meet together, not only for worship but to be told about their duty and reproved for their sins.

The First Christian Churches

Now there were in ancient Rome various buildings where people used to gather for the purpose of carrying on business. They were the basilicas (bā-sīl'ī-kā)—the word had meant a "royal house" at first—and they served both as law courts and as meeting places for merchants. They were lofty rectangular structures, with two, or occasionally four, rows of columns running

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lengthwise inside them, so as to form aisles along the sides of the building. Often, probably in most cases, there was a raised platform at one end on which the judge presided; and in front of him was an altar for the purpose of offering a sacrifice before business was transacted.

The roof of the aisles was always lower than the roof of the long central portion, or nave (nāv); and sometimes on the lower roofs was a kind of gallery, where one could stand and look down into the main hall of the building. In the wall of the nave, well above the columns that partitioned off the aisles, was a row of windows—high up under the roof, which was always of wood. The windows might be open to the sky or be filled with a graceful marble lattice; and sometimes they were set with mica or with very thin sheets of alabaster (āl'ā-bās'tēr), a hard, fine-grained stone like pure white marble, which would let the light through, much as do our panes of frosted glass. This row of windows is known as a clearstory, or clerestory, and is still found in many of our churches to-day.

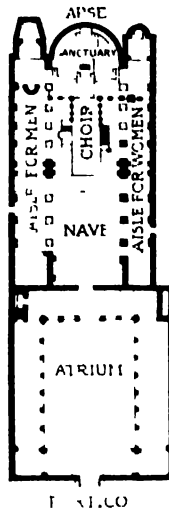
But the Romans did not invent it. Like many other useful devices, it had been used in the temples of the Egyptians more than two thousand years before.

It was natural enough that when

the Christians came to build, they should think of those convenient civic basilicas and of others that were used for sacred purposes. For like all other builders they had to shape the new out of whatever was at hand. They may even have had in mind the Roman house, which always contained an open court, or atrium, with rooms around it. At first their churches were probably tiny, and without aisles; indeed, we have an example of one that was found tucked away under the floor of a later and larger church.

But so many Roman buildings were now falling into decay that it was not very hard to find old columns all ready for use. They might not always be of the same height—they might not even belong to the same order—but they were of beautiful material, and people in haste for a church could not afford to be too exacting about details. On the outside the structures were bare, but inside they were rich with marble and mosaic (mô-zā'ik), a kind of inlay made of bits of colored

glass or stone. Paintings, called frescoes, decorated the surface of the walls, and marble pavement gleamed on



Above is the plan of an early Christian church. It is a basilica, with an atrium, or open court, a long nave with pillared aisles for men and for women on either side, and an apse at one end to hold the altar.

Below, is the church of Santa Maria Maggiore (ma-ré'ā majō'rā), a basilica and one of the oldest churches in Rome.



Photo by Chauffourier

the floors. For the custom of the Greeks was now reversed; not the outside but the inside of the temple—as of the men—had become important!

In the Christian basilicas what had been the judge's platform now served equally well to hold the throne of the priest or bishop. It was set in a semicircular recess at one end of the building. This was called the apse (ăps) —from the Latin “apsis,” which meant “vault” or “bowl,” for the recess had a roof in the shape of a half dome. The altar was placed where it had been in the law courts; and when the priest officiated at it, he faced the congregation.

In front of the building was an open court, or atrium (a'trĭ-ŭm), with a pillared walk around it, where people could gather before and after church; and at the church door was a portico or vestibule called the narthex (nar'thĕks). Here penitents or persons not yet admitted to full membership might stand and listen to the service, for they were not allowed inside.

The Beginning of Modern Cathedrals

In fact, the baptistery, where converts were baptized, was itself outside the church, for no one was admitted to the basilica till after baptism. The baptistery was always round, a copy of the round tombs which the Romans liked to build along the roads leading outside their cities. Indeed, some of the early churches were themselves round—but

only when they were built over a martyr's tomb.

Perhaps it may seem strange to take so much pains to describe those ancient meetinghouses. But before long we shall see that in them lies the germ of our most beautiful churches and cathedrals. For if you lengthen the apse, you will have the choir, or chancel (chăn'sĕl), of the later churches. And if you push out arms at either side between the choir and the nave, you will have the whole ground plan of the cathedrals that were to come.

At first the early churches were very little different from the law courts on which they were largely modeled. Indeed, a church is still called a basilica if it is a rectangle with an apse at one end and aisles along the nave. But little by little, as must always happen, the buildings grew and changed with the changes taking place in the minds of the people who put them up. For centuries men were busy re-shaping the ancient architecture to fit their new needs. When they had finished, at about the year 1150, the new religion had moulded, out of the forms of Greece and Rome, something so different and so beautiful that one can hardly believe the old forms gave it birth. It is this amazing change that we are now going to trace. The period during which it was coming about is known as the period of Romanesque (rō'-măn-ĕsk') architecture. It was Roman—but with a difference.



The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit

No. 6

DOMES, BELL TOWERS, CLOISTERS, CASTLES, MINARETS

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Picture Hunt

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Charlemagne, a northern conqueror, 12-368

Summary Statement

The centuries after the fall of the Roman empire found many different forces struggling for ex-

pression in the church and in the arts in different parts of the world.

This is the church that its builder felt out-did the Temple of Solomon. St. Sophia in Constantinople is now a Mohammedan mosque, and to its graceful domes have been added the four delicate towers, or minarets, that you see at its corners. But the great beauty of the church lies in the richness and color of the marbles and mosaics inside.



Photo by Keynoter View C

DOMES, BELL TOWERS, CLOISTERS, CASTLES, MINARETS

The Skillful Greeks Give Graceful Floating Domes and a Riot of Color to the New Christian Churches; While the Northern Races Bring a Genius of Their Own to Build Homes for the New Faith

AS CHRISTIANITY was carried over the earth it started men thinking and acting in all sorts of different ways. And this, of course, started them putting up all sorts of different buildings. One of the most beautiful of those early forms of Christian architecture grew up in the East, at Constantinople. The Roman emperor Constantine had taken his capital there in 324, rebuilding and renaming—for himself—the old Greek city of Byzantium (bī-zăn'-shŭm). So the architecture that grew up here was called Byzantine (bī-zăn'tīn).

Since so many of the people in Byzantium were Greek, it is not surprising that they

had a sense of beauty. Under the spell of the neighboring Orient—of Syria and Palestine and Persia—those Christian builders found a majesty of form and a glory of color that have never been surpassed in our Western world. With glistening domes—great vaults of white or gold—they covered vast spaces that with a post and crossbeam construction would have been filled with a forest of pillars. You can see how much larger this made the inside of a building seem. They invented new capitals, carved with the wind-blown acanthus, the melon, and the bird-and-basket. And they were lavish with color. They laid it over walls

and ceilings in the form of exquisite marbles and rich mosaics (mō-z'ik)—those delicate inlays of bits of marble and colored glass and gems. So the Byzantine architecture was one of domes and brilliant surfaces—very different from the square white lines of a temple like the Parthenon!

The gem of all Byzantine buildings was the church of Santa Sophia, or the Holy Wisdom, at Constantinople. It was built by the emperor Justinian in the sixth century, and was then as it still is, the most gorgeous temple in the world. But it is no longer a church. The Mohammedans have turned it into a mosque (mōsk)—a place of Mohammedan worship—and only lately have removed the plaster with which they long hid the mosaics. But the great dome, 175 feet high, still rises above a glittering interior, splendid with gold and marble and precious stones. Small wonder that Justinian, when his church was finally done, flung himself down before the altar and exclaimed, 'Thanks be to God! I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!

The Jewel of Christendom

Now the church of Santa Sophia is partly shorn of its beauty and is very far away so far that few of us will ever visit it. And of the few who do, not all can be admitted, for the Mohammedan world is a man's world, and women are not even allowed inside the mosques. But nearer home, in the lovely city of Venice, is a church with all the rich beauty of those Eastern churches. Later centuries, it is true, have done something to

change it. They have tampered with certain of the arches and have taken away a part of the original decoration. But the effect of the building is unspoiled. The airy domes and glowing mosaics of St. Mark's in Venice

carry us to a land where color is one of the deepest pleasures of a beauty-loving people to the gorgeous and drowsy East.

'But how does it come about, you may ask, that an Eastern church has strayed so far from home—up here into Northern Italy?'

Along with it is, and very different is this brilliant Byzantine jewel from most of the churches round about it. The reason lies in the fact that Venice, enthroned on her islands off the coast of Italy, was a law unto herself—a city state. For when the Roman empire split in two, with a second capital at Constantinople, she acknowledged the power of the eastern city.

Consequently far away from the heart of the western world, she never of the

were turned ever eastward. She imported Eastern workmen, gifted with the skill of the Greeks and the fire of the Orient. And when, in the eleventh century, she planned to build herself a church that should be a fitting shrine for the body of St. Mark, her patron saint, she chose for her model a church in Constantinople. It was called the Church of the Holy Apostles, and was built at about the same time as Santa Sophia. It is believed to have been itself a copy of the church at Ephesus. You will remember that it was to the congregation there that the Apostle Paul wrote one of his famous letters, which now forms the Epistle



Photo by Altari

From the cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice, comes this graceful carving of peacocks. In the early days of the Christian religion those stately birds stood for the immortality of the soul.

ARCHITECTURE



Photo by Al. art

No photograph can suggest the splendor of the inside of St. Mark's in Venice. The great altar, known as

the Pala d'Oro, is perhaps the finest piece of gold and enamel work in the world, and everywhere is mosaic

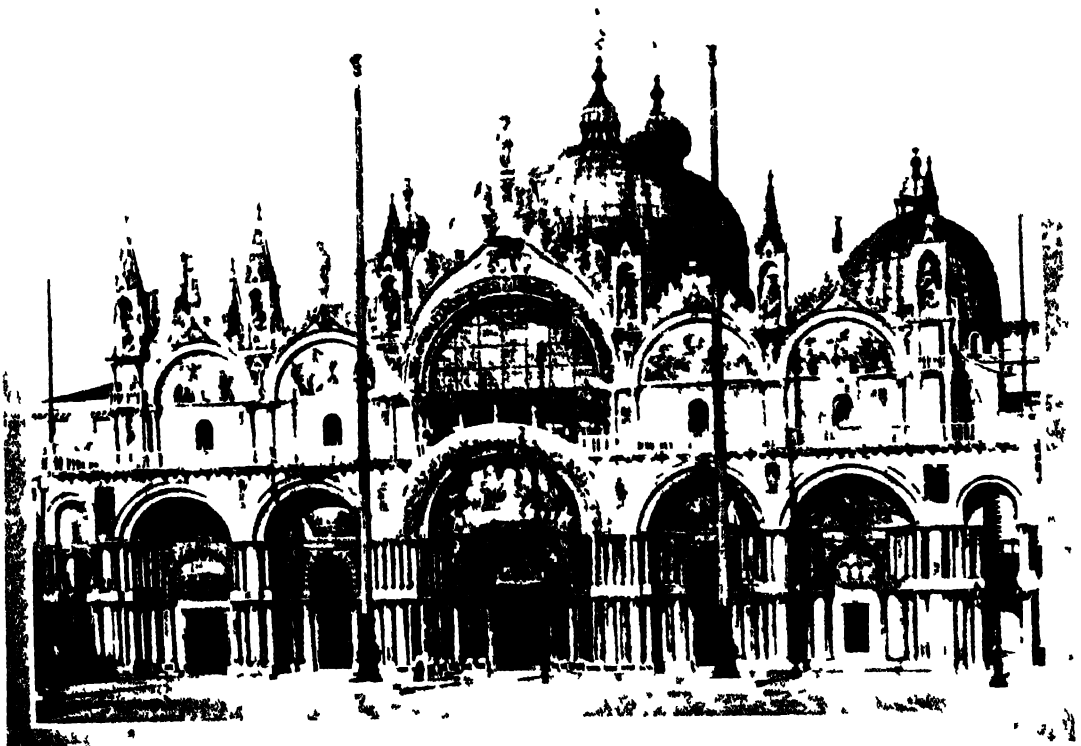


Photo by Anderson

Under the bright Italian sun the outside of St. Mark's is always a delicate shimmer of light and color.

to the Ephesians in the New Testament.

To build their church the Venetians robbed the farthest corners of the world then known. Every ship brought in loot filched from some ancient building—jewels, exquisite marbles, carved capitals, and mighty shafts. The finished church was little better than a pirates' den. But the thrifty Venetians doubtless told themselves it was a holy cause, and excused their theft by saying that the sandbars on which their city rested could give them no stone at all.

Now when your materials have come so far you will be careful what you choose to bring. Nothing cheap will be worth carrying. The Venetians transported only the finest marbles, whose very names are poetry to hear—"jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow." But to build a church of nothing but these precious substances would be like laying water pipes of gold. Accordingly they built the walls of brick, but coated them everywhere, as they had learned to do from Byzantium, with thin slabs of those colorful marbles, polished to show all their delicate veins.

The five domes, floating like bright bubbles in the upper air, were lined with glittering mosaics, made up of tiny bits of colored glass all pieced together to form a brilliant picture against a golden ground—figures of saints and stories from the life of Christ. All the capitals and white marble surfaces were rich with delicate carving, grapes and pomegranates, palms and lilies and pairs of peacocks drinking from a bowl. For these were the favorite subjects of Byzantine workmen,

and all had a meaning. The three classic orders have vanished; arches take the place of architraves, and the capitals are patterned after those of ancient Egypt.

Outside, the forms are just as lovely—

"a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of light; a treasure-heap it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory. . . . The porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage,

and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years."

The treasure for which this magnificent church might be regarded as the casket was the body of St. Mark, supposed to have been brought from Alexandria to Venice in 828. The church in which it was then deposited was burned down about a hundred years later, and after the fire the body of St. Mark was nowhere to be found. Now this would hardly seem strange to you and me; but to the pious Venetians it was so great a calamity as to be almost beyond belief. They

grieved so deeply that the authorities finally decided that something ought to be done. They ordered a day of prayer to be set apart in which everyone should go to the church and pray that the body be restored. In the middle of the service certain stones in one of the pillars began to tremble and finally fell away, revealing to the enraptured audience a human body which they felt sure

Below is one of the quaint but brilliant mosaics from the cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice. All those figures are worked out in tiny bits of colored glass or marble.

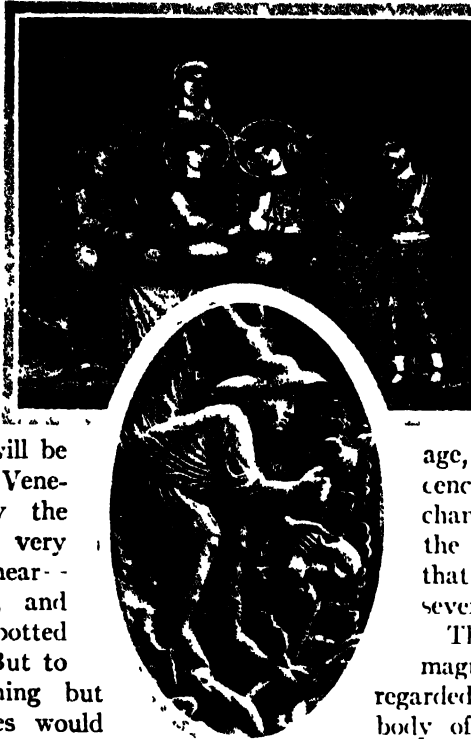


Photo by Alinari

This vivid piece of carving from St. Mark's shows a boy catching doves. Its simple naturalness is as different from the majestic dignity of the figures on a Greek temple as the energetic men who carved it were different from the ancient peoples of warmer climes.

was that of their saint. And more than that, the body stretched forth its hand, upon which was a ring. The ring was removed and the body was buried in a suitable place.

And the ring? Well, the ring was not kept so carefully. It was cast into the Adriatic. You see, every year in Venice there took place a ceremony by which the city, a powerful trading state, was wedded to the Adriatic Sea. The event was really equal to a yearly declaration that Venice owed her prosperity to the sea alone and would allow no other power to rule her.

Now when the wedding next took place, the doge, or ruler of the city, used the ring of St. Mark to wed the city's bride, and, as the custom was, hurled it into the sea. And there it must lie to this day!

About six centuries after Christ there grew up in the heart of Arabia a new religion, quick and intense as a flame, that spread rapidly through Persia, Asia Minor, and Northern Africa. It even crossed the Straits of Gibraltar into Spain, where it left one of its finest treasures, the

Moorish Alhambra (āl-hām'brā). Its followers worshiped the God of the Hebrews and of the Christians, but they called Him Allah and regarded Mohammed as His leading prophet. All the followers of the new religion were races with a deep sense of beauty and with a great skill for expressing it; and wherever they went they moulded their architecture into noble forms.

Floating Domes and Burning Color

Now it is interesting to know that the style they first copied was Byzantine. Its floating domes and burning color they seized upon and made their own, and they have

kept them ever since. But because they were forbidden to reproduce the forms of animals, they covered all the walls and capitals with exquisite geometrical designs, which we call arabesques (är'ä-lësk'), after their Arab inventors. And they worked out other ideas of their own. The round arch they had the daring to turn into a horseshoe. They even gave it a point at the top. That was an important change, which you will hear of later.

The Mohammedan, or Saracenic

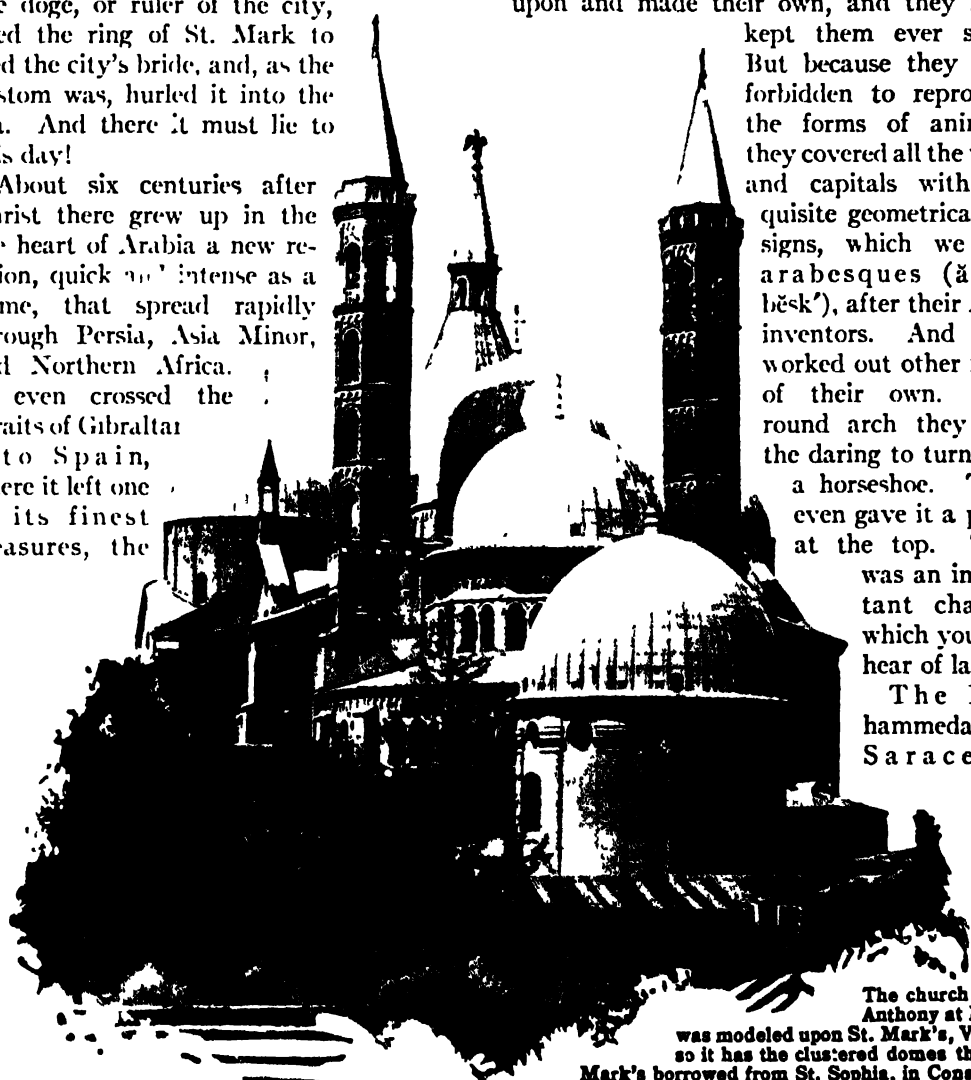


Photo by Anderson

The church of St. Anthony at Padua was modeled upon St. Mark's, Venice, so it has the clustered domes that St. Mark's borrowed from St. Sophia, in Constantinople. But you will see that two slender towers and a belfry have been added to this Italian basilica.

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(sār'ā-sēn'ik), architecture is still a living form, to this day creating domed mosques not unlike Santa Sophia, and covering them with arabesques of great variety and beauty. But to the older solemn and more quiet style its builders have added a feverish though

precious stones—agates, bloodstones, jasper—in graceful wreaths and scrolls. They form the most exquisite ornamentation ever used in architecture. A garden lies around the building, and from the corners of the terrace on which it stands rise four tall minarets,

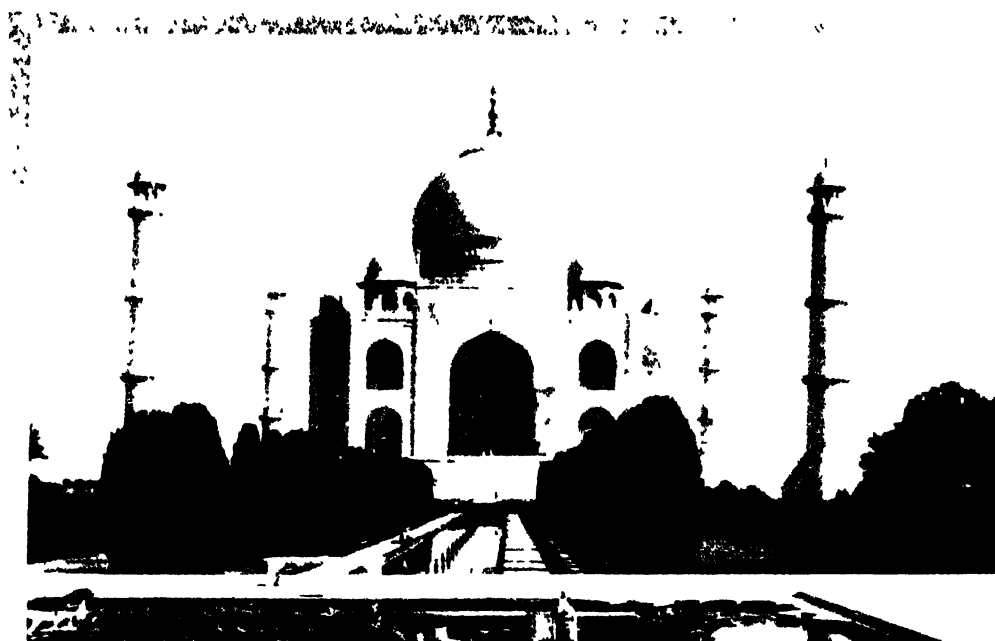


Photo by Indian State Rvs

The gemlike beauty of the Taj Mahal, at Agra, India, is the despair of artists and photographers. There

sleeps the wife of one of the Great Moguls, in what is certainly the most beautiful tomb in the world.

graceful excitement. Delicate minarets-(mīn-ā-rēt'), fairylike little towers divided into stories, lift slender fingers toward the sky; and from them, five times a day, the chant of a crier summons the faithful to prayer.

The most exquisite example of Saracenic architecture is in far-off India, which Mohammedanism reached on its way to China and Japan. In the city of Agra one of the emperors whom we call Moguls (mō'gūl) built in the seventeenth century a tomb for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal. It is called the Taj Mahal (tāj mā-hal'), the word "tāj" meaning, in this connection, "crown," or "jewel." Many men think it is the most beautiful building in the world, and writers have exhausted their powers trying to describe its perfection. It is built of pure white marble delicately carved and inlaid with

like marble sentinels to guard the tomb. Waters gleam and fountains play, but in an atmosphere of calm repose. Other nations have built more loftily and more imposingly, but "no builder in the world has ever produced a gem of more amazing beauty."

The Dark Ages

We must now turn our eyes away from the Orient, with its gleaming domes and minarets, to follow the current of what we call Romanesque (rō'mān-ēsk'), or "Roman-like," architecture, as it developed in the West after the fall of Rome. At once we are in a different atmosphere, electric with energy and full of action. For a strong wind has come down from the north, sweeping away the old Roman empire of Augustus and of Constantine and leaving its culture little more than a heap of ruins.

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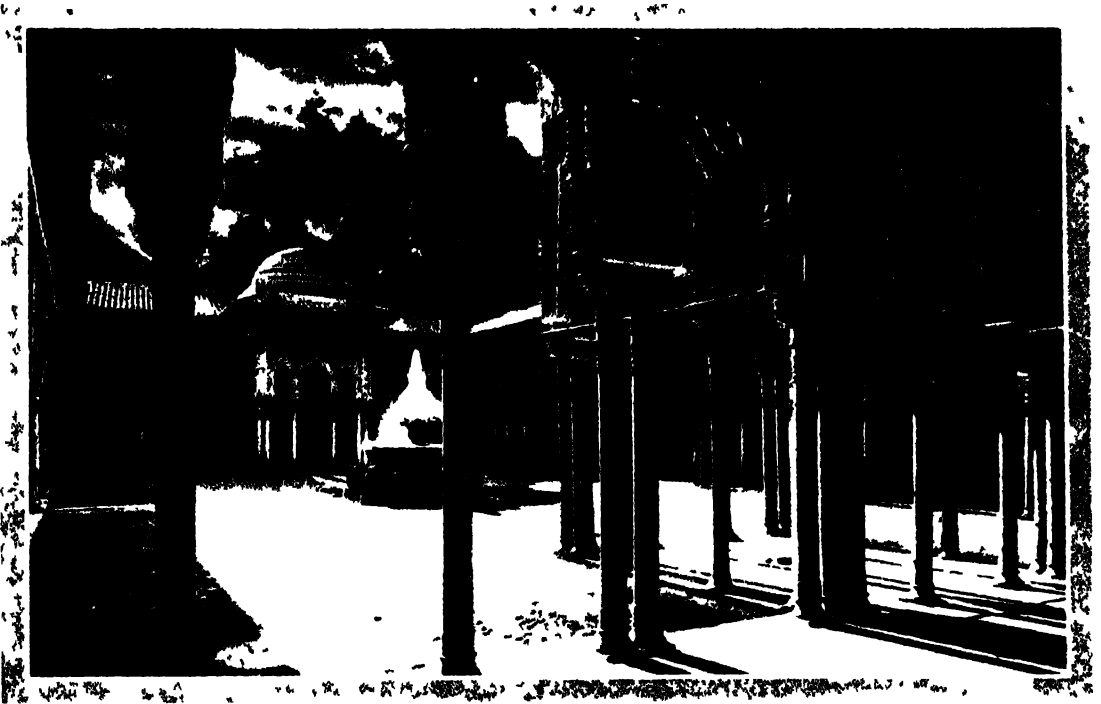


Photo by Anderson

When the Moors ruled in Spain they built the Alhambra at Granada as a palace for their kings. The Court of the Lions, above, was in the women's quarters. It was

paved in rose and turquoise-blue, its walls were of the palest rose, white marble columns surrounded it, and in the center the Fountain of Lions played.



Photo by Anderson

Sixteen hundred marble columns of all colors stand in this hall in the Great Mosque of Cordova, in Spain.

In 410 the Germanic tribes of Northern Europe, who had for some time been nibbling off pieces of the Roman empire, finally succeeded in taking Rome itself. Two generations later the proud empire had fallen apart like a house of cards. Rude barbarians from the woods and streams north of the Alps and the Danube were dividing it up among themselves and destroying what they did not like or did not understand. For several centuries progress was at a standstill; and the period is known as the Dark Ages.

But those fierce Northerners, Goths and Vandals and Lombards, were active and intelligent, and when they settled down in the lands they had conquered, they soon mingled with the more civilized inhabitants. They became Christians and before long set to work building churches. In Southern Italy they did not change things much, but in Northern Italy and the rest of Europe they seized upon the Roman form of architecture and moulded it to suit their wilder mood.

From Sober Ornaments to Grotesque

The arch they did not tamper with; it remained as round as in the days of Caesar. But they vented their high spirits by applying to its sturdy curves a bewildering ornamentation. Nothing was too homely, too hideous, or too queer to appear over the door of the church.

The entrance to the crypt of St. Zeno, at Verona, bears an amazing menagerie—"two cocks carrying on their shoulders a long

staff, to which a fox is tied by the legs, hanging down between them. . . . Then a stag hunt, with a centaur horseman drawing a bow; the arrow has gone clear through the stag's throat, and is sticking there. Several capital hunts with dogs, with fruit trees between, and birds in them, . . . snails and frogs filling up the intervals, as if suspended

in the air, with some saucy puppies on their hind legs, two or three nondescript beasts; and, finally, on the center of one of the arches on the south side, an elephant and castle,—a very strange elephant, yet cut as if the carver had seen one."

Those strange creatures are called grotesques (*grō-tē k'*), and are as different as possible from the quiet dignity of, say, the Parthenon frieze. We can imagine what a joy they were to restive children coming out of church. But we must not im-

agine that they were carved there for the children only. Grown-up folk designed them—for the delight of grown-ups, simple souls for the most part, older in years but hardly less childlike than their own children.

In mouldings, too, the new builders did away with the sober ornament of the Greeks and Romans. They let themselves go in a riot of lines, crisscrosses, zigzags, diamond shapes, and cones—birds' beaks and serpents' tails—anything rude and barbaric would do. The old love of order and repose gave way before a wild energy and excitement. All was strength, action; and for the first time in all the world, there was humor in building.



Photo by Anderson

This doorway is of the kind that Romanesque builders loved to make. Its carved borders, one inside the other, and the lively grotesques that play over the round arch, all show that it belongs to a period when men had not left the Roman style entirely behind, but were beginning to grope toward the newer forms that were to come.

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A—The church of Notre Dame in Algiers shows how hard it is for people to escape the influence of what lies around them; for though it is a Christian church built in the last century, it is strikingly like the Mohammedan mosques on every side.

C—When Mohammedanism spread to India it took with it the style of architecture which its worshipers farther west like to use in their mosques. So though this graceful dome was built in far-off Malaya, it is a direct descendant of the domes on St. Sophia in Constantinople. It has merely changed its shape a little.

B—Those people of India who are not Mohammedans have a style of building all their own. It is strange and formless and fantastic to our Western eyes, but it expresses just what they want to say, for they love a wealth of magnificent detail. Here is the Indian version of a pagoda.

D—This great Indian temple was erected in honor of Buddha, and is at least 1,300 years old. It is called the Temple of the Enlightenment.

Photos by Gramstorff Bros., Field Museum, and India State Rys.

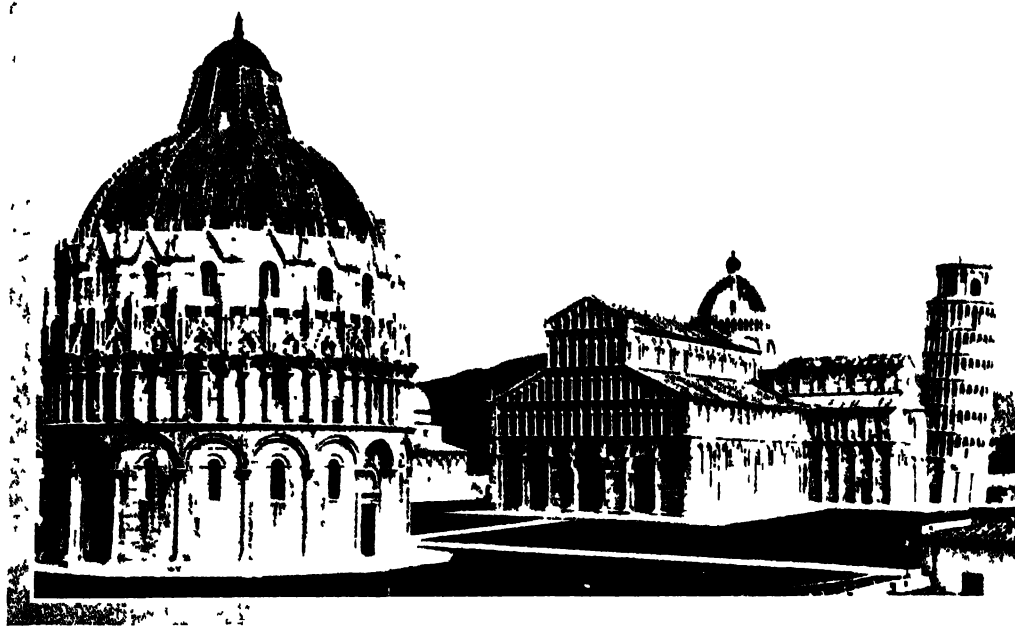


Photo by Chauffourier

The cathedral at Pisa, with its baptistery and famous Leaning Tower, is one of the most beautiful examples of Romanesque architecture. Here the old pattern of a basilica has taken the shape of a cross, and an egg-shaped dome has been added; but the round baptistery is still outside the main body of the church, as it was in very early days. The bell tower was not meant to lean. But its foundations are only ten feet deep, and

no broader than the tower itself, so little by little the tower has tipped to one side, till now the top, which is 179 feet above the ground, is 16 feet out of the perpendicular. No one seems to worry much about its falling over, however, for its marble walls are 13 feet thick at the base, and only about half as thick at the top. It is clear that the tower began to lean while it was still being put up.

To the outside of the church were added towers and belfries. For if people were to go to church at stated times to pray, there had to be some means of calling them together in those clockless days. In Italy the belfries sometimes took the shape of lofty towers called campaniles (kam'pa-nē'lā) — from "campana," bell—that stood beside the church but were not a part of it. They were usually square and sometimes very beautiful, though never so fine as towers farther north. Probably the most famous were the one near St. Mark's in Venice and the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

When Windows Came in Style

Blind arcades, sometimes interlacing, adorned the thick church walls; and pillars no longer had to be plain or soberly fluted, but might be carved from base to capital. At times a row of tiny arches decorated a wall high up above the ground. This was

called a corbel table and rested on a series of corbels—small supporting stones that were often quaintly carved. But most beautiful of all were the great round windows, known as catherine wheels or rose windows, that now began to cast their glowing patterns on the shadowy floors. They took their name from St. Catherine, a maid of Alexandria who was martyred by being bound to a wheel. From now on windows will be used because their shape and color are beautiful.

While the early churches were rearing lofty towers and decking themselves in carving and mosaic, an interesting thing was happening to the atrium. At first it had been an open court at the main door of the church. But as time went on, the atrium seems to have found it possible to turn its duties over to the narthex, or vestibule. Now during all these years large groups of clergy were growing up around certain of

the churches. They found the atrium exactly suited to their needs for exercise and conversation. So it left its position at the east or west end of a building and took its place upon the sunny side. There, to the south side of the church wall, its sheltered walk, which now was called a cloister, made a peaceful retreat for priests and monks, who even did their studying there, and used the garden blooming in the center for recreation.

One of the greatest changes took place in the ground plan of the church. We have already seen how the lengthening of the apse and the addition of arms, or transepts, between it have produced a Latin form of later churches. In France there was yet another

change. Around the apse was carried an aisle, or sometimes two, and into this opened a series of chapels, arranged along the outer edge

Few cities can boast a square so beautiful as the famous Square of St. Mark's in Venice. Around it are clustered some of the finest buildings in the world. At the right is the Doge's Palace, built to be the residence of the rulers of Venice in the days when the city was a law unto herself. Next to it is the cathedral of St. Mark's, which for some nine hundred years has stood guard over the square. Across from it is the campanile, or bell tower, of St. Mark's, a modern structure put up to replace the original, which fell in 1902; and at the back of the square is the clock tower. At the extreme left is the Library of St. Mark's, one of the most magnificent buildings of the sixteenth century.

of the aisle. The roof of the apse then rested upon columns, and its aisle, connecting with the long aisles of the nave, made a convenient circuit for religious processions, which were becoming more and more a custom of the church. This nest of apse and chapels is known as a chevet (shē'vē'), a word meaning "head" and having the same source as our word "chief." One glance at a cathedral plan will show how it came to bear this name.

When Barrel Vaults Were Crossed

But greater than all these changes was the roofing of the church with stone. All through the eleventh century builders all over Europe were experimenting toward this end, trying one plan after another to do away with their wooden roofs and yet not crowd the nave and aisles with pillars, as was necessary with a post-and-crossbeam construction. Domes could be used to cover a single large area, but were not of the same use for long aisles or nave.

At first the only long arched roof that men had known how to make had been a barrel vault, like the Cloaca Maxima, for instance.

The next step was a great advance. By crossing two barrel vaults they could make a four-sided vault, which gave

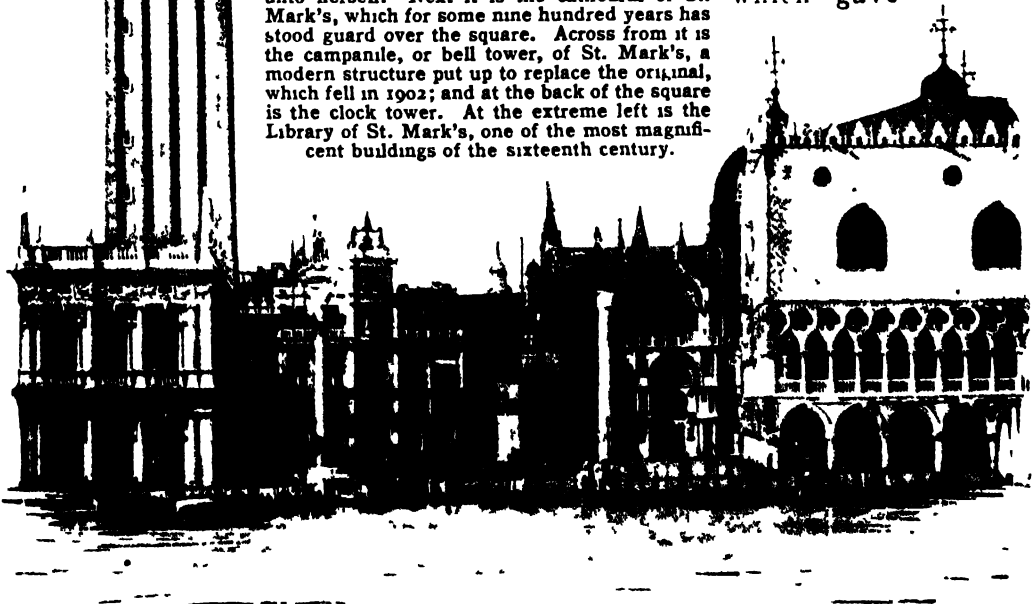


Photo by Anderson



Photo by Chaffourier

This peaceful cloister belongs to the basilica of St. Paul outside the Walls, in Rome. Its twisted columns show

how thirteenth century builders were experimenting with forms inherited from ancient Greece and Rome.

more space for windows and was a great deal finer in appearance. Later steps were easier to take. Vaults were divided into six, eight, or more parts. They grew higher and higher and more and more complex and beautiful; until at last, in the fifteenth century, there was developed the exquisite fan-vaulting of the English cathedrals. But of that we shall have more to say in later pages.

The best builders of Romanesque in Europe were the sturdy people we know as Normans. Those daring sea rovers had conquered Northern France and made themselves at home there. But its fertile fields were not enough to satisfy their greed and energy. In 1066 William the Conqueror crossed over to England and won a victory over the Saxons, to whom the country had belonged. He liked his new domain so well that he moved right in, with all his lords and vassals.

But the buildings he found there did not please him. For one thing, many of them were entirely of wood, and far from durable

enough to suit his kingly purposes. Nor did they have the strength and beauty of those on the Continent, though in general style they were much like the round-arched form used everywhere in Europe during the Romanesque period. A great many of them made use of an arrangement of stonework at the corners of a building that is known as "long and short." It was made up of long flat stones laid alternately up-and-down and crosswise, and is an ornament in use even to-day.

England's Century of Churches

In fine scorn William had most of the Saxon buildings torn down and much more magnificent ones built in their stead. Churches, castles, towers, they sprang up everywhere at his command. During the next century more than seven thousand churches were built in England, and the whole character of English architecture was changed. A sturdy architecture it had become, too. Thick stone walls, small win-

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dows, gloomy fortified towers, all tell the story of a race of builders who held their possessions by the sword.

The arches were all round. But piers and pillars were very heavy, sometimes almost as broad as they were long, and doorways were set in deep arched recesses, for even the church walls were often eight feet thick. Such doorways were richly carved with band after band of geometrical designs, or sometimes with animals and foliage. Capitals were heavy too, and were usually carved into a blocklike form known as the cushion capital, though later they took on rich growths of foliage.

Windows were very long and narrow, but as the country grew more peaceful they tended to group themselves into two's and three's and to increase in size and number. For they had to let in light, not from a brilliant southern sun but from a sky that for days on end was dark with clouds.

The finest things the Normans built were their castles. These were so solid and massive that they must have looked stupendous to the discouraged Saxons. Tremendous walls—the bar bican (bar'bī-cān)—surrounded an open yard, or bayley. This was entered by means

of a gateway that could be reached only after crossing a drawbridge, for all around the outside of the castle was a deep ditch, or moat, kept full of water. Sometimes the stronghold might be perched upon a point of rock or overhanging precipice. The gate itself was guarded by a heavy iron barrier, called a portcullis (pōrt-kūl'is), that could be lowered from above at a moment's notice. Inside the walls was a great tower known as the keep, or donjon (dūn'jūn)—not dungeon—at first it was the only place to live in that the castle had.

In this forbidding fortress, whose walls were sometimes twenty-five feet thick, lived the owner of the place, ready at a moment's notice to stand an attack or even a long siege, for there was always a well inside the castle wall and plenty of food for the lord and his retainers. Tiny open fires sent

their smoke directly into his lordship's eyes, for chimneys were unknown; and no window glass kept out the piercing cold. We may be glad that we live in less

romantic times!

In storied Kenilworth Castle is this old keep, known as Caesar's Tower although it was built more than eleven centuries after Caesar's death. Its walls are sixteen feet thick. Originally the castle yard, or bayley, covered seven acres, and within it were various other buildings besides this gloomy tower—halls so magnificent that in a later age Queen Elizabeth was glad to be a visitor here.

Out of the simple plan of the early Christian basilica there finally came this plan of the cathedral of Amiens. Arms, or "transepts," at the sides give it the shape of a cross, and at the eastern end the apse has become a cluster of small chapels and is called a "chevet."

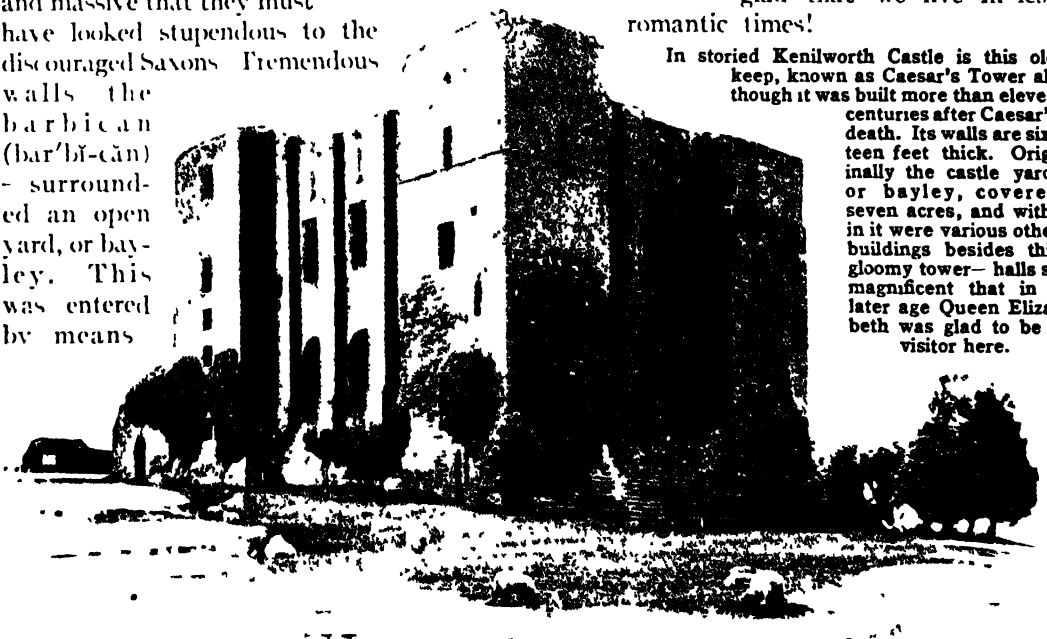


Photo by the I. M. S. R.

The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit

No. 7

THE GOTHIC MASTER BUILDERS

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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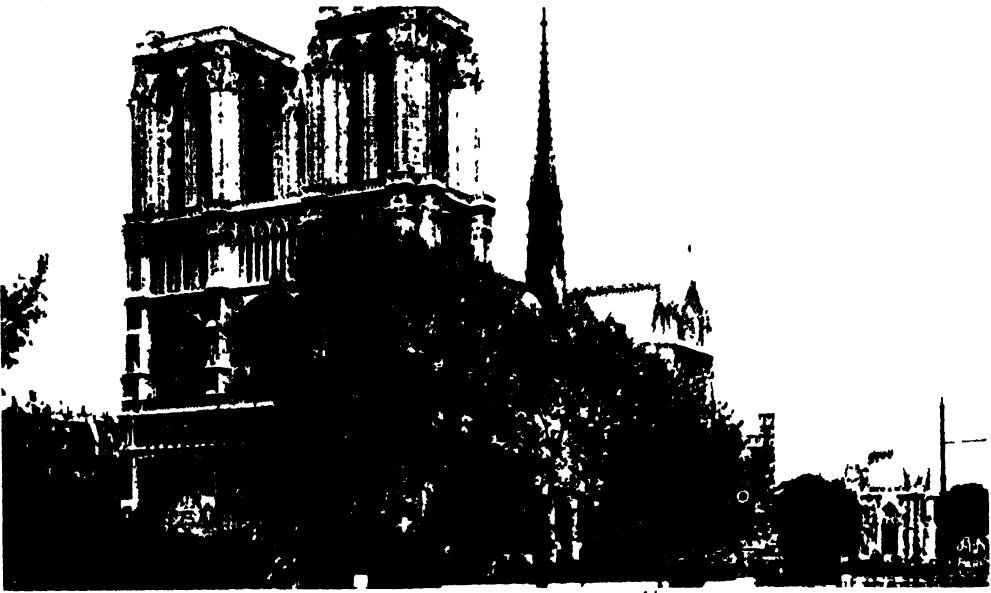
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Practical Applications

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| Because of its noble spiritual quality the Gothic style is used | in the majority of churches today. |
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Summary Statement

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| The great flowering of Christianity in the Middle Ages found | a full expression and a lasting monument in the cathedrals. |
|--|---|



One of the most famous cathedrals in the world is the church of Notre Dame in Paris. History and story have gathered round it and one can scarcely think of the city on the Seine without those two great gray towers. The view above shows the western front, which is usually considered the finest feature of the church. As you see, it consists of three stories, with the towers on top. In the first story are the three great portals, richly ornamented with carving. Just above them is a row of statues representing the kings

of Israel and Judah. The second story is filled with three large windows, the central one a rose window forty-two feet in diameter; and across the third story is a row of pointed arches in pairs. Above this is a gallery from which one may count the bridges across the Seine and hobnob with the grotesque statues of monsters that frighten the demons away from this old church! Many of the carvings are modern, done in the past century to replace the original ones destroyed during the French Revolution.

The GOTHIC MASTER BUILDERS

How the Mighty Builders of the Middle Ages Put Up Marvels in Stone That Would Have Made the Greeks and Romans Stare and Gasp

IT MIGHT well have been a Gothic cathedral that a famous German poet had in mind when he said that architecture is "frozen music." It is a poet's way of saying what everyone may feel. To stand under the great roof of York or Notre Dame and gaze up those lofty piers until the eye is lost in shadowy vaults is as moving as the roll of a full organ or the high sweet singing of a choir. For Gothic (gòth'ik) builders had what might be called "an energy of soul." The Greeks, with safe low roofs and a multitude of columns to support them, built into stone their sober faith in reason and reason only. They did not like

extremes. But in the words of a French writer, "The horizontal line reasons; the vertical line prays." He might have said, "The horizontal line clings to earth; the vertical line reaches toward heaven." The people of what we call the Middle Ages created in lofty piers and towering spires a style that sends the mind soaring upward endlessly. They tried to leave the earth behind. Their cathedrals are an expression in stone of this desire to reach outside themselves—the groping upward of a deep religious faith, untouched by doubt or question.

Ever since the beginnings of the Christian church, builders had been working toward

the Gothic style. One cannot say just when they reached it. But at about the middle of the twelfth century—in 1144, to be exact—a church was finished at the Abbey of St. Denis (săN dē'nē'), near Paris, which was so altogether new in spirit that true Gothic is said to date from that time. Its inventors did not call it Gothic. That name was given it five or six hundred years later, when for a time people had convinced themselves that the style was very crude and ugly. So they showed their contempt for it by calling it after the Goths, one of the German tribes who helped destroy Rome.

What Is Gothic?

Now you need never have any trouble recognizing Gothic, once you know what it is. It belonged to the days of knighthood, and so is as different from the style of a building like the Parthenon as a knight in armor is different from a Greek philosopher in flowing robes. For, as we have said before, buildings are one way men have of telling what their feelings are. They are dreams in stone. It will be interesting to see just what were the dreams of the men who went on the crusades, those wars fought to regain Jerusalem and the land of Jesus' birth.

You may have noticed that all the buildings we have talked of so far have been either in Southern Europe or in warmer countries still. But now we shall have to journey

farther north. For France was the mother of the Gothic style, and it is in Central France that the noblest Gothic churches are to be found. There, in just a little over a century, the four greatest churches of what we call the Middle Ages were built—the cathedrals of Paris, Chartres (shâr'tr'), Reims (răNs), and Amiens (ă'myăN'). Of the four, Notre Dame (nô'tr' dăm'), or the church of Our Lady, at Paris, is the oldest, but Reims and Chartres were the most beautiful. Reims is only a ghost now, for it was largely destroyed by shellfire during the World War.

Now a cathedral, as you know, is no different from other churches except that it is the seat of a bishop and so tends to be bigger. All through this part of France there are churches only a little less fine than those four great ones. For that central French kingdom, with Paris as its capital, was the strongest power in Western Europe. Of course it spread its rule over all the lands around, and they were glad enough to copy French styles in building much as we copy them in our dress to-day.

And what was this grand new style that everyone wanted to copy? Let us answer that by going back a way.

You will remember that all the earlier buildings we have talked about were what might be described as "safe and sane." They were

At Tivoli, in Italy, was built this stern castle of the Middle Ages, which now serves as a prison. Those square projections around the tops of the towers served to protect the archers who stood behind them to defend the fortress. We call them battlements, or crenelations (krén'ê-lă'-shûn).

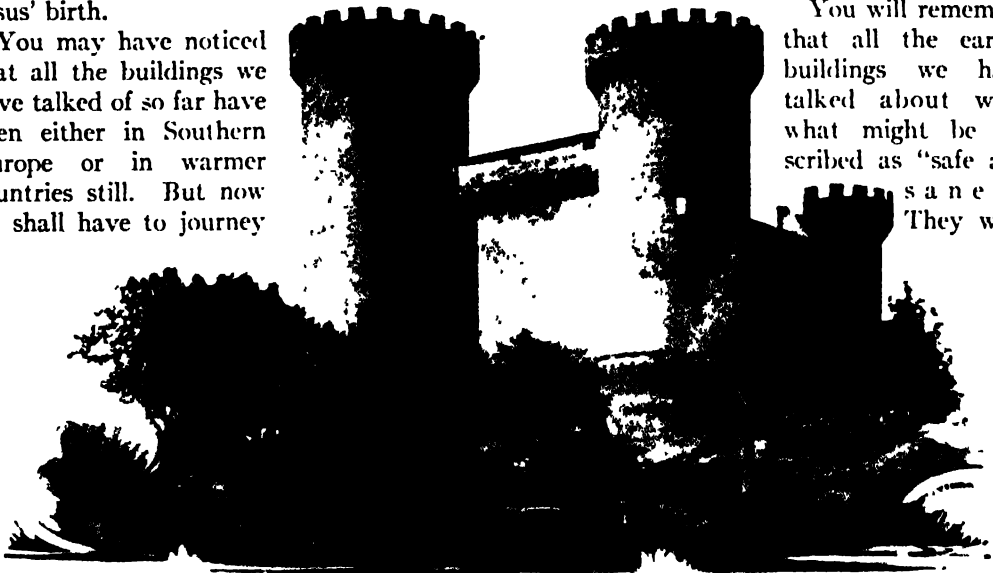


Photo by Anderson

ARCHITECTURE

A—Many people consider the cathedral at Chartres the most beautiful of all the French cathedrals. It is famous for the fine proportions of its towers, for its magnificent carvings, and for its stained glass.

B—The cathedral at Strasbourg was four centuries in building. It is higher than most cathedrals, and has a famous astronomical clock, which we have described elsewhere.

C—Near the fine Gothic cathedral at Bordeaux, in France, stands this tower, which holds the great bell of the cathedral. It was built in the fifteenth century by Archbishop Pey-Berland, and now bears his name. The building of the cathedral covered four centuries.

D—The cathedral at Cologne, in Germany, was begun in the twelve hundreds, but was not finished till 1880. It was one of the most beautiful in Europe until it was destroyed in World War II.

E—The cathedral at Reims, one of the world's greatest architectural treasures, was shattered by shellfire during World War I and can never be restored. Its rose window was perhaps the finest in the world.

F—The main part of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle consisted of an eight-sided domed building put up by Charlemagne about 800 and thought to have contained his tomb. The whole structure was destroyed in World War II.

G—This beautiful tower holds the bell of the church of St Michel at Bordeaux, in France, but is not a part of the church.

Photos by German Rys, Gramstorff Bros. and L. Olivier

often very beautiful, but they usually depended on the post and crossbeam to hold them up and had very little ambition to climb away from the earth. The most they would risk was a dome. But during the period we know as Romanesque, lasting to about 1150, builders were growing more and more daring. And one of the things they wanted most to do was to make their roofs of stone.

Perhaps you wonder why they did not go ahead and do it. Have you any notion how hard that would be? Stone does not float in air! It can be held up by a multitude of posts—as the Greeks and Egyptians did it—or can be fitted in to form an arch or dome. But to use it for covering a long nave and narrow aisles was far from an easy matter. So churches had been made with wooden roofs.

And then men hit upon the pointed arch. That was a tremendous help, for while the round arch had to have a height in direct proportion to its width, the pointed arch could be pushed up to almost any dizzy height and still be safe. It might look outlandish to people at first. In fact it never did become so much at home in Italy as in Northern Europe. It never seemed just right to the descendants of the Roman empire, though the fine cathedrals at Florence, Siena, and Milan are all in the pointed style. But in other countries it was seized upon, just as the Saracens had seized upon it some centuries before, taking their idea, perhaps, from ruins of old, old buildings in the East. The first pointed arch was built nobody knows when, but under the hands of the builders of the Middle Ages it became a mark of the Gothic style.

As soon as the pointed arch came in, it

solved a number of the builders' problems. They had been covering long aisles with round barrel vaults—shaped in exactly the same way as the famous Roman sewers of early days. They had even learned to cross two barrel vaults and make a square "intersecting" vault. But it had to be low, just as the round arch had to be low. As soon as they made their vaults pointed, it was a simple matter to cross them at any height and so roof any kind of space. Over the angles where the curves of the arches met, a rib, or moulding, of stone was placed, to make the arch look stronger and better finished; and the result was the ribbed stone vault that is a mark of Gothic workmanship.

As we have seen, the Gothic first appeared near Paris. Now Northern France is a country that in comparison with Greece and Italy has very little sun. So we need hardly say that the Law of Growth and Change will be at work shaping the older style to meet this new condition.

Since light was one of the first needs of dark French and English churches, windows grew much larger in the north. The Italian basilica, a cool retreat from the hot sun, had been lighted almost entirely from the clerestory, high up under the roof. But the Gothic church added windows along the aisles and in the apse, where the choir was.

When Windows Told a Story

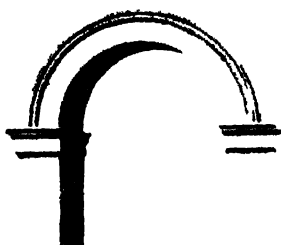
And then an amazing new invention came, and people enlarged their windows recklessly. This invention was stained glass. Beside it the earlier frescoes—or paintings on the plaster of the walls—seemed dim and dead. Now the windows were the glory of the church. Like glowing jewels they lighted



Photo by Swedish State Press

From Oslo, Norway, comes this example of a timber church built in the twelfth century. It is called the "save church," and shows what was done by the builders of the Middle Ages when they worked in wood instead of stone.

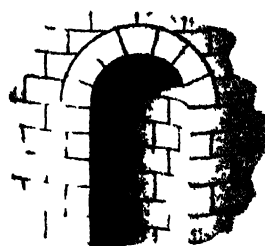
ARCHITECTURE



This is the round arch, such as the Romans always used, and the early Christians, too.



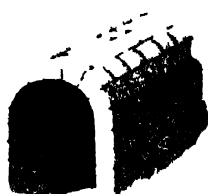
When a round arch was extended on and on, it made a covering for an aisle or nave



An apse or semi-dome is made on the principle of the round arch, as may be seen from the cut above



The cut above shows how simple it was to use a round arch over even a small window



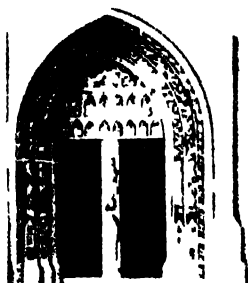
This is the barrel vault that nearly all the ancient peoples knew how to make by extending the arch



This is a wagon-head vault. It is easy to see where the sides intersect at the top.



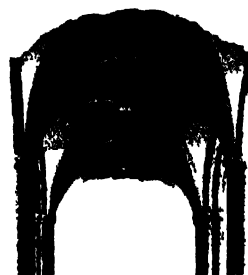
This is the pointed arch, which the builders of the Middle Ages found so useful.



Once builders had discovered the value of the pointed arch, they used it everywhere instead of the round one



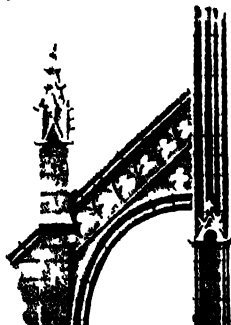
An aisle could be much higher when the arches above it were pointed instead of round.



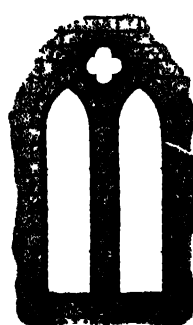
When an aisle or nave is vaulted in the simplest manner, the series of intersecting arches look like this.



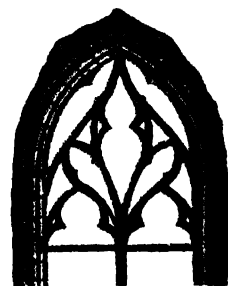
A buttress outside a wall helps it to resist the thrust of the arches.



This is a flying buttress, topped by a pinnacle with crockets.



The space between these two lancet windows is pierced with a quatrefoil.



In this Decorated Gothic window the two lancet windows have merged into one, with Decorated tracery at the top.

the sober buildings with flaming color—and at the same time told a story to the simple peasant. For though he could not read and write—and very few could do so, outside the upper classes—he could always see, in brilliant glass, the stories of the Bible, of saints and martyrs, told in a form that could be studied over and over with delight.

No wonder the windows grew and grew in size. It was the builder's work to turn as much of the walls as possible into glass. And so the Gothic church became a gigantic lantern—"a roof of stone on walls of glass."

Not a great deal of this early glass is left today. Mis-



Photo by Oliver

This very old stained glass is from a window in the cathedral at Chartres, in France. Without its gemlike color it loses its chief beauty, though anyone must be delighted with the artist's quaint idea of the scene in the manger on the first Christmas Eve.

taken Puritans and narrow-minded reformers, who felt that God hated whatever was gay or beautiful, shattered the greater part of those masterpieces. But what they left is still the finest stained glass that we have.

How Windows Changed in Shape

While the windows were growing in size, they were changing in other interesting ways, too. At first they were long and narrow, and since they were Gothic windows, they were naturally pointed at the top. In other words, they were what we call lancet-

shaped meaning that they were long and pointed like a lance. But as they grew in number they began to group themselves together, first two, then three, then four and five—sometimes as many as eight. An arch over the group made them seem more or less like a single window. At last they merged into one; for the stone frames

between them grew narrower and narrower until, as mullions, they were no thicker than they had to be to hold up the glass.

But there was that awkward space between the tops of the windows and the arch under which they were grouped. What could be done about it?

The greatest change of all came about there. To start with, it was adorned by being pierced with holes, at first round and later cut into geometrical shapes, or, as we say, foliated (fō'li-āte) of leaflike form. The openings might be trefoils (trē'foil)—or three-leaved like the clover; quatrefoils (kāt'ēr-foil)—or like the four-leaved clover; cinquefoils (sīngk'foil'), sixfoils, or multiffoils—that is, having five, six, or many leaves. So long as the holes were small this form of decoration was known as plate tracery.

But people seemed always hungry for more light and color. So they pierced the



Photo by Alinari

The cathedral at Milan, in Italy, is the third largest church in Europe, and the most elaborately ornamented

of all. Everywhere are statues; on the pinnacles of the roof alone there are said to be 4,440.

space with as many holes as possible, still in geometrical shapes but large enough to fill the whole of the triangle above the window. This is known as geometrical tracery, and it was in use in France during the latter part of the twelfth century. A glance will show you that what had at first been a solid piece of masonry has now been turned into thin ribs of stone—or bar tracery—useful only to hold together beautifully shaped pieces of glass. But how beautiful those shapes are!—especially in the superb rose window that always lights up the west end of a French cathedral, where the main entrance is.

The next step was a simple one and yet it brought about a great change. In plate and geometrical tracery one's eye had been delighted by the forms into which the glass was cut. But from now on it was to be the ribs that were im-

portant. They flowed together and took on graceful curves, all growing out of the mullions below and no longer regulated by the shape of the glass. What the eye now saw was a series of intersecting lines as beautiful as growing vines or branches, but arranged so as to make a harmonious pattern. This style was in use in France during a large part of the thirteenth century, and is known as flowing tracery. It was very graceful in itself, and with it there was always much fine detail in other parts of the church.



As one stands in the soft gloom of a Gothic church the light outside filters through the windows in a maze of beautiful colors. Through the geometrical tracery shown above, it will cast a vivid pattern of trefoils and cinquefoils on the stone floor.

The gem of this style was the Sainte Chapelle (să'nt shă'pèl')—or Holy Chapel—in Paris, a church built in the middle of the thirteenth century by Louis IX, the king who is known as St. Louis. He built it in order that he might have a fitting place to keep what he believed to be the Crown of Thorns and a

piece of the true Cross, both sent him from the Holy Land by certain of the crusaders. Only the choir of the church was ever finished, but it was so beautiful that churches everywhere were modeled after it for the next half century. In one way it is very curious; it is in two stories, the upper for the royal family and the lower for the servants. Those were not democratic days!

In the next century the Gothic style fell off in perfection, both in France and in England, the two countries where it had been finest. The French at last began to build what is known as flamboyant (flām-boi'ānt) Gothic—meaning literally “flaming,” but used here to describe a kind of tracery and general style of decoration that was over-elaborate and unnatural. Stone carvings, often very beautiful but usually too ornate, covered the churches with delicate lacework. Window tracery grew

too elaborate to be strong—as if the glass had been set in with cobwebs—and every part of the building was loaded with ornament. As the name shows, the carvers had set themselves the impossible task of carving flames in stone. But some of the things they did were amazing, as you may see. Among the most beautiful examples of this fifteenth century style are the façade (fā'sad'), or front—from a word meaning

“face”—of St. Maclou (sǎN mā'klōō'), a church in Rouen, and the nave of St. Ouen (sǎN tōō'āN') in the same city.

Centuries to Build a Church

In fact, St. Ouen is one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in the world, but it was not built entirely at this late date.

And that is another interesting story.

Those great churches of the Middle Ages were of very slow growth. St. Ouen took several centuries of labor, and so it shows, in its various parts, the ideas of builders of a good many different periods. The choir was finished first. It was begun in 1318 and was done in twenty years “almost the only perfect building of its age.” The transepts were nearly finished at the same time. But it was nearly two hundred years later that the nave was done, and the western

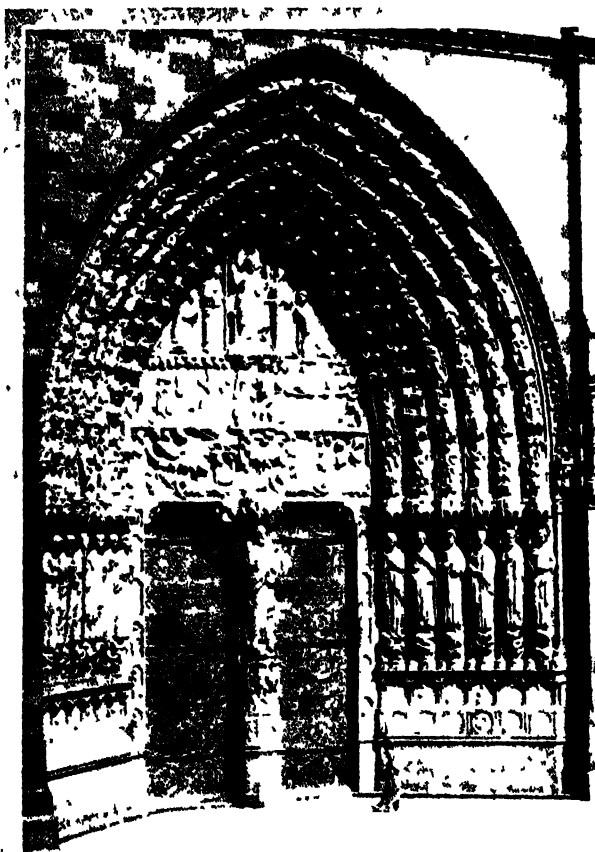


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This doorway so heavily incrustated with carving is in the center on the western front of the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. The figures represent the Last Judgment.

front was added only in the nineteenth century, after the original builders of Gothic had long been dead. Over six hundred years to finish a church! It seems a long time to us to-day. But people in the Middle Ages were not so impatient as we are. The disgrace then lay, not in doing a thing slowly, but in not doing it well.

You see, a church of the Middle Ages was not planned by any one man or built by any

ARCHITECTURE

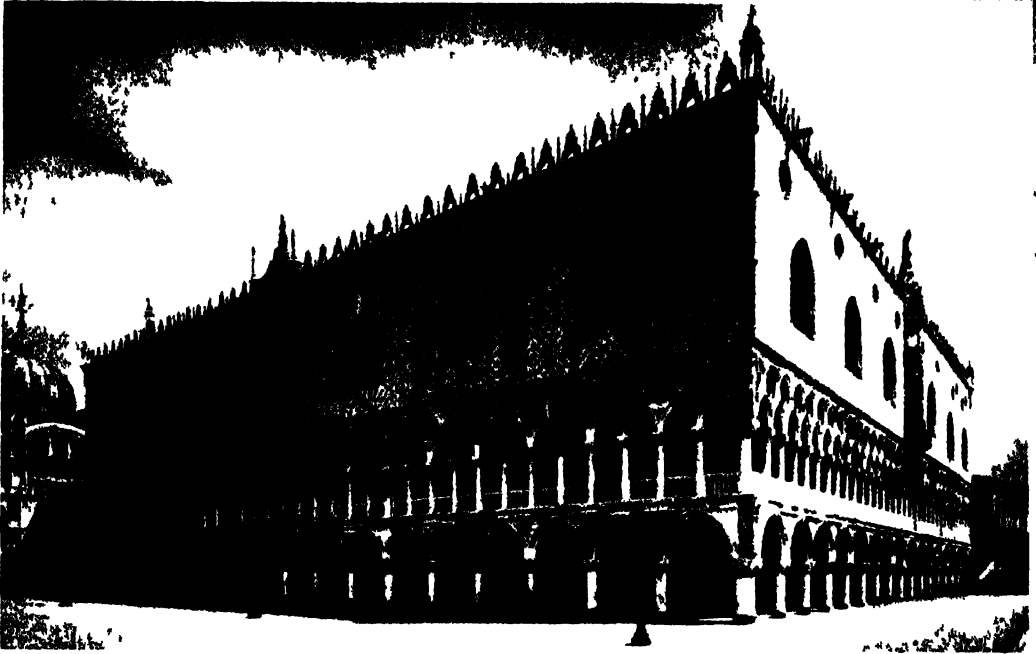


Illustration by O. B. H.

In this Gothic building, known as the Doges' Palace, the doges of Venice lived when they ruled their city and the Adriatic Sea. It was begun about 1300, but

was not finished for three centuries. The walls are a soft rosy-orange, and everywhere are fine carvings. Originally the windows were filled with tracery.

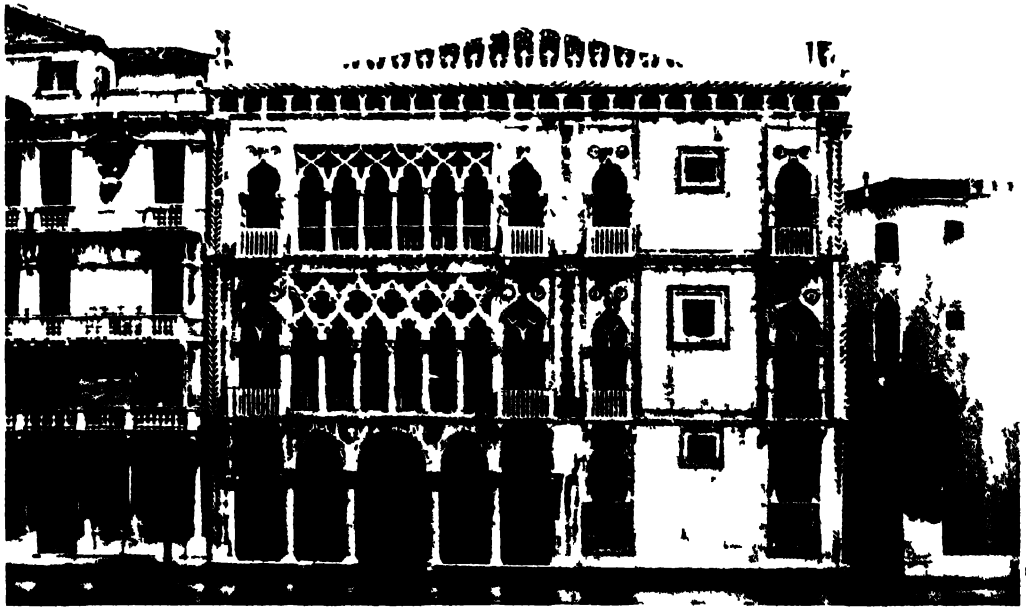


Photo by O. Bohn

Along the Grand Canal in Venice are some of the most beautiful palaces in the world, built for the merchant princes of Venice in the day of the city's glory. One

of the finest is the Ca' d'Oro—the Golden House—so named because it was heavily ornamented with gold. It was built late in the fifteenth century.

ARCHITECTURE

single group of workmen. It was the product of patient, loving labor on the part of hundreds of people—an outpouring of the religious faith and civic pride of a whole town or district. Many of the men who planned those lofty vaults could not even read and write. They carried their designs in their heads and pushed up piers and towers as if by feeling, certainly not by figures worked out on paper. Cultivated bishops and abbots helped to make the plans by criticism or suggestion and raised the money necessary for such a vast undertaking. But they knew nothing of the practical side of building. They might have taste, but they had no skill at all.

No single town could supply enough trained workmen for the task. So skilled masons banded themselves together into guilds, organizations somewhat like our labor unions, and went about the country wherever a church was to be built. They had rules for their own government and protection, and a set of secret signs and passwords by which they could know other members of the guild when they met. In other words, they formed what is known as a society of freemasons, which has come down to us as the Masonic order, thriving in almost every town to-day.

Those men were inspired workmen—true artists—and it was their

taste and skill that made the churches of the Middle Ages the marvels that they are. Every mason, every carver, every glazier gave to his own part in the work as much devotion as if the building had been entirely his own design; and he was given a free hand to work out his own ideas. A master builder

might oversee the construction, but when the church was done, it was an expression of the best effort of hundreds of gifted people, sometimes living in a number of different generations—fathers, sons, grandsons! Every niche, every moulding, every capital is the individual creation of an artist. The result is so rich and so varied that months, or even years, would be needed if one set out to see the whole of one of those great churches.

What Is a Buttress?

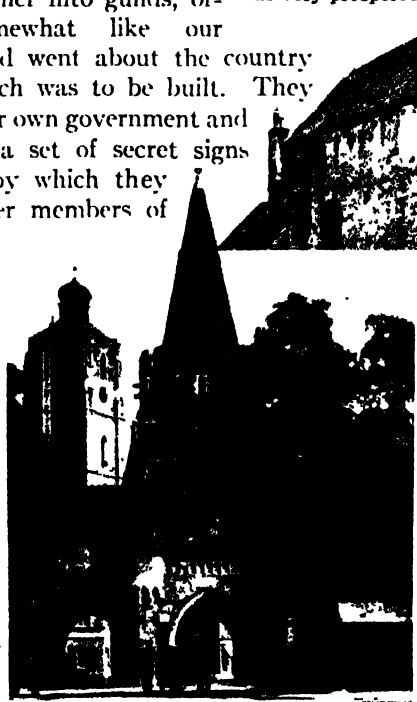
Perhaps you have been startled at the daring of those builders. They carved the roofs in stone, much heavier than

wood, and at the same time turned more than half the surface of the supporting walls into glass. But it was not so perilous as it sounds. What they really did was to gather up the wall into what we call buttresses (büt'rēs), great blocks of masonry set against the outside of a building to hold a wall at the danger points. Wherever arches rested, these gigantic

props were set to help resist the thrust. In cases where side aisles prevented buttresses along the nave from reaching to the ground, a series of slender arches, like strong supporting arms, were thrown across

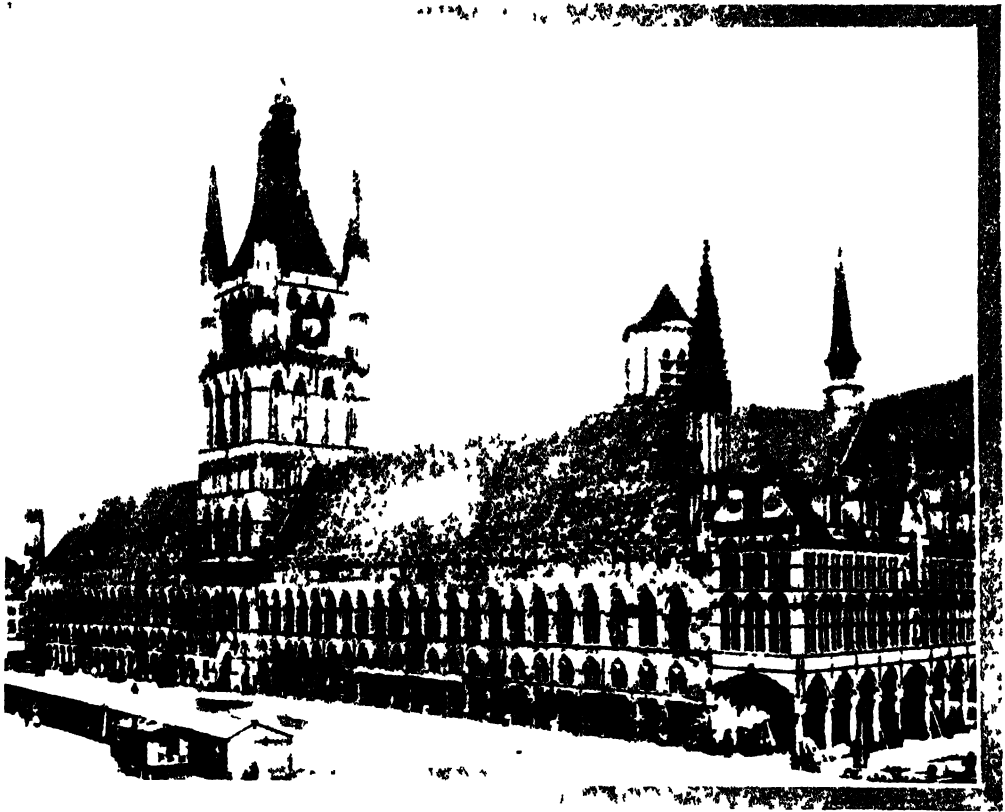
the roof of the aisle to push against the wall of the nave. Their outer ends rested on buttresses built against the outside aisle wall. These "flying buttresses" were ranged in stately file along the sides of a church, one of the finest features in Gothic architecture.

At Visby, on a Swedish island in the Baltic Sea, stands this picturesque old merchant's palace, left over from the Middle Ages, when the town was very prosperous.



Photos by German State Rly and the Swedish State Rly.

Ever since the Middle Ages this old gate has stood at the western entrance to the town of Ingolstadt in Germany. Behind it is an old church tower.



This magnificent building, known as the Cloth Hall, stood in the Belgian town of Ypres (ēpr') from the time when it was begun in 1201 until World War I, when it was completely ruined by shellfire. Many of these

magnificent commercial structures were built in the Middle Ages by the wealthy merchant guilds in Belgium. This one, as the name shows, was the cloth market, and was the property of the clothmakers.

Piers too were strengthened by being made of clustered columns, much stronger than single pillars of the same size would be. And a buttress itself was given greater staying power by being weighted at the top with a pinnacle (pīn'a kĭl), a kind of tiny spire. Those delicate shapes, like frozen flames flickered along the outside of a church wherever strength was needed.

The Work of a Buttress

All such supports and weights were set exactly at the points where they could best resist the powerful, never-ceasing thrust of the arches of the vaults. If you will take a slender branch or the rib of an umbrella and, holding an end in either hand, bend it until it forms a curve, you will have some notion of the terrific outward pressure of the stone arches in the vaults of a vast cathedral. The

whole body of the structure was tense to resist it. Sometimes the arches were set, as many as a dozen at a time upon a single pier, to push against each other and so relieve the strain upon the piers and buttresses. But even then the supports had a mighty task to perform.

So you must think of one of these cathedrals, not as being stable and at rest, like a pyramid or the Parthenon, settling each year more firmly against the earth. Every pier, every buttress of a Gothic building is constantly at work, tense to stand a strain that is distributed throughout the whole structure. It is taut, like a drawn bow, and the giving way of any single part tends to disturb the whole fabric.

We have come a long way from the simple piling up of blocks that made the Parthenon.

ARCHITECTURE

So far we have not said much of the carvings that made a Gothic church alive inside and out. Every bare line was softened with little curved shapes like sprouting leaves along a vine; they were known as crockets—"little crooks." Capitals and mouldings were crisp with foliage; and at the center of

which in the shape of queer animals or human faces spit out the water from along the eaves. You see, the Gothic builders dearly loved these hurly-burly jests in stone.

Of course churches were not the only buildings people put up in the Middle Ages. We shall speak of other sorts later on, and



These strange creatures guard the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. Originally such gargoyles were set up

to keep the devils away. To-day they attract hundreds of tourists to admire their ugliness.

a vault, over the intersecting ribs, was often placed a carved stone disk, or "boss." Stained glass spread fire in the interior, and a host of stone saints, looking at you from every niche and angle, peopled the outside of a church. In France, especially, the façade was a whole drama in stone. Each deep-set door was ranged about with figures that told the stories of the Bible, the lives of saints, and even represented historical events. Here too were portraits of living persons, of kings and queens and bishops, all kept in this book of the people.

It was a sacred book, but it was sometimes quite funny. Demons dance and hideous faces leer, and everywhere there are devils with tined forks hurling luckless souls to hell, for the sight of people going to eternal fire would seem to have been uproariously comical to the good people of the Middle Ages. Most amusing of all are the figures known as gargoyles (gar'goil), from the same word as our "gargle" and "gurgle." These were the waterspouts

tell how the Gothic style fared outside of France. But the church was more active in building than any other organization, and the churches were at the center of the lives of the people. Everyone belonged to the church and took a personal pride in his own church building. Money and treasures poured into the hands of the clergy as every town and city tried to outdo its neighbors in building beautiful places of worship.

Of worship—but of entertainment too! Religious plays were given in that majestic setting, feast days and celebrations drew a gay, troublesome crowd, peasants and workmen and merchants met there to carry on business, and lovers went there for a glimpse of each other behind some shadowy pillar. The great church was an art museum, a community center, and a place of worship—and the only one a town had. No wonder every man, woman, and child gave his best to help make it beautiful! And no wonder we, with all our science, can build nothing half so fine to-day!

***The* HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE**

Reading Unit

No. 8

THE GOTHIC BUILDERS CONQUER EUROPE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How a Frenchman was invited to England to build Canterbury Cathedral, 11 473
When English Gothic broke away from the French, 11-474
Why English Gothic is "beautifully severe," 11-474
Why the English churches lacked the grand façades and rich detail of the French, 11-475

Why late Gothic in England is known as "Tudor," 11-475
When life in the great fortified castles was at its height, 11-476
The great monasteries flourished, 11-477
How the Gothic style served all purposes, 11 478

Things to Think About

How is the English temperament shown in its Gothic buildings?
What are the characteristics of "English Perpendicular"?

What was life like inside the castle walls?
What sort of work was done in the monasteries?

Related Material

Sir Walter Scott and "Ivanhoe," 13 221
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Practical Applications

The Tudor style, which grew out of Gothic in England about 1550, is a popular one to-day,

and is often used for country homes and clubs.

Summary Statement

The English developed a distinct form of the Gothic, reflecting their own tastes and require-

ments. It never became flamboyant, as did the French.

ARCHITECTURE



Photo by G W R Ry

Inside its peaceful close sits the cathedral at Salisbury, England. Its spire is perhaps the finest in the world,

and the rest of the church, built within a space of fifty years, is a superb example of Early English



Photo by G W R Ry

Of all churches Westminster Abbey is dearest to the English-speaking world. Ever since the Saxon king

Edward the Confessor began in 1060 to build it, England has crowned her kings and buried her great men here.

In the days when the Romans ruled in Britain, a Christian church was built at Canterbury; and when Augustine came to convert the Saxons, that was the little church he occupied. Ever since then the church at Canterbury has been dear to English hearts. To-day this great cathedral, standing on the site of that little early church, is the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the Church of England.

The tall Perpendicular tower, known as Bell Harry Tower from the name of the great bell it contains, is one of the most beautiful features of Canterbury cathedral. The buildings grouped near belonged to the monastery Augustine founded.



Photo by the Southern Ry.

The GOTHIC BUILDERS CONQUER EUROPE

Besides the Glorious Churches, the New Style of Building Makes Beautiful Homes for Men as Different as Monks and Warriors

THE world seems quite a big place if you measure it off in strides one little step after another. But if you measure it off in thoughts, it is very small indeed. A thought on the wings of radio waves can go all the way round the earth in less than an eighth of a second. At that rate Tibet and New York are just next door.

It is true that men have not always been so close together as we are to-day. There was a time when they had to travel slowly, on foot or on horseback. But even then, their ideas about things kept them close together. They thought alike in many ways and so could understand one another.

Whenever a great discovery was made in one country, it soon traveled to countries round about. It was the French who did the most to make Gothic architecture the perfect thing it came to be, but they could no more put up their beautiful buildings without having other nations know it than

the people who live next door to us to-day could build a fine new house without our finding it out.

People in different countries had long been working toward the Gothic style. So when the French at last made it perfect, builders from other nations seized on the new ideas and used them, each man in his own way. And every nation that worked in it made of the new style something different from what it was in France.

Now you may remember that William the Conqueror and his retainers had gone across the Channel and seized England and planted their rule there in 1066. But they kept their lands in Northern France as well, and there was much traveling back and forth. Of course ideas traveled along with the heads that carried them. Some thirty years after Gothic had burst into bloom in France, a gifted Frenchman named William of Sens (sôNs) was invited over to England

to direct the building of the cathedral at Canterbury. He brought all the beautiful new forms in his fertile brain. Canterbury was the first church in England to have the pointed arch. And it has a rounded choir, or apse (āps), like the French churches, while nearly all the other English churches have a very long choir that is square at the end.

This early Gothic period lasted in England until about the opening of the fourteenth century. You can always tell it by its narrow—or lancet-shaped—windows and its geometrical tracery. We call it Early English. The difference between it and its French sister at the same period was not very great. But the English decoration was more restrained. The favorite ornament for English carving was a simple design known as the dogtooth.

In the next age, too, English builders followed pretty much the same course as the French, though not because they were copying. Their work was a growth of their own ideas. That

age of Decorated Gothic lasted in England throughout the greater part of the fourteenth century. Of course there was more ornamentation than in Early English. The ball-flower was a very popular form.

And then the styles of the two countries parted company and traveled roads that

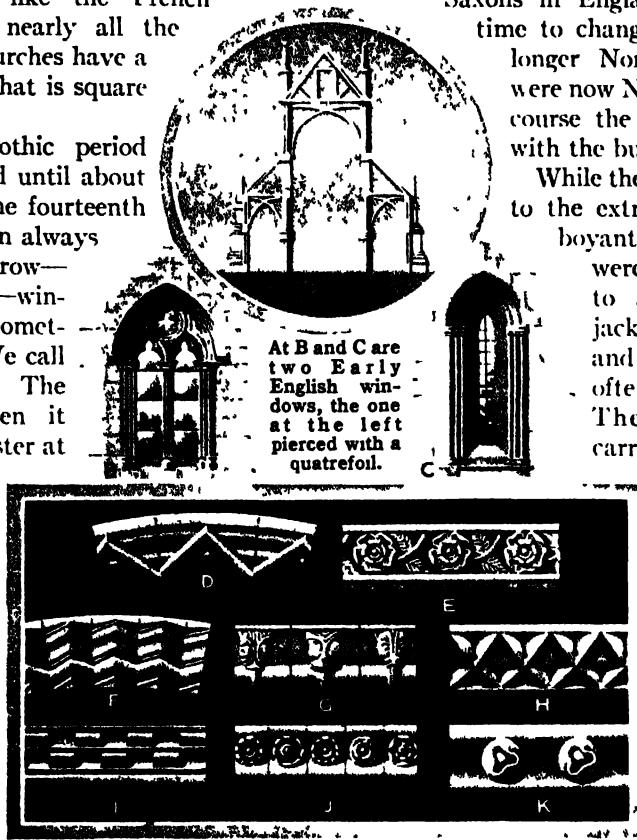
went in quite opposite directions. For the men who shaped those styles were growing more and more unlike. It had been some three centuries since the Norman Conquest. The conquerors had mingled with the native Saxons in England, and had had time to change. They were no longer Norman French, but were now Norman English. Of course the buildings changed with the builders.

While the French were going to the extremes of the flamboyant style, the English were putting Gothic into a kind of strait-jacket. It grew more and more rigid, though often very beautiful. The mullions were carried high up toward

the tops of the windows and the graceful flowing tracery gave place to horizontal bars. Walls were often covered with perpendicular panels. There was more decoration, such as the Tudor rose, the portcullis, and the fleur-de-lis (flûr'dê-lê'), but everything became beautifully severe.

You see, the English as a nation are a good deal more staid than the French.

That is the real reason why they did not follow the French into the flamboyant style, but built what we call Perpendicular—or Straight Up and Down—instead. The builders were filled with just one aim—to carry the eye up as far as possible and give all their buildings an appearance of great height.



If one could remove the front of a Gothic cathedral the walls behind it would probably look a good deal like the diagram at A. In the triangles above the two side aisles is the triforium; and in the upper part of the walls of the nave, or tall main portion, are the windows of the clerestory.

All the mouldings shown above belong to the buildings of the Middle Ages. The zigzags at D and F were first used by the Norman builders in their Romanesque churches. Those workmen liked, also, to surround a church door with a border of leering faces (G), which was known as the beakhead; or with the double billet, at I. When the Gothic style became established in England, buildings were ornamented with flowers and foliage, as well as with geometrical designs. So we find the dogtooth (H), which was grouped into a four-leafed design; or the rosette (J); or the ball-flower (K). Toward the close of the Gothic period in England carvers were filling their borders with very charming and natural designs, such as the Tudor rose (E).

Though not so fine as the age that went before, this Perpendicular period has some beautiful things to its credit. One is the chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey—the majestic church so dear to the hearts of both English and Americans, the burial place of a host of England's greatest men. In the Henry VII chapel is some of the famous fan vaulting that belongs to English Perpendicular. It was used only at this period and then only in England.

The English Gothic churches, though not so magnificent as the large French churches, are very beautiful and sometimes more skillfully proportioned than those across the channel. They were lower and not so wide though they were always high enough to contain a triforium (tri-fôr'i-ŭm), an arcaded gallery that was above the aisles and looked down into the nave. It is to be found in the Gothic churches of all countries, and must have been a pleasant place from which to watch a service. But the Gothic builders did not invent it. You must remember the gallery that the Roman law courts often had on the roofs of their aisles.

What the English churches lacked in breadth they made up for in length. The cathedral at Winchester is over 550 feet long. This great length—and the narrowness as well—often gives an English church the effect of majestic height, though it really is never so tall as the great French cathedrals.

The English Add Towers and Spires

Those lower roofs gave the English builders a real advantage in planning the outside of a

church. They could add much higher towers and spires than the French dared to weight their taller buildings with. One of the finest features of English Gothic was the lantern tower above the crossing of nave and transepts. And English Perpendicular was especially rich in graceful spires—those “trees of God” that grow only on northern soil.

Salisbury cathedral has perhaps the most perfect one in the world, so light it seems to float in air; but many others are beautiful, such for instance, as the “old,” or southern, spire at Chartres.

English churches never had the grand façades (fâ'sid'), or fronts, of the French, and they did not have such richness of detail. On the other hand, instead of being jostled by a crowd of lower buildings that almost lean against its walls, a cathedral in England is always set in dignified peace within a “close”—an open stretch of quiet green surrounded by the houses in which the clergy live. In the shade of the great gray church the birds sing and the children play undisturbed by the welter of the town.

The English builders did not put their energy to building great cathedrals only. Every little village has its gray stone

church with square tower and ivy-covered walls. Set in a green yard full of ancient graves these little churches, so simple and yet so lovely in detail, have a charm that the most magnificent cathedral cannot surpass.

The period of Gothic lasted on in England after it had closed in France. This later period—from 1500 until 1550—we know as Tudor (tū'dēr), after the kings then ruling. In general the style continued perpendicular,



Photo by I. M. & S. B.

This beautiful vaulting in the Decorated style is in the choir of Westminster Abbey. The windows high up under the roof form the clerestory, and just under them is the open gallery known as the triforium.

ARCHITECTURE

but the energies of the people went more to building fine mansions than to churches. Large bay windows now appeared, together with eight-sided towers on either side of the main entrance gate leading into the house. These mansions—as well as the village churches of the whole Gothic period—had wooden roofs with elaborate workmanship inside, hardly less beautiful than vaulting. They are one of the triumphs of the English builders.

All over Europe there was building of all kinds during the Gothic period. No countries understood the style quite so well as France and England, but Italy, Belgium, Germany, and Spain all have some fine Gothic churches.

And the northern countries bristled with castles. Squabbling nobles put up for their defense fortresses that were ever stronger and more beautiful, very different from the inconvenient towers in which the Norman barons had to live. It was almost like a game between the arts of offense and defense in warfare. As soon as someone found a new way to take a castle by siege, some clever builder discovered a new way of defending it successfully.

So the castles grew and grew and came to be more and more like a fortified village.

The single bayley wall became a series of walls, one inside the other. Strong turrets stood at the angles of the fortifications.

Chapels, banqueting halls, and luxurious private apartments, all show the growth of military skill and the increase in refinement.

Inside those frowning walls there was a vivid life. In spite of the fact that war was the business of the men, just as selling goods or farming might be the business of

a man to-day, the lord and his knights found plenty of time for

amusement. They hunted outside the castle walls and engaged in jousts or tournaments, or there were gentler sports inside the castle yard. The great hall in which they

spent their time indoors will tell us of the life of those who gathered there. Weapons and hunting pieces were on the wall, together with every sort of trophy of the chase. Often the cold stone

was hung with fine tapestries, made by the women's skillful fingers.

Here in the great hall all the meals were served. At the "high table," raised upon a platform, sat the family and the most honored guests. Those of

lesser rank were ranged at a long table down the length of the room—with the precious salt set to mark the boundary between the



Photo by Topical and London and N. E. Ry

This picturesque little church in the village of Stoke Poges, in England, has been made famous for all time by the poem which Thomas Gray, one of England's greatest poets, is said to have written in its quiet yard. With this peaceful spot in mind he named his poem "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."



The Poets' Corner is in the south transept of Westminster Abbey. There sleep Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Gray, Browning, Tennyson, Dickens, and others of England's literary men.

high and low. At meal time mighty work was done. Legend has it that one of the French kings could eat a goose at a sitting, or even a quarter of a sheep.

The family was a large one. Many of the lord's retainers came to live with him and brought their families, for the castle must always be well manned. Others sent their sons and daughters to be educated by the lord and his lady. The lads served as pages and the girls were maids in waiting to the lady of the castle. They learned all the duties of a knight or lady—the boys to hunt and fight, the girls to embroider and to weave and to tend the sick or wounded.

And it was in the great hall that all these varied occupations were carried on. Here the lord dealt out a rough and ready justice, for he had to settle all the squabbles among his retainers. Here he played at chess or dice. And here the minstrels sang from the high gallery at one end of the room, or a traveled guest told the castle folk of what was going on in other lands.

It was even in the great hall that most of them slept. The lord and his family had rooms of their own—in early days nothing more than a closet let into the thickness of a wall. But the rest of the inmates of the castle had only the benches or the stone floor of the hall to sleep upon. Their covers were

their own heavy cloaks—and he was a lucky man who had a place next the fire on a cold winter's night.

We can visit some of those romantic fortresses to-day. And if we have lively imaginations and know our Walter Scott, we can live again the stirring days of Warwick or of the château of Coucy (kōō'sē').

But the warring knights did not always have things entirely their own way. Sometimes near a castle and sometimes quite alone, monasteries (mōn'ās-tēr'ī) sprang up all over the land. They always had a wall, and sometimes a moat and drawbridge. Such defense was useful even to men of prayer in those marauding days. For the monasteries often had large wealth. They were great, enterprising institutions that sheltered nearly all the learning of those dark times, taught the peasants how to sew and reap and spin, doctoring them when they were sick, and were to the progress of civilization in the Middle Ages very much what our hospitals and universities are to-day.

And they too were like independent villages. Churches, libraries, dormitories, refectories—or dining halls—sheltered a busy life, for everyone had to work. Everything centered about the spacious cloister and the



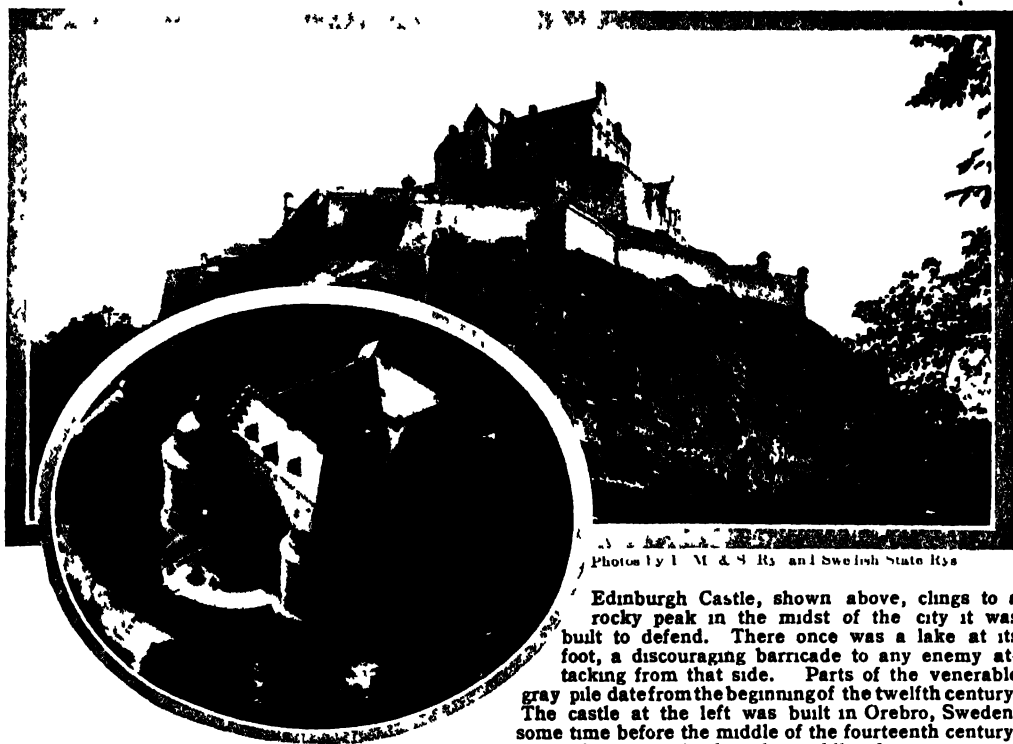
Photo by G. W. R. Ry.

On the banks of the river Avon stands Warwick Castle, one of the finest in England and for centuries the residence of the earls of Warwick. Caesar's Tower, which forms part of its defenses, is shown above; it dates from the fourteenth century.



These clustered towers belong to the castle of Conway, built in Wales in the thirteenth century.

Photo by L. M. & S. Ry.



Photos by L. M. & S. Ry and Swedish State Rys

Edinburgh Castle, shown above, clings to a rocky peak in the midst of the city it was built to defend. There once was a lake at its foot, a discouraging barricade to any enemy attacking from that side. Parts of the venerable gray pile date from the beginning of the twelfth century. The castle at the left was built in Orebro, Sweden, some time before the middle of the fourteenth century. It stands on an island in the middle of a stream, and so relies on the river to aid in its defense.

garden, or garth, it inclosed. And those, you will remember, were the descendants of the atrium (ā'trī-ūm) that had stood at the door of the early Christian basilica. From the cloister one could reach all the monastery buildings and yet stay under cover. It was in the cloister too that all the studying went on, no matter what the weather, and there shivering monks copied many of those priceless manuscripts in which the ancient learning was preserved. "Keep a book always in your hand or under your eyes," said St. Jerome to a monk who was his pupil.

But monks who did not take to study were given other work to do. They could till the monastery farm or bake or brew, work in the garden or orchard, fish in the pond, or help to run the mill. And if a monk had a useful trade he might very well work at that. The buildings reflect all this life.

On the north of the cloister stood the church, facing west, as did all the churches in the northern part of Europe. On the west side of the cloister were the storerooms. The dining room was on the southern side, with sometimes a sitting room opening into

it; and on the east was the dormitory--full of little cells--connected with the church by a stair or passageway down which the monks could flock, with chattering teeth, when matins got them up long before sunrise of a winter morning.

Of course throughout the Middle Ages people were putting up various other kinds of buildings. The towns, now growing more important, sometimes built handsome town halls. And rich organizations of merchants known as guilds put up guild halls, especially in Belgium. In England the universities of Oxford and Cambridge were erecting beautiful colleges. And wealthy citizens everywhere now began to build themselves fine houses along the narrow streets. The Gothic style served all the needs of the age.

But beautiful as was the Gothic style, it could not last. The rapid changes that brought the Middle Ages to a close swept it off to make way for the new. Yet it has never died. We imitate it still, for men feel it to be the most fitting of all styles in which to build a church.

The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit No. 9

WHEN THE WORLD TURNED TO THE PAST

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Why people like to link their own age with a great one of the past, 11-482

How the "Revival of Learning" began, 11-482

How the Renaissance adopted the manner of early Rome but changed the spirit, 11-484

Who Michelangelo designed the dome of Saint Peter's, 11-484

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style from Italy to France, 11-486

Why Louis XIV built the world's biggest palace at Versailles, 11-490

How architecture was lavishly copied from an old book, 11-491

How a fire gave a great English architect his opportunity, 11-493

Picture Hunt

Of what other famed dome does the dome of Saint Peter's remind you? 11-484

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What was the striking thing about the rooms in the palace at Versailles? 11-489

How did Sir Christopher Wren build the dome of Saint Paul's in London? 11-492

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Leonardo and Michelangelo, two supreme masters, 11-149-62

Summary Statement

The Renaissance, beginning in Italy, swept through all European countries and influenced the style

of architecture for many hundreds of years.

ARCHITECTURE



B The "Harvard House" in England, where lived John Harvard

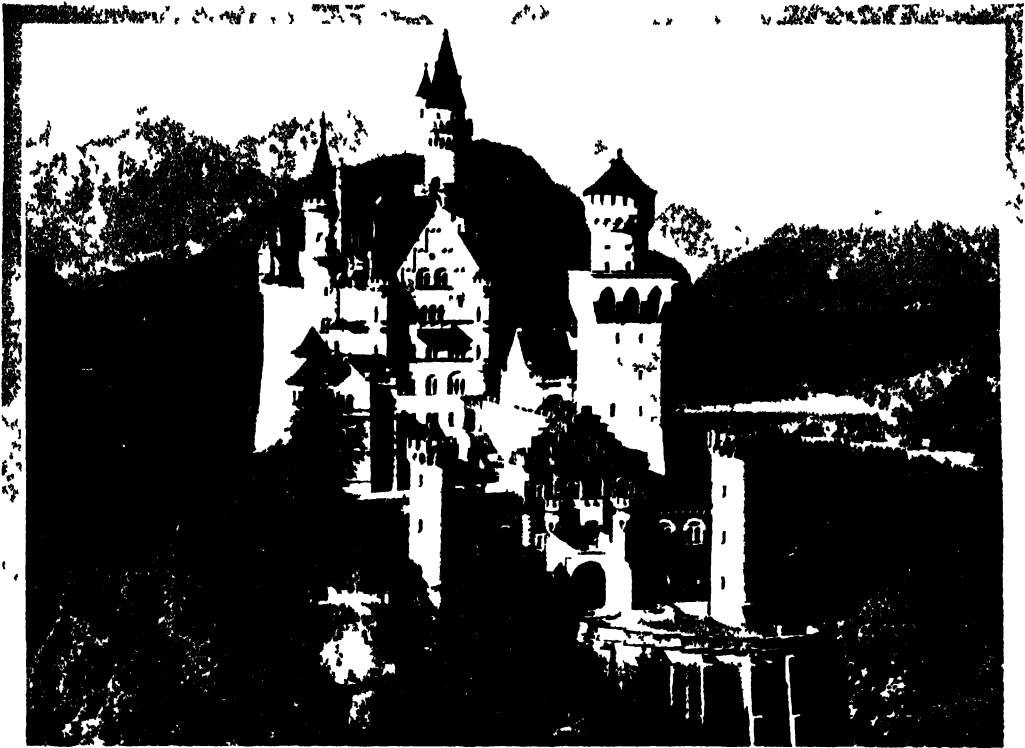


H—The picturesque old church at Heysham, England, almost entirely built by the Normans, though part of it is older still



J—The Elizabethan house in which Shakespeare was born at Stratford on Avon, in England
England is a country of beautiful old villages (A, C, D, E, F, G, I), most of them with a history that goes back at least to Queen Elizabeth





HEILBRUNN CASTLE

Crowning a height on the frontier between Germany and Austria stands this imposing castle built by Louis II, the mad king of Bavaria, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Not content with the beautiful castles

built by the nobles of the Middle Ages, he had this expensive imitation piled high on a granite peak in the Alps, and tricked it out with all the moats and towers and battlements of a castle of the Renaissance.

WHEN *the* WORLD TURNED *to the* PAST

*Like Many Other Men, the Architects Grew Homesick for the
Glories of Greece and Rome, and Their Buildings
Flowered Out with Domes and Cornices
and Roman Columns*

WHEN ART often told that all men are brothers under the skin—which only means that men in every part of the globe, in New York, London, and Shanghai, in Alaska and the Fiji Islands, are all a good deal alike at heart. And that is not so hard to believe! Whenever we get acquainted with people of other races and other nations, we are amazed to find how much they are like ourselves.

But do you find it as easy to believe that some of the people who lived in ancient

Egypt, or in Athens when the Parthenon was built, were even more like us than are a good many of the people in the world to-day? I or they were human beings too—just normal, natural, loving, hating, striving human beings. When we begin to realize this, history is no longer dull and dry, and the past no longer seems dead.

Now every so often a great many people are struck at the same time with this fact: only instead of seeing that all the people in the past were much like themselves, they

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feel that those who lived at some particular time were very wise and very skillful and so, *of course*, were "just like us to-day!" It always works that way. People like to think how much their age has in common with some great period of long ago. And on the whole they seem most likely to turn to the past when they are not doing anything very wonderful in the present. For when they are breathlessly occupied with the work in hand or with making something brand-new, they do not have time to get homesick for bygone days.

Now there came a time in the history of architecture when people seemed to have run out of new ideas. In fact, they suddenly found themselves getting stale and cramped in a good many ways. The arts and all things of the mind

seemed to be going to seed all over Europe.

And then came a great discovery! Men learned how skillful and intelligent people had been in Athens and in ancient Rome. For centuries the art and literature of those bygone days—of what we now call "classical" times—had been almost forgotten. A zeal for the church had shut all that out; in fact, the ancient wisdom had come to seem almost sinful. And then, all at once, men began to realize how much they could learn from ancient Greece and Rome, and how much richer they might make their own art and thought.

So they began to study everything that had to do with the great days of the past. We call the movement the Revival of Learning, for there was a passion to unearth all the knowledge that the Greeks and Romans had laid up. People felt that they were entering a brand-new sunlit world.

Of course they began to admire everything

the ancient world had ever done. Statues, buildings, poems, all the beautiful old masterpieces were studied reverently, in the desire to make something just like them. For whenever people admire a thing, they want to copy it.

The Italians were the first to catch the new fever. The classical past belonged to them in an especial way, for it had flourished right on their own soil, and the ruins of many of the fine old

things lay all around them. They never had quite adopted the newer styles. For instance, they had had no great success in Gothic buildings. Now they seemed to feel that the past few centuries had been a mistake. The right way to do things had been the way of the ancient Romans—the way of the men who ruled the world! From now on, the descendants of those conquerors would put up buildings in the "classical" style, buildings like the Pantheon and the Colosseum.

So they began studying and measuring, and finally they put the results of all their thought and observation into fine new build-



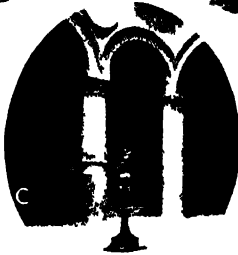
Photo by Alinari

In the hall of the Old Palace at Florence, the seat of the city's government when Florence was a powerful city-state, is this lively painting. It shows Brunelleschi and Ghiberti (gê-bêr'tê), two of the most famous architects of the fifteenth century, presenting their model for a new church to Cosimo de' Medici the Elder, head of the Florentine republic. That church stands in Florence to-day, the church of San Lorenzo. All the feverish activity in the background of the picture shows that this was an age of building. The painting is by Vasari (vâ-zâ'rê), who lived in Florence in the next century.

ARCHITECTURE



A Cloisters in the monastery of St Mark, Florence

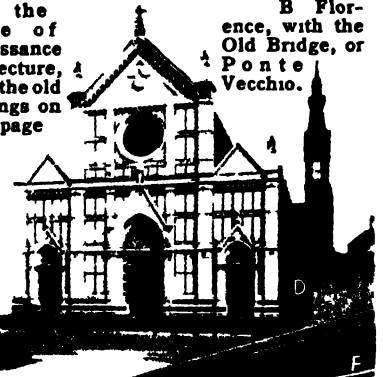


C A corner of the court in the Old Palace, or Palazzo Vecchio, once the seat of the city's government

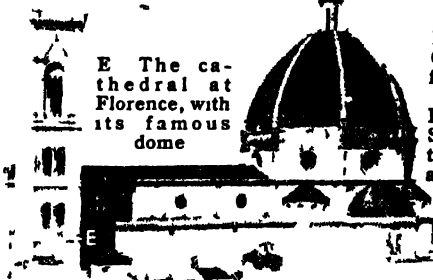


In Florence, the home of Renaissance architecture, stand the old buildings on this page

B Florence, with the Old Bridge, or Ponte Vecchio.

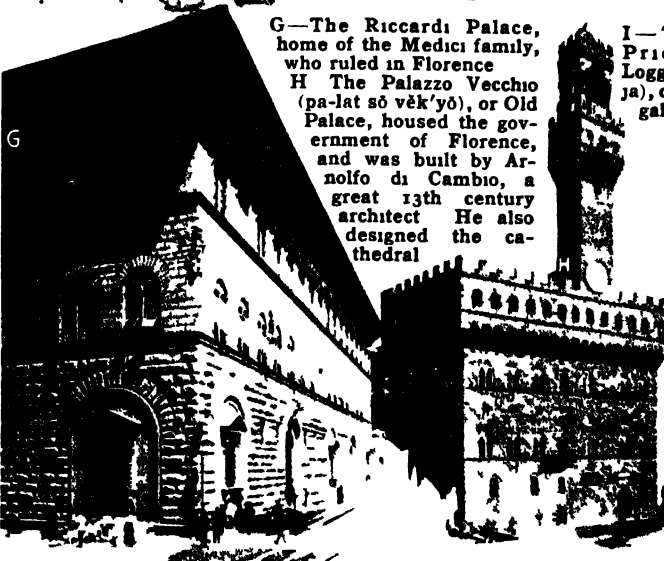
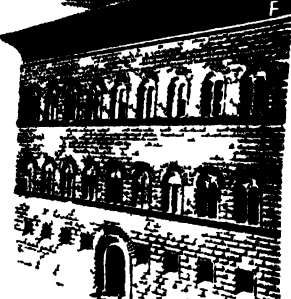


D The church of Santa Croce (krô'châ), dating from the 13th century.



E The cathedral at Florence, with its famous dome

F The palace of the Strozzi (strô't'sè) family, the most beautiful Renaissance palace in Florence. The corner stone was laid in 1489



G—The Riccardi Palace, home of the Medici family, who ruled in Florence

H The Palazzo Vecchio (pa-lat sô vèk'yô), or Old Palace, housed the government of Florence, and was built by Arnolfo di Cambio, a great 13th century architect. He also designed the cathedral

I—The Priors' Loggia (lôd-ja), or "open gallery"



ings that seemed very handsome to the people of the time. They often seem so to-day, in spite of the fact that we prefer the original to the imitation—the actual Roman style, made to serve the Roman needs, to the copies built to serve the needs of people who only wished they were Romans.

For of course people who came more than a thousand years later could never build as the Greeks and Romans had built. You might as well expect a banking firm on Wall Street to put up a perfect basilica such as the Roman merchants used. Men had awakened as if after a long sleep, to the beauty and riches of the past. Indeed, they were so full of the new spirit that it was almost like coming to life again. They thought, they wrote, they painted, they explored. The world seemed suddenly new and beautiful—so new that we call this period the Renaissance (rĕn'-č-sôNs')—or Rebirth. And men who have just been reborn are not going to be happy in slavishly copying what their ancestors a thousand years before have done. No matter how hard they try, they will put new life into the old forms. So the Renaissance may adopt the manner of Rome, but the spirit will be new.

The Rebirth of Architecture

It was at Florence that the change in men's minds first showed itself in architecture. There a great artist named Brunelleschi (brŭō'nĕl-lĕs'kĕ), who had spent fifteen years studying the buildings of the Romans, was finally commissioned in 1420 to finish the cathedral with a dome like the one on the Pantheon at Rome. His was the first dome of the Renaissance—but many others were to follow. Later he designed other buildings at Florence, both churches

and palaces. For the simple, imposing details of classical architecture were very suitable for giving a dignified, spacious air to a palace.

To be sure, those palaces look a little too much like prisons to our modern eyes. But we must remember that in those days a ruling nobleman always had to be ready to put up a stiff defense. The palaces were not half so forbidding as the earlier castles had been.

It was in Rome that the new spirit was felt next.

There, in 1505, an architect named Bramante (brā-min'tā) was commissioned to draw up plans for a new church to take the place of the old St. Peter's, a basilica which had been built about 330 A.D. near the circus of Nero, where the Apostle Peter is believed to have been crucified. That old church was not beautiful indeed, it was going to ruin after its twelve hundred years of service.

but how glad we should be to exchange its hallowed age for the grand church that replaced it!

After Bramante's death a number of other men, including the artist Raphael, carried on the work until finally the building

was finished in 1620, according to plans that had been worked on by a good many men, among them the great Michelangelo (mī'kĕl ān'jĕ-lō), who was the chief designer of the dome. St. Peter's is the largest church in the world, but Michelangelo was not so great an architect as he was a sculptor and painter, for the true grandeur of the proportions of the building are hard to realize when one looks at it.

The Builders of Venice

And then Venice caught the new spirit. In that romantic city builders wrought it into grand churches and palaces. Perhaps the finest church was Santa Maria della

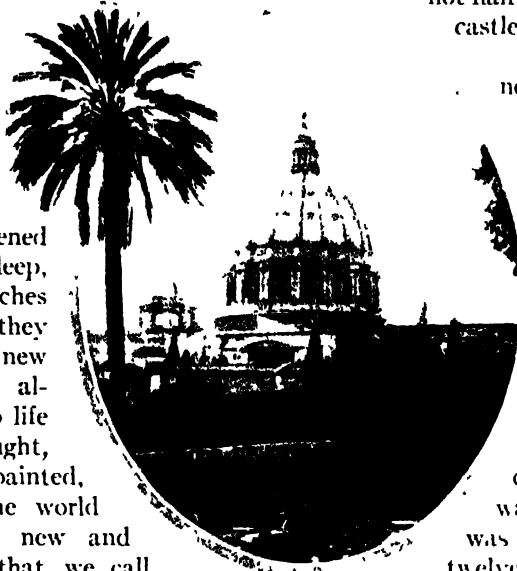


Photo by Alinari

This is the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, as it is seen across a corner of the Vatican gardens. It is the noblest architectural work of its designer, the great Michelangelo, and is one of the finest domes in the world.

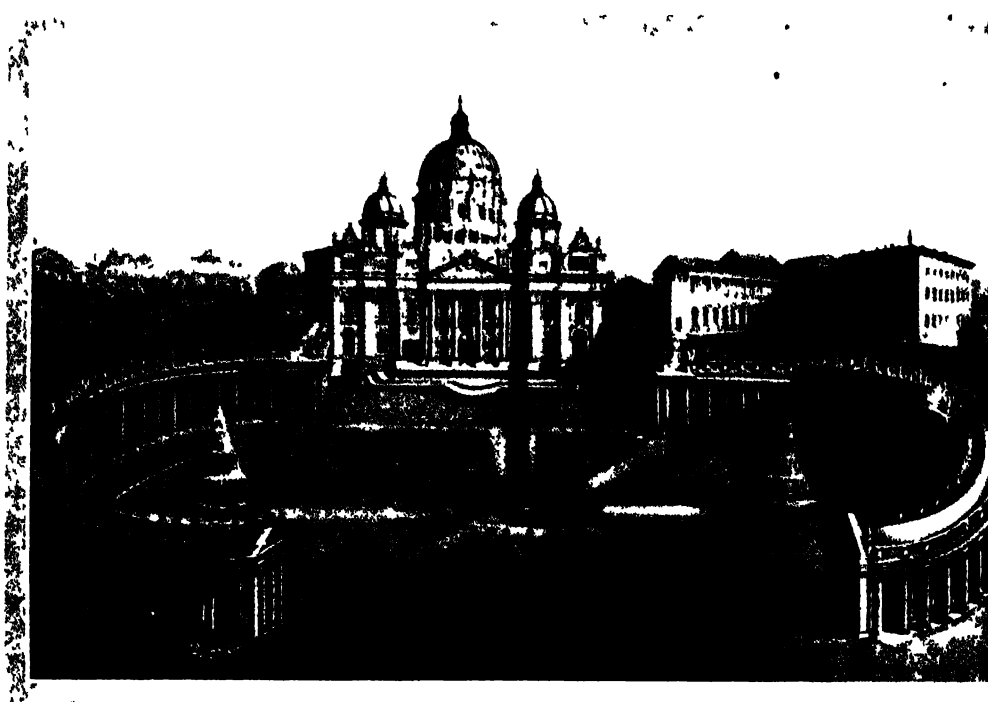


Fig. 15. Al. 171

The great painter and sculptor Michelangelo is here shown presenting to Pope Paul IV his model for the dome of St Peter's, at Rome. He was seventy-two years old when he undertook the work in 1546, but he

lived eighteen years longer, and saw his dome nearly finished. It is built in two shells, with ribs to join them. His plans for the rest of the building were only partly carried out after his death.

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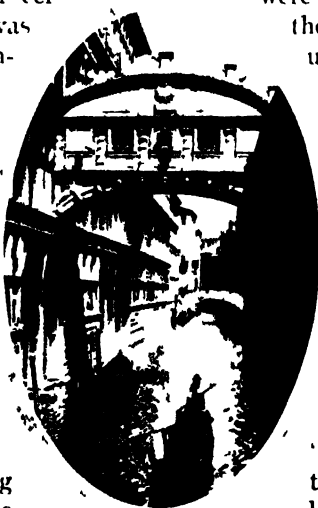


St. Peter's at Rome, with its majestic approach. This is the largest church in the world and the seat of the

popes, who live in the Vatican Palace, here shown at the right of the cathedral.

Salute (san'ta ma-rē'a dē'l'ā sa-lōo'tā)—Saint Mary of Salvation—and certainly one of the finest palaces was that of the Vendramini (vēn-drā'mē-nē) family. But many of those handsome Venetian palaces, with their doorways made to look like Roman triumphal arches and their Corinthian details, were not truly honest, as the classical buildings had been. The quiet waterways in front of them reflected noble façades—or “faces”—of softly-gleaming marble, but the rest of the house was merely brick or even stucco! And nothing that is good only in spots can be truly great.

Then the new style was carried to France, for the French had been fighting down in Italy and had liked the things they saw there. But they were Frenchmen, not Italians, and they had not grown up



The unlucky prisoners who trod the “Bridge of Sighs,” which connected the Doges' Palace with the state prison, did not have a chance to see the graceful proportions of the little Renaissance bridge that is now so famous.

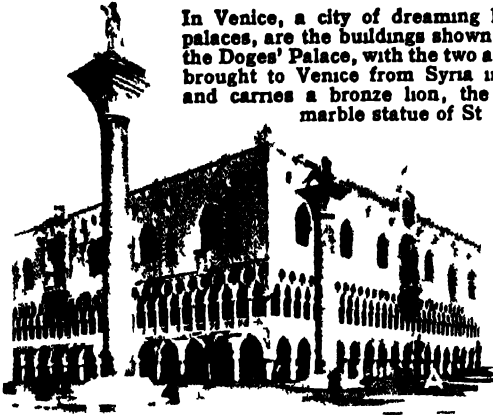
with Roman ruins all about them. Their eyes were used to the soaring beauties of the Gothic style. So they picked up a few ideas on the other side of the Alps and brought them back to use on buildings that were still Gothic in every other way.

Because Francis I was the king who first heartily took up the new fashion, the early mixture of French Gothic and Renaissance is called the style of Francis I. In 1526 he gave orders for the building of a fine château (shā'tō'), or “castle,” in the forest of Fontainebleau (fōN'tēn'blō'), where he loved to hunt. The château of Fontainebleau and the famous forest are still among the treasures of the French people.

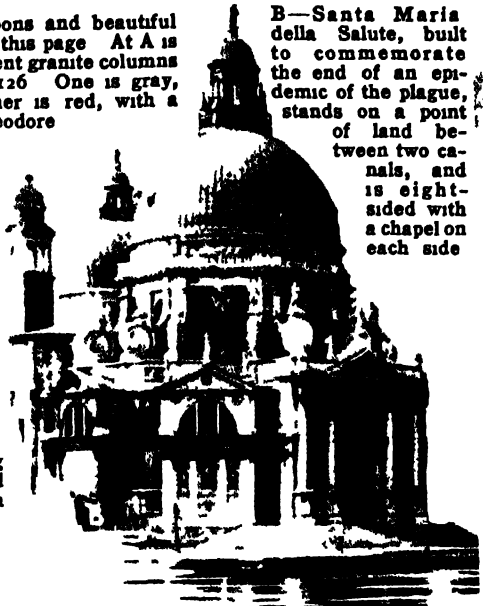
But many another fine château was built about the same time, largely along the river Loire (lwar). For France was entering upon

ARCHITECTURE

In Venice, a city of dreaming lagoons and beautiful palaces, are the buildings shown on this page. At A is the Doges' Palace, with the two ancient granite columns brought to Venice from Syria in 1126. One is gray, and carries a bronze lion, the other is red, with a marble statue of St. Theodore.



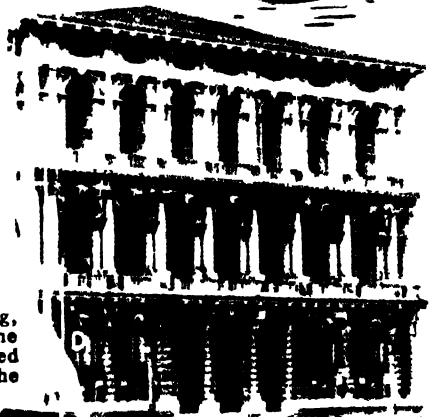
B—Santa Maria della Salute, built to commemorate the end of an epidemic of the plague, stands on a point of land between two canals, and is eight-sided with a chapel on each side.



Traffic in Venice moves in picturesque gondolas along the canals, though the city has many little paved streets and lanes between its waterways. At C is a funeral barge.

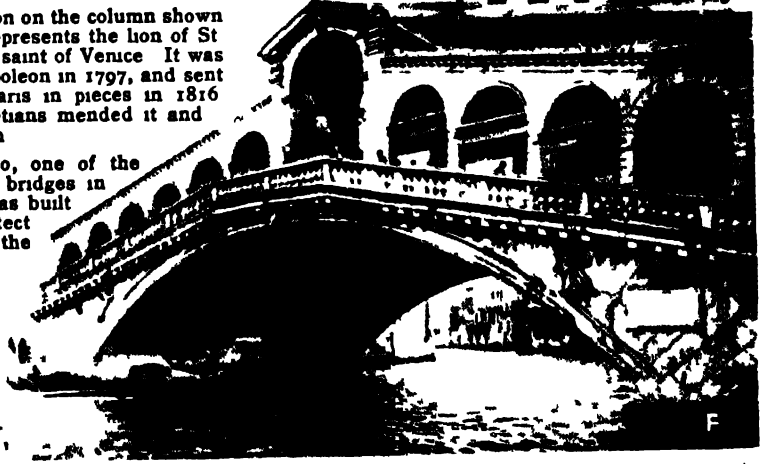
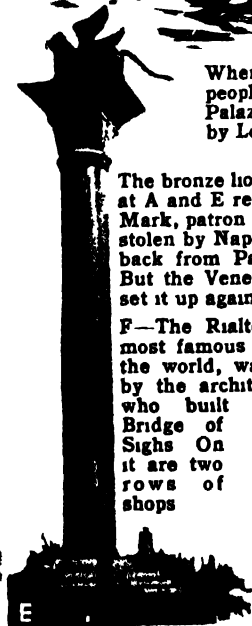


When the Renaissance was closing, people built massive palaces like the Palazzo Rezzonico (D), largely designed by Longhena (lông-gã-ná), who did the church at B.



The bronze lion on the column shown at A and E represents the lion of St. Mark, patron saint of Venice. It was stolen by Napoleon in 1797, and sent back from Paris in pieces in 1816. But the Venetians mended it and set it up again.

F—The Rialto, one of the most famous bridges in the world, was built by the architect who built the Bridge of Sighs. On it are two rows of shops.



ARCHITECTURE



FIGURE 13.10.1

One of the most charming palaces in France is this one at Fontainebleau. It stands in the heart of a beautiful forest of the same name, where the French kings loved to hunt and artists love to paint. One of its chambers,

the "Salle des Fêtes," is probably the finest room we have from the Renaissance. In the Court of Fountains, also called the Court of the White Horse, Napoleon bade farewell to the Old Guard in 1814.

great days, and the gay, gracious life of the nobles and the court must have a fitting background. Every chateau was Gothic in design, with the gates, towers, and walls of an old fortified castle, but on all the older structures was an embroidery of Renaissance detail that changed the spirit entirely.

It was all because times were changing. The nobles no longer needed their gloomy fortresses for stiff defense. The king was coming into his own, and the nobles served him and fought for him, instead of squabbling with one another so much. Their homes showed the change. People could hardly get away all at once, from the old notion of what a nobleman's dwelling ought to be, but the changed times allowed them to make the places gay and inviting. So there were many more windows, with square tops and mullions, roofs were built up much higher and had dormer windows, a great many round and square towers were

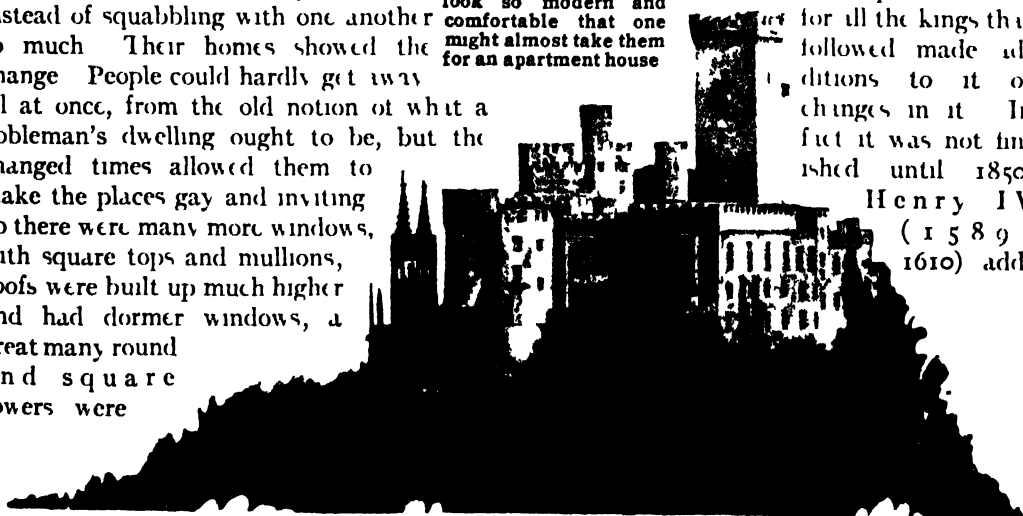
set at the angles of the buildings, and the sturdy Gothic buttresses turned into attached columns or pilasters (pī-lis'ter) with Roman capitals.

It was Francis I who began the palace of the Louvre (loo-vr), that famous resi-

Stolzenfels is another of the beautiful castles that stand to guard the German Rhine. They were built by the robber-barons who once ruled the land, each one lordling it over his own little principality. Parts of this castle look so modern and comfortable that one might almost take them for an apartment house.

dence of French kings which is now the greatest art museum in the world. But the Louvre was a long time coming to its present form, for all the kings that followed made additions to it or changes in it. In fact it was not finished until 1850.

Henry IV (1589-1610) added



ARCHITECTURE



A—The Council Room in the palace at Versailles, the most magnificent palace of Europe's most magnificent king.



B—The Salon de la Guerre, or War Salon, at Versailles was named from its warlike paintings by Le Brun.



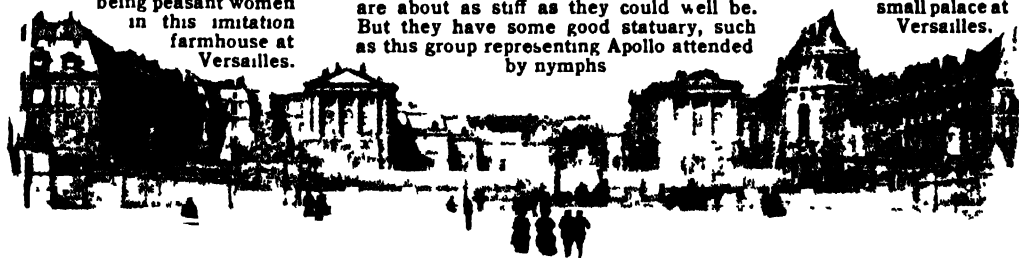
D—Marie Antoinette and her ladies loved to play at being peasant women in this imitation farmhouse at Versailles.



C—The gardens at Versailles, laid out by Le Nôtre, the famous landscape architect, are about as stiff as they could well be. But they have some good statuary, such as this group representing Apollo attended by nymphs



E—This "Temple of Love" was in the gardens of the Lesser Trianon, a small palace at Versailles.



F—The approach to Versailles. In spite of all its grandeur, the palace was anything but imposing outside.



At Versailles two smaller palaces were built, the Trianon and the Lesser Trianon. At G is the second of them; it was a favorite residence of Marie Antoinette.



H The Hall of Mirrors at Versailles is of especial interest, for it was the scene of the negotiation and signing of the treaty that closed the World War.

ed a good deal to it; and, besides, he opened up Paris to air and light, swept away slums, and built fine squares. It was under him that architecture first came to belong to the people and not to just a few wealthy persons.

When Louis XIV (1638-1715) came to be king of France he decided that there was no palace half grand enough for him. He was no man to be satisfied by things that were merely simple and beautiful. He put J. H. Mansard (môN'-sâr') to work on what was to be the biggest palace in Europe. But because Louis XIV was such a vain man he could not have a fine sense of the beautiful. To have good taste one must be able to see things and people as they are without standing always in the foreground and casting a shadow over them.

Louis ordered his grand new palace built around a little hunting box which his father had built at Versailles (vêr'sâ'y'), near Paris. It was an unhappy notion. The new part must not be built to dwarf the old too much, and yet it had to be very big. So all that came out of the enormous sums that were spent on

the palace was a dreary repetition of three stories of windows and columns for nineteen hundred feet. Inside, a long succession of gilt walls and mirrors and heavy Renaissance detail—room after room after room

stretches on endlessly. And as you walk through the palace you realize as nothing else could make you realize the terrible monotony of a life that made so much of just one man. But that palace was better planned than most earlier ones had been.

All of the later Renaissance architecture in France is much less interesting than that of the period of Francis I, for people spent too much time merely copying the buildings in Italy. They imported Italian workmen to carry out the decorations and spent money lavishly, but everything they built, while imposing and grand, seems a little artificial.

The passion for regularity was almost a mania. It is said that one man of the time

felt that the stars would be much more beautiful if they had only been set in the heavens after some



Under the dome of this church, built by the architect Mansart in 1706, lies the body of the emperor Napoleon. The building is square, in the classical style, and is part of what is known as the Hôtel des Invalides, a home for French war veterans.

The Chateau of Rambouillet (rôN'bôô'yê'), near Paris, is one of the castles of the Renaissance. Here the pleasure-loving king Francis I breathed his last.

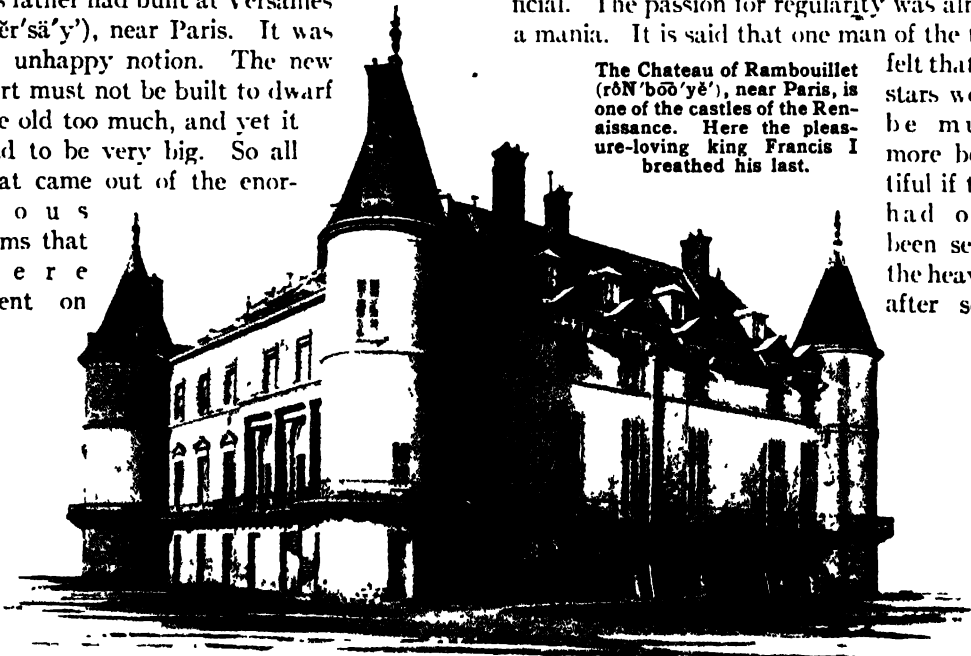


Photo by L. Olivier

geometrical design. And the sight of so "ugly" a building as the cathedral of Notre Dame gave Louis the greatest pain!

He could not rearrange the stars, but he could fix his own tastes upon his time and on the age to follow. Even the gardens were like a figure in geometry. A very skillful designer named Le Nôtre (lē-nō'tr'), the first man in history to call himself a "landscape architect," laid out the grounds at Versailles, and in many ways they are very beautiful; but in spite of statues, fountains, long avenues of trees, and marble terraces, one always feels that the whole place is far too artificial.

Of course the slavish imitation of the Italians had to come to a bad end. People were sure to revolt. The heavy grandeur of a place like Versailles—a style that at times could be quite ugly and is sometimes called baroque (bā-rōk'), from a Spanish word meaning "irregular"

turned into a great deal of meaningless ornament. The early Renaissance had liked to keep fairly close to the classical orders, but now they were all thrown overboard. Capitals were built in a strange hodgepodge of styles, cornices and pediments were broken, columns were made to taper downward. The scrolls and garlands and angels and lions' heads, the masks and musical instruments and cupids, which had been used for decoration in the earlier Renaissance, now went wild all over the building. Ornament was loaded on until it looked like some strange growth! Huge shells were stuck on everywhere, and everything had to curve. The eager life of the age could not be ruled any longer by the notions of people who were dead. All this later silly style we call rococo (rō-kō'kō) from a word that means "rockwork."

In England the Renaissance spirit had been taken up more slowly. Just as in France, there was a long time when people used a few of the new-fangled details but kept in the main to their old ideas. That is

known as the Elizabethan period—and as in France it can be seen best in private country houses. It was an attractive style—one of high gables, strange chimneys, and many bay windows. Often there was a parapet around the top of a house, and the building usually took the shape of an E or an H, with the entrance in the center leading into a great oak-paneled hall that boasted a fine carved fireplace, a minstrels' gallery, and a handsome staircase. This was the center of all the life of the house.

But the English were finally converted. The famous architect Inigo Jones (1573-1652) went to visit Rome, and when he came back in 1619 he began to design buildings as nearly as possible like those of the Italians. One of the buildings in this style is the fine Banqueting Hall in Whitehall.

It might seem that English architects would have had trouble in copying a style that had sprung up so far away from home. But they, and the French as well, had certain "textbooks" that came straight from Italy. For about the middle of the fifteenth century the work of the old Roman writer Vitruvius (vī-trōō'vī-ūs) had been discovered. It described the buildings of Greece and Rome, and of course it was of great interest to people who wanted to copy them. Later the old work was republished by various Italian architects, one of whom was Palladio (pal-lī'dyō). In 1570 he brought out a book that was full of drawings of Roman buildings. It came to be so slavishly fol-



Photo by Southern Ry.

At Chiddingstone, in Kent, is this old half-timbered house built during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There are many such in England, and a few in Northern France, all of them built by first constructing a timber frame and then filling in the spaces with masonry or plaster.

ARCHITECTURE



When Wren was first asked to draw a plan for a new cathedral to replace the one destroyed by the fire of London, he had been an architect for only four years. He had begun life as a teacher of astronomy, a science in which he won distinction at the age of sixteen. His

knowledge of mathematics later stood him in good stead, St Paul's has been called "the most successful great church built in Europe during the Renaissance." In order that the dome might be strong, and beautiful inside and out, Wren cleverly built it in three shells.

lowed that in England the cold, correct style of architecture copied from it is called Palladian (pă-lă'di-ăn). That was the style of Inigo Jones and, later, of Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723), who had never even been in Italy but who had seen the Italian style in France.

Wren had a fine opportunity to show what he could do, for in 1666 the great fire destroyed most of the heart of London and Wren was commissioned to plan the rebuilding of the city. His plans were not adopted, but he did build some fifty churches, among them the great cathedral of St. Paul, which is certainly one of the finest Renaissance churches in Europe. Like St. Peter's in Rome and other churches of the time, it has a beautiful dome. You may climb high up inside it and find a narrow gallery running all the way round the base of the dome. And in that Whispering Gallery you can hear the least breath of a person on the other side all the way across the great open space between.

You may have noticed that with the coming of the Renaissance we have heard the names of men attached to the great build-

ings. That was never so during the Gothic period. Then a church was planned by a large number of persons. But those brave days are passed. The imagination of one man will have to be enough from now on. The buildings will seem poorer, as a result, and the marvelous variety of a Gothic cathedral will be gone forever. The same design will be cut out by machinery and will serve over and over again on the same building.

But a church can be run up in a very short time, and other buildings will be much more comfortable. We have arrived at modern times.

Various well-known architects followed Wren in England—James Gibbs, Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh. It even became the thing for cultivated gentlemen to dabble in architecture. But neither in England nor elsewhere did anything new develop during the next two hundred years. There were only "revivals"—the Greek Revival, the Gothic Revival. All that people could do was to imitate the great styles of the past, and unfortunately they imitated those styles with a good deal less zest than they had felt during the Renaissance.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

These are the two great English architects of the eighteenth century. In the oval is Sir Christopher Wren, most famous of all English architects and a man of extraordinary intellectual power. He began life as a scientist and mathematician, and in those fields he had made a name for himself while he was still in his teens. He received an appointment at Oxford University when he was only twenty-one, and carried on research in astronomy, mathematics, physics, and medicine. He taught people how to use the barometer in forecasting the weather, he invented a method of blood transfusion from one animal to another, he devised a horse-drawn machine for planting grain, and discovered a way to manufacture fresh water at sea. He stated some of the laws that Newton later proved to be true in his great theory of gravitation, and if he had continued to devote himself to science he would undoubtedly have ranked next to Newton among the scientists of his day. But his knowledge of mathematics later stood him in good stead. St. Paul's cathedral has been called "the most successful great church built in Europe during the Renaissance."

In the square is a fine portrait of Inigo Jones, the carpenter's apprentice who learned how to paint landscapes and design scenery for the plays of the great Ben Jonson. From that it was a short step to designing a building.

***The* HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE**

Reading Unit

No. 10

THE FIRST HOMES IN A NEW WORLD

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|--|--|
| The wattle huts of the early American settlers, 11-495 | looking churches with hard pews, 11-499 |
| How the first "log cabins" were built, 11-496 | What the Swedes, Dutch, and Germans contributed, 11-499 |
| Why the New Englanders wanted few windows, 11-498 | How the Spanish created a style in California, and the French in New Orleans, 11-499 |
| Why "Early American" was medieval in style, 11-498 | Why America was the child of Europe, 11-499 |
| Why the Puritans made severe- | |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|--|---|
| Why did not the early settlers build fine houses at the beginning? | How did they get their building plans? |
| Why did they usually live all in one room? | How many different national influences were at work in early American architecture? |

Related Material

- | | |
|--|--|
| The discovery and exploration of America, 7-110 | before and after 1763, 7-139, 143 |
| Story of the thirteen English colonies, 7-121-33 | What early American art was like, 11-353-77 |
| Story of French exploration, 7-2-7, 135 | What American life was like in the 18th century, 7-145 |
| Territory held by foreign powers | |

Summary Statement

- | | |
|---|--|
| The early American colonists were far too busy providing themselves with the simple necessities | of life to worry much about the style of their architecture. |
|---|--|



PICT. BY THE KNAPP CO.

When the settlers in Washington's day, put up a new house, it was a great event. Everyone turned in and

helped, and often the adding of the finishing touches gave an excuse for general merrymaking.

The FIRST HOMES in a NEW WORLD

***Captain John Smith and Governor Bradford Could
Build What They Liked in Their New Land.
What Did They Like?***

LET us suppose we are in the shipload of brave souls who have just landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, in 1607. We have taken the long, slow voyage across the Atlantic to plant an English colony in the New World. Others will follow us—though of them we know nothing as yet—and on the foundations we are going to work so hard to lay, a nation will be built up, stretching from coast to coast. But all that is far in the future. At present we are a mere handful of people who have just stepped ashore on the forested banks of the James River. Where are we going to live?

We shall all have to pitch in and make ourselves some kind of shelter. No time now to chop down trees and hew them into

boards, or to get out stone from a quarry! We know of quicker ways. Back in England, the age-old home we have just left forever, there are multitudes of little wattle shacks, made of woven boughs held up by stakes driven into the ground and covered with clay or turf or thatch to keep out wind and rain. They are the homes of the poor, who cannot afford to live in houses of wood or brick or stone.

So if you will cut the boughs and trim them to the proper length, I will get clay from the river and dig up sod along the shore. We can make a low circular wall, just a few feet high, by driving poles into the ground as close together as possible. The wall will serve to hold up the poles we

shall use as a roof, sloping them, wigwam fashion, toward the center, or curving them over to make a barrel-shaped roof.

Or we can weave small branches and twigs into a stout, firm mat that will stand on end to make a wall, with stout poles for supports. But whether we make our walls of stakes or wattles, the whole shack must have its chinks well stopped up with clay or turf or "thatch"—a deep layer of straw—if wind and rain are to be kept out.

They are really quite pretty, these little "English wigwams" that lie scattered among the great trees along the peaceful river. People coming to found other English colonies—the Puritans at Plymouth and at Massachusetts Bay, the first settlers in Rhode Island and Connecticut—all are going to make their first American homes in about the way that you and I have just made ours. For all of us, you see, have been used to seeing them at home. We all have come from England, and most of us from the southeastern part, Middlesex, Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. We are only planting an old, old fashion on American soil.

When England Came to America

But when winter comes we do not think so highly of our picturesque little houses. What a blast comes down from the north! It never used to be so cold at home. As soon as we get the time from clearing the ground and planting and sowing and reaping, we shall chop down some of these great trees and hew them into beams and boards. Then we can have a real house over our heads. Later, we can get brick and stone to build with, but wood is easier now.

And how shall we build our house? Why, like that pretty wooden house that stood at

the end of the street in the little English village where we grew up! It was not so grand as the brick house of the squire, but it was really very charming with its high, sharp-peaked roof, low eaves, and pretty hinged windows with diamond panes. We shall make our new house like that, and since we have no glass for the panes, we shall just use oiled paper or sheepskin to keep out the wind. It will let in a good deal of light—and some day one of the ships will bring us over some glass.

And the other English colonists all up and down the seaboard will make houses about like ours, for they, too, have seen just the same style of house in their own little villages at home. To be sure, we of the Virginia colony do not have to worry so much about the cold.

We suffer more from heat in summer. So we may put our fireplace at one end of the house—or one at each end—and run the chimneys up outside the wall. And we may have a little outhouse to do the cooking in. We shall

often use brick instead of wood, for we have lots of clay, and the entrance may well be at one end, with a "piazza" along the south side, to shade us from the sun.

Up in New England heat is more precious. There the chimney will usually go up through the center of the house, and the picturesque wooden frame of the building, with its filling of clay and plaster, will be covered over with wooden siding for extra warmth. The plan is always the same, everywhere in New England, except when the slope of the roof is very much longer in the back, and comes near to the ground. That gives space for an extra room all along the length of the house at the back—it is narrow, to be sure, but very useful in keeping out the cold from the larger rooms in front.

In New England the long side of the house was always toward the street, with the front door in the center, opening into a



Photo by The Detmold Museum

This humble little dwelling is of the general type that early settlers in the United States put up to live in until they could build themselves something a little more durable. The interwoven twigs and branches are called wattle, and the covering of turf served to keep out the wind—more or less.

ARCHITECTURE



This page shows some of the oldest houses in America. At A is "John Alden's House," in Duxbury, Massachusetts. It was built in 1653, and has the overhanging upper story, the central chimney, the arrangement of door and windows, and the sharply tilted roof that belongs to the houses built in New England in the seventeenth century. Duxbury was settled in 1631 by John Alden, William Brewster, Miles Standish, and others.

C This is the little church that is said to be "in many ways the most precious building in America." St. Luke's church in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, was built in 1632, and is the oldest church in the country. It is still in very good preservation.

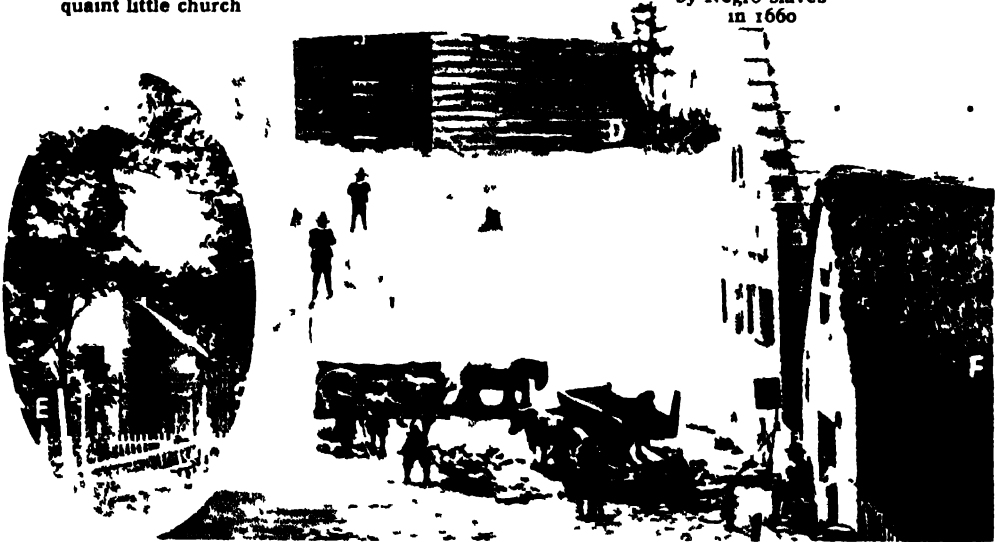


B The Scotch-Boardman House (1651), at Saugus, Massachusetts, was a good seventeenth century farmhouse.

E In the little Canadian village of Grand Pre, long famous as the home of Longfellow's heroine Evangeline, stands this quaint little church.

D The old fort and first meetinghouse of the Pilgrim Fathers, built at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1621.

In front of this wooden house and stone tavern, at the corner of Stone and Whitehall Streets, the first pavement in America is being laid in New Amsterdam by Negro slaves in 1660.



ARCHITECTURE



Photo by A. S. Burbank

In two years the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth had built this promising little village in the heart of the

Massachusetts wilds. Old records tell us who lived in those little houses, and where the fields were.

short hall with a narrow winding stairway. There were, at most, only two squarish rooms downstairs—unless a long roof behind gave space for a third room at the back. In each of the two big rooms was a great fireplace, with a single chimney for both of them. The fine hewn beams of solid oak supported a low ceiling, and the walls were either plastered or left unfinished, with all the studding bare. Occasionally they were covered with a fine wainscoting of wide oak boards, beveled or grooved, with all the knots left in. The floors, too, were of wide oak planks, and over the fireplace was a broad oak lintel, beautifully hewn.

The two upstairs rooms were just like those below and were used, in these early days, entirely for storage—for all the life of the house went on downstairs. One room was the dining room and kitchen—and the pleasant smell of cooking often turned it into a living room as well. The other room was parlor and bedroom—less inviting without the gay array of pewter and copper saucepans and kettles that hung about the kitchen fire.

These New England houses often had a row of five windows, with leaded panes, across the upper story, and two on either side of the door below but none of them were large. As Deputy Governor Symonds said in 1638, when he ordered the carpenter to build him a house: "For windows let them not be over large in any rooms, and as few as conveniently may be."



Photo by The American Museum of Natural History

At Jamestown, Virginia, where the first English settlement was planted in America, stands this old tower, a valuable relic of early days.

The most noticeable thing about a house in New England was its overhanging second story, often with heavy carved pendants at the corners, the only decoration on the whole building. That "overhang" came straight from England. It was of very little use, though it did enlarge the upper rooms a bit, and must have given a little protection to the doorway.

Altogether we have some forty of these fine old-timers left us from our early days. We refer to

the period as Early American, and never realize that it is medieval in style, if not in time—just as medieval as Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame. For though the grand buildings in England were being planned in the style of the Renaissance, the

humble folk were going right on building just as they had built for centuries past. And when they came to the New World they brought the old style with them.

Down in Isle of Wight County, in Virginia, there still stands a little church that is "in many respects the most precious building in America." Its date is 1632--it is the oldest church in our new land; and it was the last one anywhere in the world to be built in the Gothic period. For this little church of St. Luke, put up to house the worship of those graceful Cavaliers, who still clung to the Established Church, is a lineal descendant of all the little medieval churches that are dotted over England.

But up in New England, where the stern Puritans had come to live, the Early American churches were stiff and cold and sometimes ugly. They too were only copies of what their builders used to see at home--bare little meetinghouses with hard box pews, or "pitts," a pulpit midway on one long side, and galleries around the other sides. Those sturdy, honest builders were trying to bring religion back to a purity they felt it had lost; and one of their first steps was to make their church as simple as might be. The Old Ship Church, at Hingham, Massachusetts, is the only one of its time that stands to-day, but the Old Swede Church, in Philadelphia, built at the end of the seventeenth century, is very much like its sisters of an earlier date.

Of course the early settlers were not all English. People from Sweden settled around

Baltimore, and brought from their great northern woods the art of making log cabins. The useful notion spread all up and down the coast; and log cabins sprang up wherever people wanted a strong, cheap house. The block house, to which they ran when the Indians threatened, was always built of logs, with joints made in the Swedish way.

The Dutch who settled in New York liked to stretch the roof over a kind of porch at front and back; and they often covered their houses with shingles. Their great hip roofs gave a more comfortable height to rooms upstairs. The Germans, too, brought certain of their building habits to the land they settled in Pennsylvania.

The power of Spain, dotting the West with missions, left us such beautiful, simple buildings, in the style of the Spanish Renaissance, that all California to-day is filled with their lovely descendants. And in the seventeen hundreds the French, with their wrought iron grilles, long windows, and second-story balconies, brought to New Orleans a charm that had first belonged to France.

So America began as a child of Europe. People could not change all at once, just because they had crossed the ocean. They thought and felt and acted just as they had done at home. It was only as time went on that the "new world" came to be new. It is the slow but certain breaking away from Mother Europe that has made us a new nation, different from all the other nations of the world. It is what finally taught us to build the skyscraper.



In San Gabriel, California, is another of the fine old missions established by Spanish monks who came to bring Christianity to the red men.

Photo by Rock Island Railway Co.

The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit

No. 11

THE HOUSES OF WASHINGTON'S DAY

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

- | | |
|--|---|
| How most of the furniture and ornaments, and all the designs for American homes came from Europe, 11 501 | How doors and windows took on ornament, 11-505 |
| When the colonists got their plans from English books and drawings, 11 502 | When fireplaces and staircases became works of beauty, 11-505 |
| Why the carpenters were the only architects, 11-502 | How the famous Adam brothers of England placed their mark on American homes, 11 505 |
| How red brick trimmed with white became the style we call "Colonial," 11 502 | Thomas Jefferson, a great statesman who was also a fine architect, 11 508 |

Things to Think About

- | | |
|--|--|
| Of what materials did the Americans build their homes, and how did the choice of materials affect the architectural style? | What was the original source of the Adam brothers' inspiration? |
| What is the origin of the term "Georgian"? | What experiences helped give Thomas Jefferson his architectural ideas? |

Related Material

- | | |
|---|--|
| Life of Thomas Jefferson, 7-613, 10 146, 12-503 | before the 19th century, 11 354 |
| The "Boston Tea Party," 7-159 | The beginnings of American literature, 7 243 |
| Paul Revere's famed ride, 7-161; and his fine work in silver, 12-90 | How American music began, 12 257, 321 |
| Life of George Washington, 12-473 | The American furniture makers, 12-195 |
| Why there was no American art | |

Summary Statement

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| The Georgian style ruled in architecture during almost the | entire 18th century in the United States. |
|--|---|



Photo by The National Museum

At this colonial inn all the traffic of the road stopped for refreshment. Inside, before the great fireplace

drivers and passengers stood to warm themselves in winter, or went to bed in the low rooms above.

The HOUSES of WASHINGTON'S DAY

*They All Came from Europe, but Little by Little
They Began to Grow American*

HAVE you ever tried to decide at what point in the world's history you would like most to have been born—in the glorious days of Greece or Rome, in the brave Middle Ages, or in our own exciting times? If you wish you had been one of the sturdy people who helped to build the United States, you might well choose to have lived in the seventeen hundreds. To be sure, there were fewer Indians then, to descend with war whoops and tomahawks in hand, but there was adventure enough! And life had grown much more comfortable than in the century before.

The ground was fairly well cleared for farming, and everyone had more money. There had been time to establish schools and churches, and to bring a certain grace into everyday life. There was a good deal less preaching and a good deal more fun,

and people took more pride in making their surroundings pleasant.

So of course their houses and churches were more convenient and more beautiful. A fine house would be one of the first desires of a successful Virginia planter or a thriving merchant in Boston. Much of the furniture and ornament would be brought over from England, though a good deal could be manufactured on this side of the water. For those early colonists were an energetic lot; they were eager to produce whatever they could, and they were beginning to carry on a thriving trade.

But no matter where they got the materials to put into a building, there was one thing that always came from across the water. That was the style. The manner in which the building was planned was never "made in America." Whatever the fashion was

in London, that was the fashion in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. The colonies had not come of age yet, you see. They still were lusty, growing youngsters in their teens, under the control of their parent overseas.

Building Houses from Books

Perhaps you may wonder how they could keep abreast of styles so far away. It was not so hard as one might think. People came and went continually, and new arrivals brought new ideas in their heads. But even more than that, builders could get their plans from books—from the drawings of our old friend Palladio (pal-la'dy-oh), from designs by the great Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, or the Adam brothers, or better still, from simpler plans by James Gibbs, Ware, and others.

There were no architects over here, but the man who was going to have a new house pored over whatever books he could get and then talked things over with the carpenter. The carpenter put together the best imitation he could make of one of the pictures in the books. Of course there were changes. Usually the carving had to be in wood instead of stone, as the picture had shown; and brick was about the most durable material even wealthy colonists could hope to have, unless they lived in Pennsylvania, where stone was easy to get. Then, too, the simpler life on this side of the water did not need to be housed in mansions that were so large. But the charm of a dwelling does not depend upon its size. And a very good house could be made of wood or brick, with carved wooden trimmings painted white to give somewhat the effect of the stone trimmings that English builders liked to use.

So it came about that all up and down the Atlantic seaboard people who built fine

houses made them of red brick and trimmed them with white. It is the style we commonly call "Colonial," though "Georgian" is a better name, since, as we have seen, the early colonial houses were quite different. From 1714, the Georges sat upon the throne of England, and the buildings put up during their reigns are named for them.

It was a beautiful period, though the architecture looked very different from the old Roman buildings that people liked to think they were imitating. From ancient Rome *via* the Italian Renaissance *via* Georgian England and then across the sea to America made a pretty long journey for a building. The pushing American colonists were about as different from the ancient Romans as they well could be. It is not strange that they put up buildings that were very much their own.

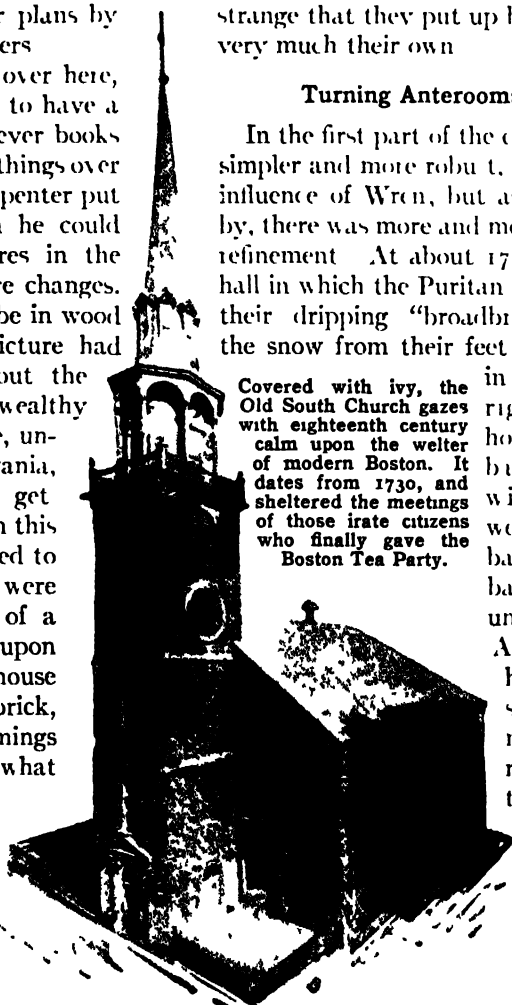
Turning Anterooms into Halls

In the first part of the century things were simpler and more robust, under the vigorous influence of Wren, but as the years passed by, there was more and more elaboration and refinement. At about 1720 that little front hall in which the Puritan fathers had doffed their dripping "broadbrims" or stamped the snow from their feet was stretched out

in length till it ran right through the house from front to back. Then a pretty winding staircase went up against the back wall, and the back door was often under the landing.

And the plan of the house stretched itself out, too, till it now contained four rooms downstairs, two on either side of the hall, with the same number upstairs. Door and windows still took their places in rows across the front, five win-

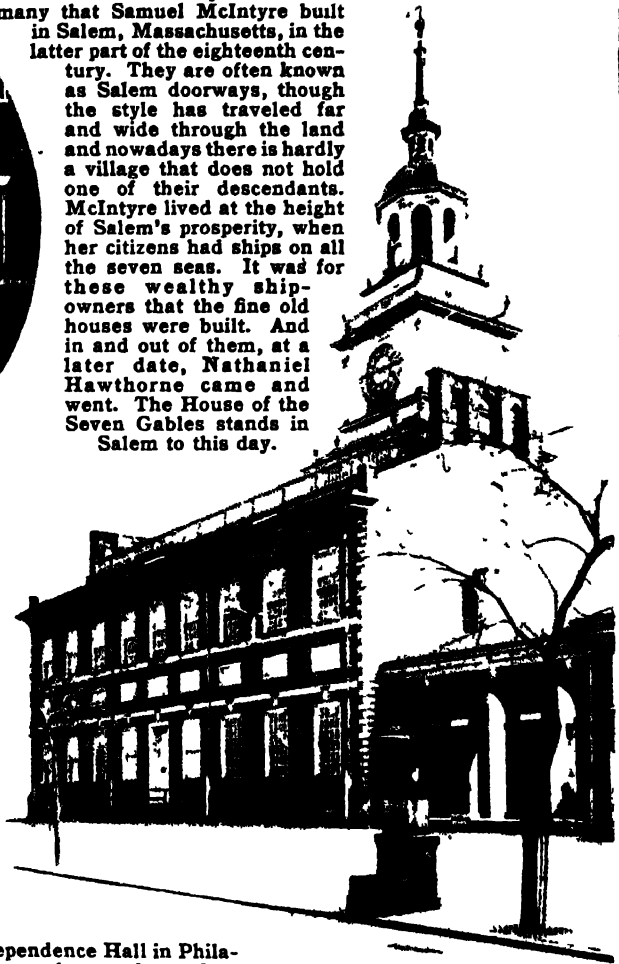
Covered with ivy, the Old South Church gazes calm upon the welter of modern Boston. It dates from 1730, and sheltered the meetings of those irate citizens who finally gave the Boston Tea Party.



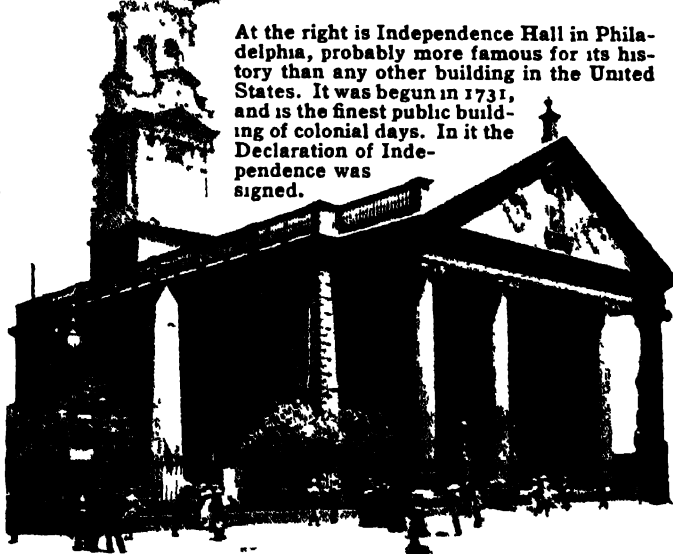
ARCHITECTURE



This beautiful doorway is one of the many that Samuel McIntyre built in Salem, Massachusetts, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. They are often known as Salem doorways, though the style has traveled far and wide through the land and nowadays there is hardly a village that does not hold one of their descendants. McIntyre lived at the height of Salem's prosperity, when her citizens had ships on all the seven seas. It was for these wealthy ship-owners that the fine old houses were built. And in and out of them, at a later date, Nathaniel Hawthorne came and went. The House of the Seven Gables stands in Salem to this day.



At the right is Independence Hall in Philadelphia, probably more famous for its history than any other building in the United States. It was begun in 1731, and is the finest public building of colonial days. In it the Declaration of Independence was signed.



Old St. Paul's, in New York City, is said to be the finest church built in America during the Georgian period. It was begun in 1764, to serve as a chapel of Trinity Church. To-day it is the oldest church building in New York, with a spire that is a masterpiece of its kind. Here Washington went to attend the religious service that was part of his inauguration. The Episcopal churches of the eighteenth century were very different from the severe little meeting-houses built by the Puritans of New England a century before. The spires were much more elaborate, as you may see by comparing this one with that of the Old Swede Church; and the interiors had become beautiful and gracious.

ARCHITECTURE



A

A—This fine old Georgian mansion in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has had a distinguished history. It is known as Craigie House, and was built in 1759. Here Washington lived for a time, and later it was the home of Edward Everett and of Henry W. Longfellow. It is still in the possession of Longfellow's descendants.

C—"Martha Washington's Kitchen," in Williamsburg, Virginia.



B

B An eighteenth century doorway.

D—The Bull-Pringle House, built in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1760, a fine example of a Southern colonial mansion.



C

E—The Dyckman House, a charming old Dutch farmhouse built near New York in 1787, and now on Broadway.



D



E

Photos by American Museum of Natural History, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Virginia State C of C, and Essex Institute

dows above and four below, two on each side of the door. But the door now began to put on a fine and dignified appearance, as a fitting welcome to visitors. Those beautiful doors were built throughout the century.

The Doors of Old Salem

An imposing doorway added so much to the beauty of a house that it seemed too bad not to use still more ornament. So some fearless person decided to try the effect of a cornice, in place of the common caves trough. And his neighbors evidently liked it, for cornices came to be the fashion everywhere in the colonies.

The next step was to decorate the windows, and to add dormer windows in the roof. And after the Revolution a well-known architect named Bulfinch made use of the pretty English custom of putting a "fan light" over the door and "side lights" on either side of it. At Salem, Massachusetts, there is a whole street full of those beautiful entrances. They were all made by a genius of a carpenter named Samuel McIntyre. He lived at the close of the century, and even to this day his native town is beautiful because of what he built.

Of course the rooms inside kept pace in elegance with the outside of the house. They had a much more agreeable life to frame, now that

people did not all have to work from dawn till dark. The fireplace alone was a work of art; and if you have ever seen a fine colonial staircase, you know what a gracious welcome it can give all who enter the hall.

The stiff old Puritans were not having their way any longer. Their grandchildren and great-grandchildren were getting beautiful furniture and putting bright-colored papers from England and France on the walls. Gay landscapes repeated over and over, quaint Chinese scenes, and sometimes papers bearing the portraits of English statesmen like Pitt and Burke, good friends to the colonies. As a matter of fact, those fine old rooms were so lovely that we copy them everywhere to-day.

The Famous Adam Brothers

It was after the Revolution that things were most highly ornamented. Over in England there were four Scotch brothers named Adam, who told all England just how a house should be built, just how it should be decorated, and just what furniture it should hold. The Adam brothers were fond of a great deal of delicate ornament. Robert Adam (1728-1792), the architect of the family, had seen the excavations at

At the entrance to Sleepy Hollow, near the village of Tarrytown, New York, stands this old Dutch church built by Frederick Philipse, who in 1680 acquired the title to the land, a part of Philipse Manor. The quaint little church must have seen the rides of the "headless horseman," and his famous encounter with Ichabod Crane. It saw, too, the passage of many a British and Continental soldier during the Revolutionary War, for it stands on the historic Albany post road, which for nearly three centuries has borne a steady stream of traffic. Later the genial Washington Irving came and went past its door, and in the adjoining graveyard was finally laid to rest.

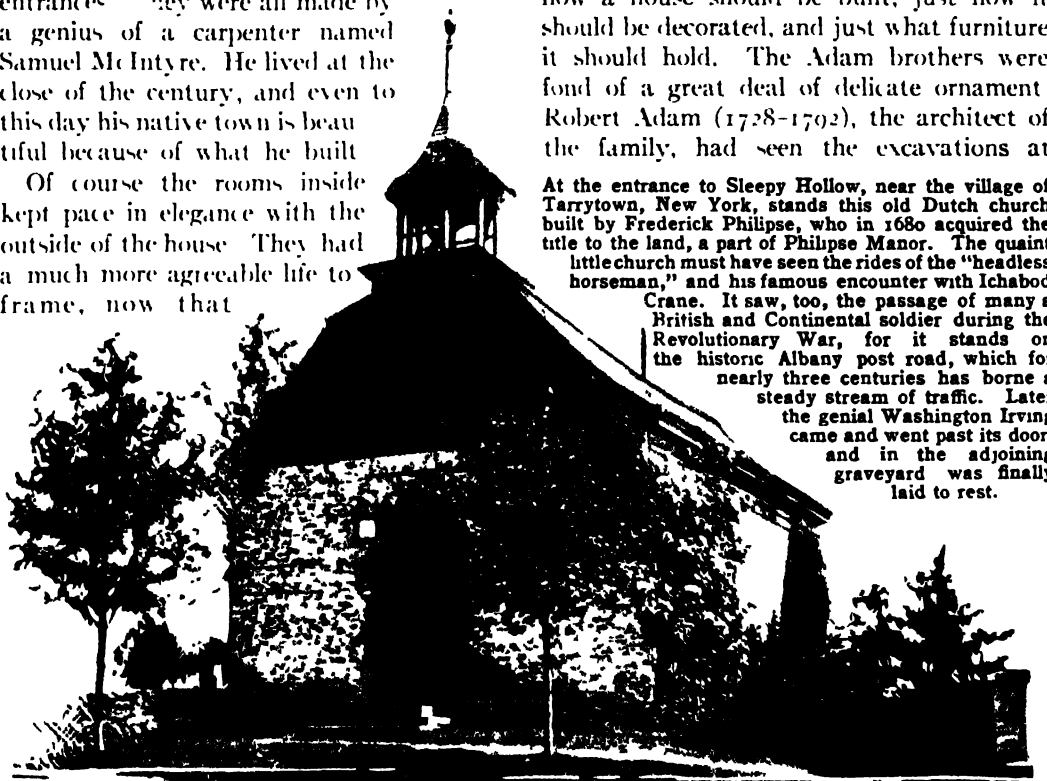


Photo by The American Museum of Natural History

ARCHITECTURE



Photo by The Metropolitan Museum of Art

An eighteenth century room was anything but cold and severe, for the early Puritans had not been able to hand their stern beliefs on to their grandchildren.

Pompeii, and he set himself to imitate their decorations with delicate classical columns, carved or stucco wreaths and garlands of fruit and flowers, skillful shell-shaped and fan-shaped inlays—and mirrors everywhere!

The plaster walls were often covered with damask or chintz, and this room from one of the fine old houses in Philadelphia was gay with a paper painted in China

And since this was the fashion in England, it came to be the fashion here. Everything after the Revolution showed the influence of the gifted Adam brothers. Beautiful plaster ceilings, "held up" by plaster cor-

A—At Guilford, Connecticut, stands this colonial church, the third to be built on the site, on which the first one was put up in 1650. The dignified columns and graceful steeple reproduce the Georgian style at its best.

C—The old church at Brookfield, Massachusetts, another example of the dignified Georgian style as it was used in the little village churches.

The tower and steeple were usually the chief architectural ornament, and all of those built were close relatives



B

B—Perhaps it would be hard to design a church much more simply than this meetinghouse of colonial days. But its well-proportioned style gives it dignity and repose.

D—"Westover," on the James River in Virginia, was finished about 1737, and is a fine example of a mid-eighteenth century mansion.



C



ARCHITECTURE

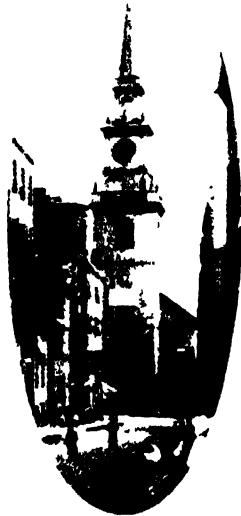
nices, were moulded with eagles and fruit and flowers; rooms were often made round or oval; and the classical columns in the portico on the front of the house were extended from floor to roof, instead of running up only to the second story. We should be very sorry to lose the delicate festoons and urns, the fan lights, and all the dignified refinement that we owe to the Adam brothers.

Some beautiful churches were built during the eighteenth century—all of them, of course, more or less like the churches that Wren and his followers had built in London, prim and dignified and graceful. James Gibbs, a pupil of Wren, had published some drawings that were used very often here. Some of the stiff little eighteenth century meetinghouses will be deep in the hearts of Americans for centuries to come. How glad we are that we still can visit the Old North Church in Boston, whose spire gave the well-known message to Paul Revere!

At last that extraordinary man, Thomas Jefferson, came along; and besides writing the Declaration of Independence and, as president, putting the infant nation on the road to sound self-government, he fitted it out with a very elegant, if formal, style of architecture. For he had been ambassador to France, and had there seen the famous Maison Carrée at Nîmes, and other remains of Roman buildings. He thought they were much finer than the elegancies of the brothers Adam.

So he designed some noble buildings in the Roman style—or in what he fondly believed to be the same thing. One was the Capitol of Virginia (1789); others were various buildings at the University of Virginia, of which he was the founder, and his own famous home, Monticello. They were all thought out with great care and were a fine adornment to the growing nation. Of course they were copied everywhere.

This is the Old North Church in Boston, a building whose early history is closely bound with the history of our country and with the cause of American liberty. From its quaint tower flashed the light that sent Paul Revere on his dash through the countryside.



He said to his friend,
"If the British march
By land or sea from the
town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in
the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower
as a signal light."

The HISTORY of ARCHITECTURE

Reading Unit

No. 12

TOWERS REACH FOR THE SKIES

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

- How the plan of the city of Washington and of the Capitol building were the work of Frenchmen, 11 511
- How Greek, Gothic, and Romanesque styles were revived, 11-512
- H. H. Richardson, our first great architect, 11 512
- How a new architecture was born at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, 11 514
- The secret of the skyscraper—stone and brick walls “hung” on steel frames, 11 518
- Why modern building involves great feats of engineering, 11-518
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- How a law changed and improved modern architecture, 11 524
- “The Dream City,” America’s great gift to the art of building, 11-524

Picture Hunt

- What was the city of Washington like when the Capitol was begun? 11 511
- In what style of architecture is the White House built? 11-513
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- Why are the Empire State Building and Rockefeller Center like cities within themselves? 11-510, 522

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- America is slowly creating an art of her own, 11 354
- The puzzle of “Modern” art, 11-379

Summary Statement

- With the arrival of the Steel Age, there was born a totally new idea of what was possible and of what was beautiful in architecture, and it was born in America

ARCHITECTURE

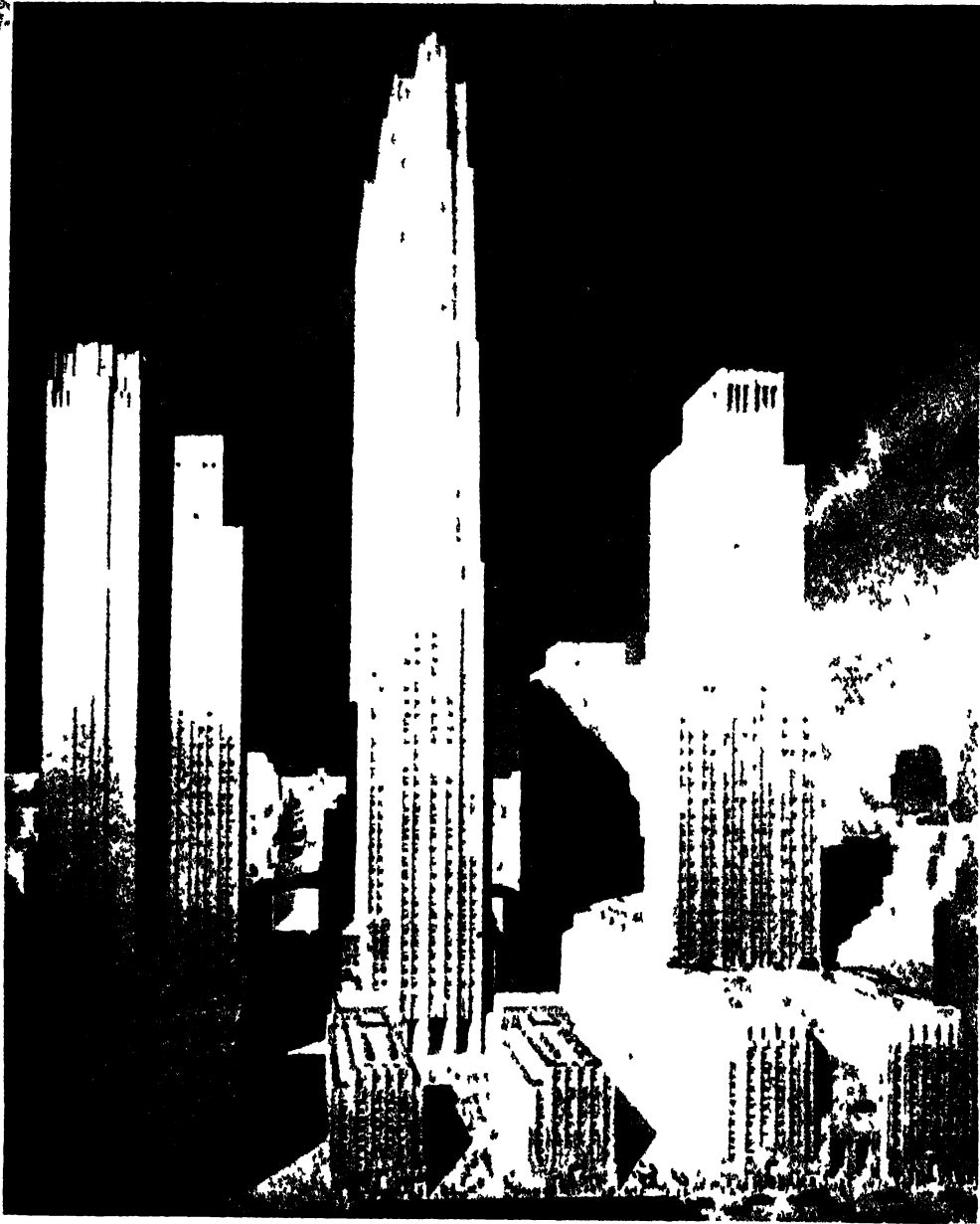


Photo by Rockefeller Center

Above is a picture showing how Rockefeller Center, in New York City, will look from the Fifth Avenue side when the great project is completed. It will include twelve buildings, with wide promenades and plazas between them, the whole to occupy twelve acres in the heart of New York City. It is the largest building project ever undertaken by private capital. The western half of the plot is given over to what is known as Radio City. It contains the RCA Building—the tall 70-story building in the center of the picture, the Radio City Music Hall—the low building next at the right, the RKO Building, and the Center Theater. Of the other eight buildings one will be an opera

house and the rest will be given over to offices and studios or leased to important foreign nations as headquarters for their financial and commercial interests in this country. All these twelve buildings, as well as the areas between them, will be decorated as a single unit, by some of the best artists and designers in the world. The architects are Corbett, Harrison, and MacMurray, Hood and Foulhoux, and Reinhard and Hofmeister. The Radio City Music Hall is the world's largest theater. It seats 6,000 persons, and yet from every seat in the house one can see and hear whatever is happening on the stage. There even are seats equipped with telephones for the deaf.

When the seat of our government was moved to Washington in 1800, L'Enfant's fine plan for the city was hardly more than a design on a piece of paper. The roads were bad and the streets were worse, and the city, which was built in a marsh, was referred to as the "Capital of Miserable Huts," the "Wilderness City," and the "City of Streets without Houses." Gradually, during a space of thirty years, the Capitol, which you see here, was put up, but the wings and dome were not added until the middle of the last century.

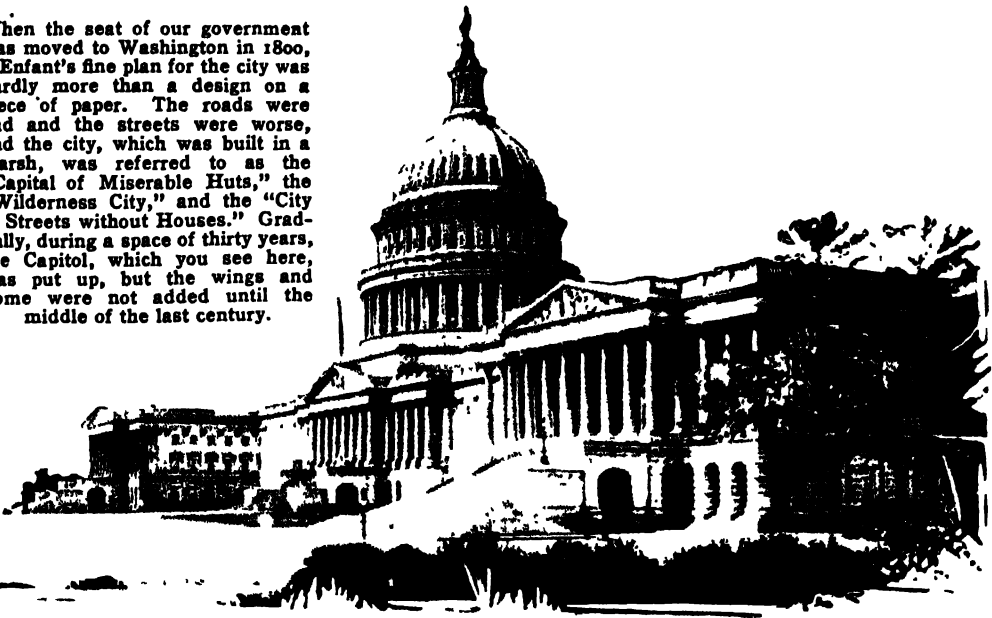


Photo by National Museum

TOWERS REACH *for the* SKIES

*After Searching Europe for So Long, the American Builders
Finally Find the Kind of House They Need; and They
Startle the World with the Skyscraper*

A NATION has to grow up, just as a person does. When the thirteen American colonies finally came of age and threw off the control of Mother England, they were a long way from being a thoroughly grown-up nation. They still had a great deal to learn. They had won political independence, but they had not had the experience to teach them self-reliance in various other ways. So they had to go on doing things the way the Europeans did them, until they were able to invent ways of their own.

All this was especially true in building, for after all, the New World had not yet come to be so very different from the Old. Thomas Jefferson felt that Roman buildings fitted quite nicely into the growing state of Virginia, and Charles Bulfinch (1703-1844), of Boston, who designed the Boston State House, did not see the need of inventing anything new. A Frenchman named L'En-

fant (l6N'f6N') was brought over and appointed by Washington to lay out the plan of the city of Washington in 1791; and another Frenchman named Hallett came over to work on the Capitol Building. James Hoban, an Irish architect, designed the White House, and when the Capitol was burned in 1814, an Englishman named Latrobe was given the task of rebuilding it. But he died before it was finished, and Bulfinch brought the work to a close.

The finest building of all those put up when our republic was very young is the New York City Hall, built by a Frenchman named Mangin and an American named McComb. With foreigners for teachers the American architects gradually learned to stand on their own feet.

But though certain of the Americans learned to be architects, they were still tied to the apron strings of Europe in the matter of style. Across the water people had de-

veloped a passion to be just like the Greeks after having tried for several centuries to be just like the Romans! It was Latrobe who first brought the fever to America. It spread among our native architects, and by 1820 everything was being built in the style of the "Greek Revival"—as nearly as possible like the temples of ancient Greece.

Of course we were not Greeks and could never hope to be. So some rather funny things went up during the next forty years. But after all it may not have been a bad thing for our young architecture to be disciplined by so stern and beautiful a style as the Greek. When we broke away from it and still under the influence of England started a "Gothic Revival" we did a good many things that were terrible beyond belief.

By that time the country had grown quite prosperous and a great many people had money enough to build themselves houses. But though they had had time to make the money, they had not had time to learn how to spend it. On both sides of the water the period was pretty ugly—in England it is known as Mid-Victorian—but over here we had no great Gothic buildings to serve as models, and our imaginations sometimes took us into strange paths. Every town that is old enough has some of those queer "Gothic" monstrosities, in which everything was very high and narrow—doors, windows, porches. They were dark and depressing, and the ornament, inside and out, was silly gingerbread—though sometimes the finer examples had an air of dignity and security.

An architect named Eastlake has been unlucky enough to have his name associated with this ridiculous period—though he really

had better taste than the people who copied him. He is always held responsible for a contrivance known as the "whatnot," an invention holding on its shelves a lot of useless little objects like seashells and pieces of petrified wood. This Gothic Revival, under the influence of Eastlake, finally came to be known as the Queen Anne style. At the same time the country went in for mansard roofs brought over from France; and cities like New York burst out with a jaundice of "brown stone fronts" all alike and filling up whole streets.

But finally the spell was broken by a man who had the audacity to design what he thought was beautiful whether it was the style in Europe or not. H. H. Richardson (1838-1886), our first great American architect, was born in Louisiana, was educated at Harvard, and then went to Paris to study architecture—only the

second man to do so, though many more were to follow. For ever since Thomas Jefferson had brought from France a whole set of ideas about buildings, our youthful nation had been looking more and more to the French instead of the English for fashions in building and art.

Romanesque Visits America

While he was in France Richardson was greatly impressed with the strength and beauty of Romanesque architecture. It seemed to him just the thing for a sturdy, growing young nation. He came home and began to design buildings more or less like that style of long ago, and the fashion spread rapidly over certain parts of the country, especially the Middle West. It is known as the Romanesque Revival; and Trinity

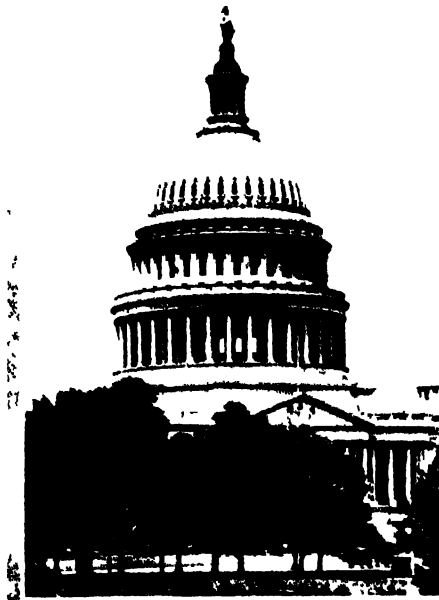


Photo by National Museum

The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the finest in the city and one of the finest in the land. It is made of iron, and is 287 feet, 5 inches high. On top is a statue of Liberty.

ARCHITECTURE



Photo by National Museum

On a bluff overlooking the Potomac some fifteen miles below Washington stands Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. Part of the present mansion was built

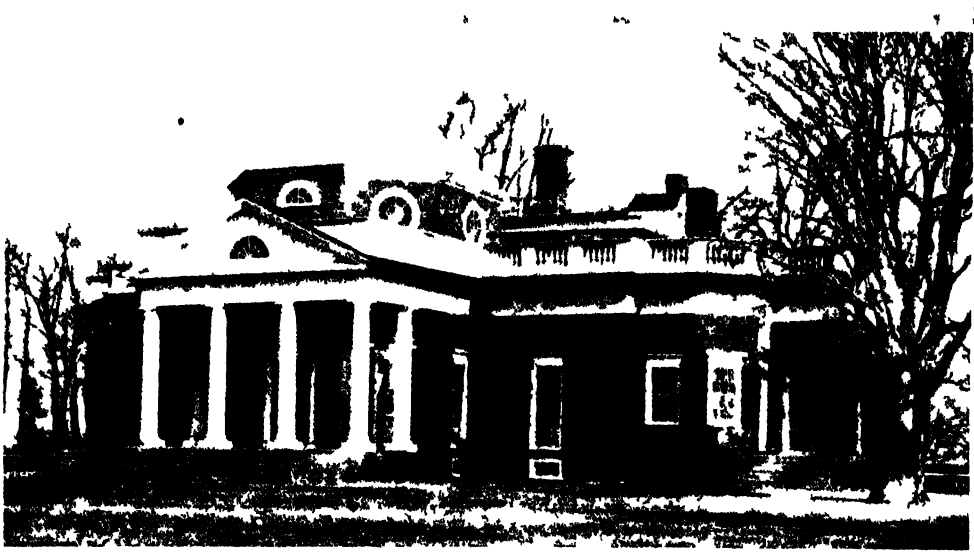
by Washington's brother Lawrence in 1743, and the rest Washington himself designed and built. Here he went to live upon his retirement, and here he lies buried



Photo by National Museum

The White House, or Executive Mansion, is the home of the president of the United States. It was finished in 1799, after the plans of an Irish architect, James Hoban, who modeled it on the seat of the dukes of

Leinster, near Dublin. Since 1814 the Virginia freestone of which it is built has been painted white, to hide the signs of fire left when the inside was largely destroyed by the British at about that time.



THE VIRGINIA STATE COLLEGE

Thomas Jefferson was an able architect as well as a great statesman. "Monticello," the home which he

designed and built at Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1760, is one of our finest colonial mansions

Church, Boston, designed by Richardson, is its finest work

How a Style Was Put to Death

Romanesque never was popular in all parts of the country, and in 1893 it died. It sounds strange to say that so lasting a thing as a style in building died in any one year, but 1893 marks one of the most important events in our whole architectural history. For that was the year of the World's Fair at Chicago.

We do not hear much about the Chicago World's Fair to day. But nothing of the kind had ever been seen in the world before. People flocked to it from every state in the country and from every country on the globe. The nation's finest architects designed its buildings, among them Richard M. Hunt (1828-1895), the first American who had gone to Paris to study, and Charles Follen McKim (1847-1909) of New York, probably the leading American architect of his day. The distinguished committee chose the purest classical style for all the buildings, and designed the plaster halls and palaces as carefully as if they were to be made of the purest marble.

When the visitors came they could scarcely

believe their eyes. The beauty of the White City was a thing they had never dreamed of, and they went home to look very unhappily at the crude heaps of wood and brick that had once seemed beautiful. Never before had architects had such a chance to work out their ideas at small expense and to teach a whole nation how beautiful a building could be.

What We Learned from the French

In that year our modern American architecture was born. After that all the students who could afford it went to study at the *École des Beaux-Arts* (*l'kol'dz bo'v'ar'*), or School of Fine Arts, in Paris. After those years of training they were able to come home and design buildings of any period, classical, Gothic, Renaissance, and adapt them to American needs without spoiling their beauty. The French are masters of design and proportion, and our young architects, with a whole country at home in need of beautiful buildings, were glad to sit at the feet of those gifted teachers. It was the sound training they got in France that gave them the knowledge necessary to solve the many problems that arose in building for a new nation.

ARCHITECTURE

And so we have finally come to the present day, to our latest step in that long march which began with the rude little hut in Mesopotamia, before the dawn of history. Sumeria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Italy, France, and England—we have covered thousands of miles and centuries of time. Yet here we are, peering up into the sky at towers just as surely descended from those little tottering shacks in the land of Abraham's birth as you and I are descended from our grandparents.

But they are new as well as old—these marvelous buildings that spring up almost overnight and turn a grimy town into an enchanted city. They belong to the third great architectural

“style.” The first was the style of the ancients, relying on the post and crossbeam for safety. The second was the Gothic, tense with forces pushing against each other. And the third is that of our own great build-

ings made to house thousands of people and held up by a cagelike steel skeleton anchored deep in the rock—but we shall go into all that later.

A number of things were working together at the close of the

nineteenth century to make the skyscraper possible. Most important of all was the change that had come over men's lives. A Greek temple or a Gothic cathedral would not do any longer. For the invention of machinery had taken men from the

Trinity Church in Boston is the greatest work of H. H. Richardson, America's first great architect. It was begun in 1877, and was the first important building in this country to be designed independently of what was the style in Europe. With it, began the Romanesque Revival, which became fashionable over large parts of the country. If you will look at the pictures of St. Mark's and of the cathedral at Pisa, you will see the style that gave Richardson his inspiration.

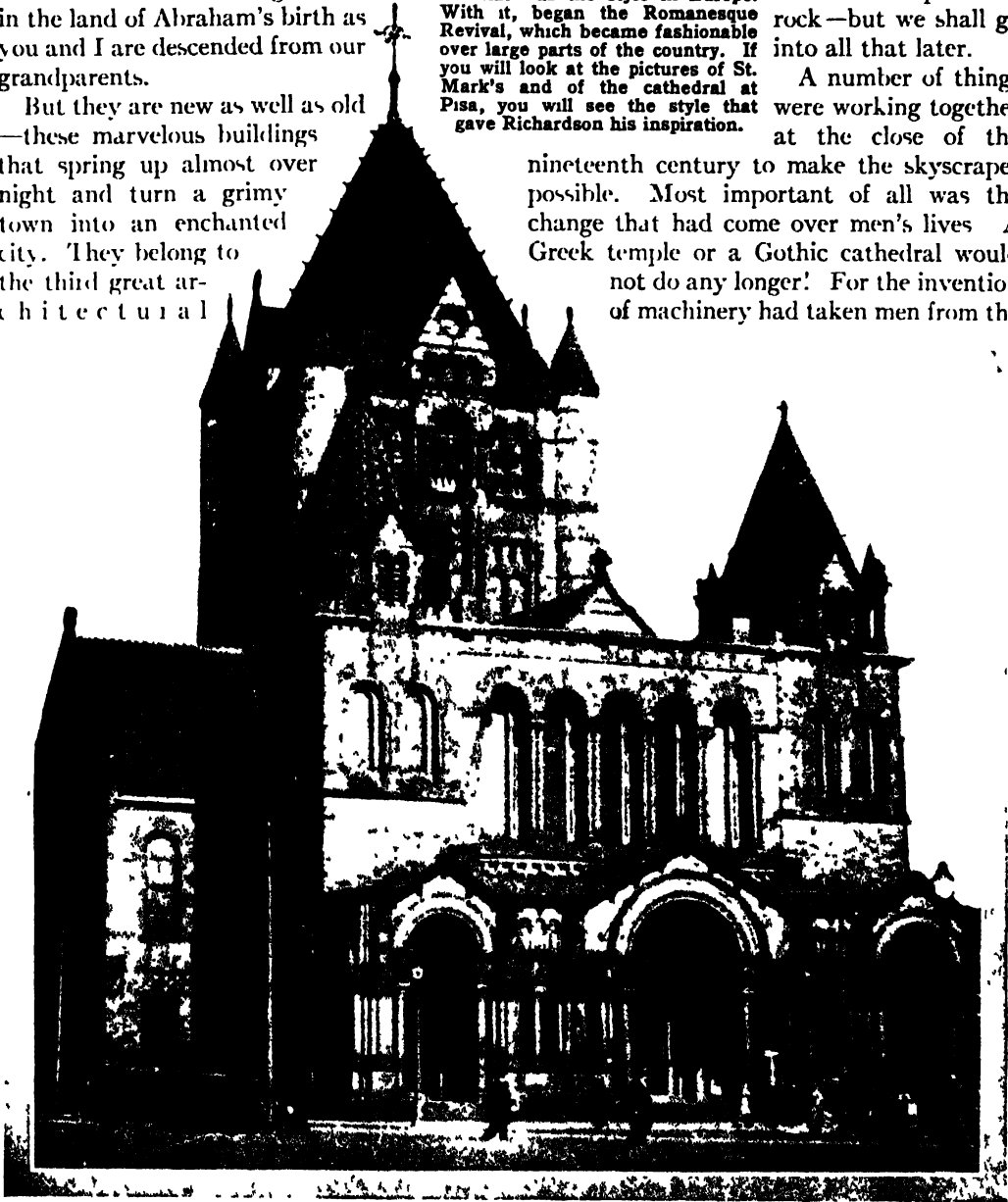


Photo by Keystone View Co.

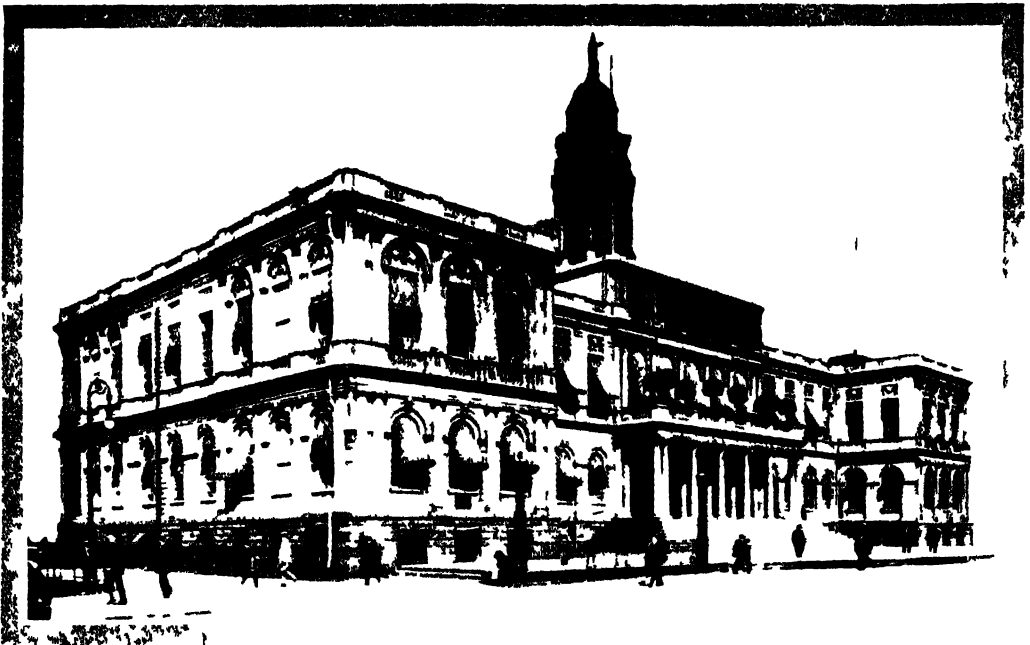


Illustration by New Co.

The New York City Hall (1803) was the finest building put up when our country was still young, and was one

of the first signs of our new independence of England, for it was built under French influence

firm and set them to work in great factories that had to be grouped together for the benefit of trade. And those gigantic plants had given rise to other gigantic commercial organizations—banks, shops, exchanges, all of which needed to be close together or even housed under one roof. What was to be done? Why, push your roof up, of course, and get as many people under it as possible!

‘Yes, all right,’ a man in 1850 might have said, ‘but give me the ground floor, please. I prefer to let my competitor climb all those stairs.’ And who could blame him?

But just here Fate stepped in—as Fate has so often done in the history of the world—and gave us the necessary invention just in the nick of time. The electric elevator was perfected, and men found they could be shot up to the sixtieth floor more easily than they could walk into the next block. So after that, the sky—or a point very near it!—became the limit.

We Begin to Travel in Tubes

And in this case what would work up and down would work on the level also. In order that people might get home at night in the

shortest possible time, ways were found to shoot them through ‘tubes’ underground with all possible speed, so that millions could come and go in the space of an hour or so.

But even yet the modern city had not been made possible.

Steel Bones for Skyscrapers

You will remember that in Sumeria, where all the buildings had to be of brick, the early builders found they must make their walls very thick at the bottom in order that the lower layers of brick should not be crushed under the layers on top. The weight was in that way distributed over a greater number of bricks. But what could one do with walls hundreds of feet high? The walls at the bottom would need to be so thick that there could be no room between them—and that certainly would not pay!

But that problem was solved too. For some little time heavy buildings had been built with iron beams, though the weight of the floors was still carried by the walls. At last a way was found to make the whole framework of a building—walls and floors and roof—out of beams of steel firmly riveted

ARCHITECTURE

A The Woolworth Building in New York City, 767 feet high, and for many years the tallest building in the world. It was designed by Mr. Cass Gilbert, and was the first skyscraper to have beauty as well as height. Its style is that of the Gothic cathedrals.

B When the New York Zoning Law went into effect it produced a number of buildings of the type of this one belonging to the New York Telephone Company. The structure is cut back into huge masses like heaped-up packing boxes.

C The Chrysler Building in New York, the second tallest skyscraper in the country. The aim of its whole design is to carry the eye upward.

F—The Metropolitan Life Building in New York is an old-style skyscraper. It came before the Woolworth Building, and like it is a square structure with a corner tower, copied from an Italian campanile.

D—In the Lincoln Building the Zoning Law has been applied in the simplest possible way. The bulk of the structure has merely been set back at intervals.

E The Chanin Building, one of the latest skyscrapers, is an interesting arrangement of masses.

Photos by the owners of the buildings

together—like a skeleton to which the flesh of stone or brick was added later. None of the weight of one of those steel cages rests on a building's walls. Instead, the walls are fastened to the skeleton of steel, which is sunk deep in the solid rock, with the foot of every steel pier imbedded in concrete. The stone or brick or tile with which the steel frame is covered is just a kind of skin to keep out weather and add beauty. Sometimes the walls do not even reach to the ground, but come short of it by some half inch or so, in order that they may not be jarred by passing traffic. It sounds strange, but it is true.

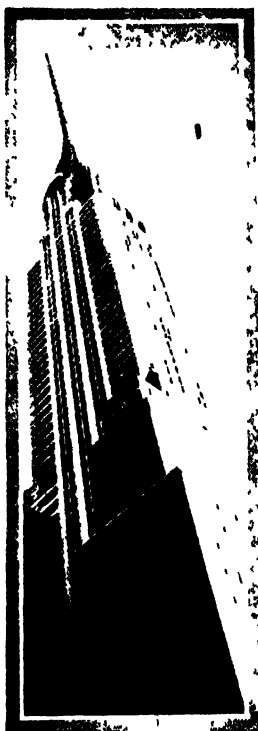
Now, you see, there was almost no limit to a building's height. Those great steel piers were incased in masses of concrete. And the fireproof concrete floors between the steel crosspieces were reinforced with steel which ran through them in a kind of mesh or grill to make them stronger. For concrete can

stand against very heavy crushing, but is not so strong when it feels other sorts of strains, for instance the "shearing" force a building must withstand under a high wind, or the "tension"—which only means the "pulling"—that a floor feels under a heavy weight.

It was a fine invention, this reinforced concrete—"ferro-concrete" (*fēr'ō*), it is often called, which only means that the concrete of which a bridge or pier, a factory or a stadium, is made has been strengthened with

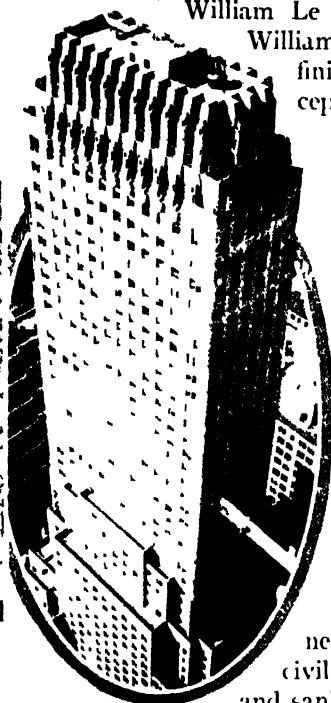
rods or a grill of steel. Buildings that are not high enough to need the steel skeleton of a skyscraper are often made of ferro-concrete, which is less expensive than stone and just as durable.

New York, with its towering skyscrapers, becomes a city of strange vistas and perspectives. The picture below shows the tower of the Chanin Building as it looks from above. The view was taken from the seventy-seventh floor of the Chrysler Building.



Photos by owners of the buildings

Looking up the Chrysler Building. The lines of masonry in the tower are designed to reveal the fact that the underlying structure of the building is a steel frame.



Building in Chicago, designed by William Le Baron Jenney and William B. Mundie, and finished in 1886. Except for two party walls, which had to be solid stone, it was built just as a skyscraper is built today.

Architects were not slow in learning from it, in spite of the fact that wisecracks wagged their heads solemnly and said such tall buildings were "not in nature" and would surely come tumbling down. Engineers of every sort, civil, electric, mechanical, and sanitary, set themselves

to work out the problems of construction. Nowadays there are few places more comfortable, safe, and convenient than one of those upreared cities, all under a single roof.

How a Skyscraper Is Planned

The problem of building the Parthenon or the cathedral of Notre Dame was simple in comparison with the problem of putting up a modern skyscraper. Elevators, electricity, plumbing, telephones, a convenient placing of windows—the Parthenon had no windows!—and suitable planning of suites of rooms for banks, and shops, and offices, these are just a few of the things a modern

ARCHITECTURE

A—The Los Angeles City Hall shows an interesting use of a skyscraper tower at the center of a building. It is altogether modern in feeling and treatment.

At D, in the lower lefthand corner of the page, is a model for a sky scraper that was never built, but that has nevertheless had more influence over present-day architecture than any other building in the United States. It is the drawing that Mr. Eliel Saarinen, a Finn, submitted in the contest (1922) for the Chicago Tribune Building. Another design won first place, but when architects saw the sketch of Saarinen's building, they knew that it was the skyscraper of the future. All skyscrapers designed since then—the Chrysler Building, the Chanin Building, the Empire State Building—have followed its soaring lines.

B—The Irving Trust Building.
E—The building of the Manhattan Company. Both are skyscrapers of the latest type.

C—The New York Central Building.
F—The Heckscher Building. One glance at these two buildings will show you that they are of an early type.

Photos by the owners of the buildings

ARCHITECTURE



Photo by New York Trust Co.

This was the quaint skyline of New York in the days when it was called New Amsterdam and the sturdy Dutch burghers smoked interminable pipes before its blazing chimneys. In that far-off time hurry was a

breach of etiquette, and nothing but crowing cocks and lowing kine disturbed the Sabbath calm. The little nestling cottages and larger houses all had a medieval air, and were just like the ones in distant Holland.



Photo Copyright by William Frange

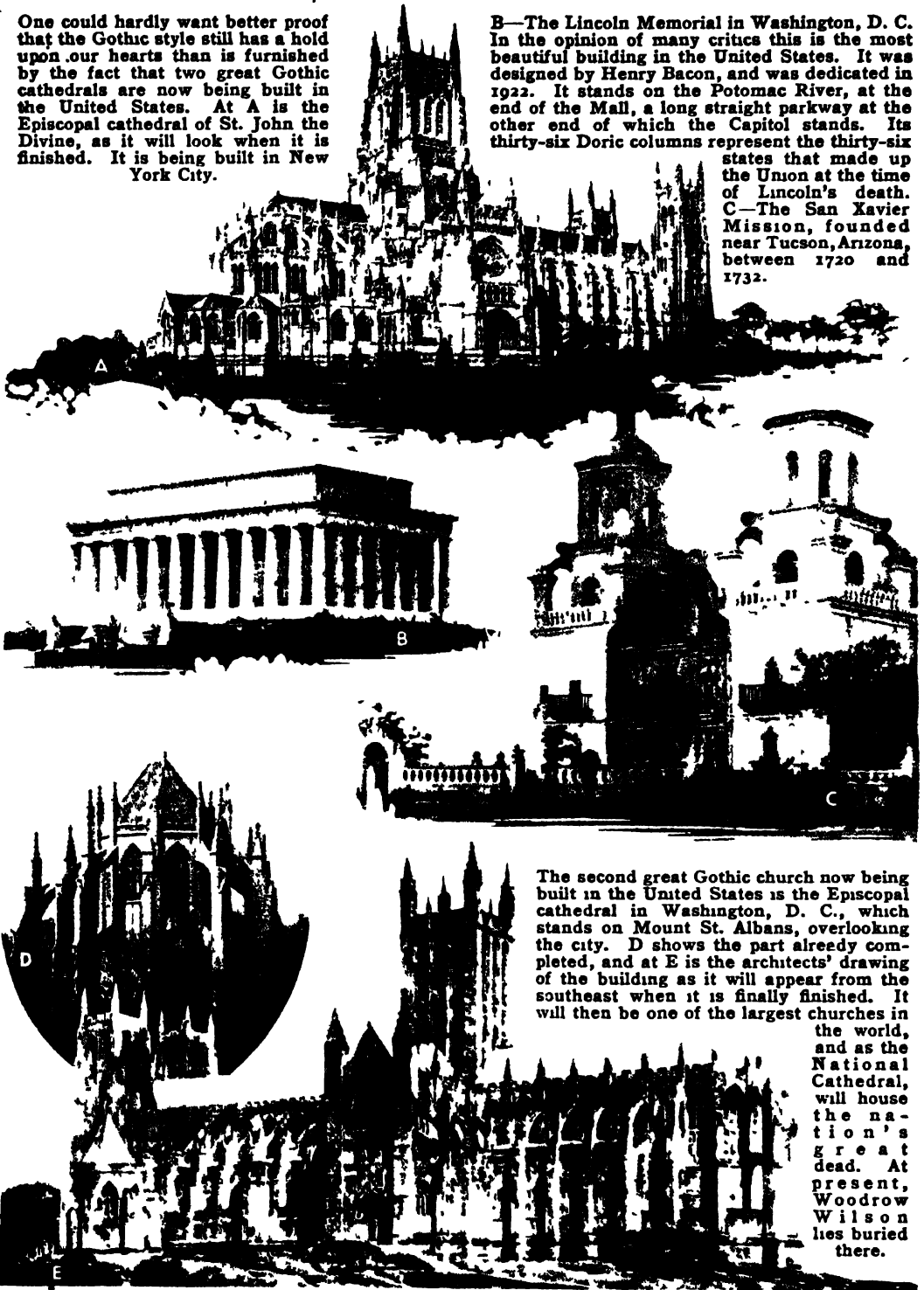
To-day the narrow lanes and peaceful fields of old New Amsterdam are crowded with sky-pointing towers that form a skyline so amazing as to be almost beyond

belief. From month to month it changes, as some new mountain of brick and mortar is heaved up to take its place among the clouds.

ARCHITECTURE

One could hardly want better proof that the Gothic style still has a hold upon our hearts than is furnished by the fact that two great Gothic cathedrals are now being built in the United States. At A is the Episcopal cathedral of St. John the Divine, as it will look when it is finished. It is being built in New York City.

B—The Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C. In the opinion of many critics this is the most beautiful building in the United States. It was designed by Henry Bacon, and was dedicated in 1922. It stands on the Potomac River, at the end of the Mall, a long straight parkway at the other end of which the Capitol stands. Its thirty-six Doric columns represent the thirty-six states that made up the Union at the time of Lincoln's death. C—The San Xavier Mission, founded near Tucson, Arizona, between 1720 and 1732.



The second great Gothic church now being built in the United States is the Episcopal cathedral in Washington, D. C., which stands on Mount St. Albans, overlooking the city. D shows the part already completed, and at E is the architects' drawing of the building as it will appear from the southeast when it is finally finished. It will then be one of the largest churches in

the world, and as the National Cathedral, will house the nation's great dead. At present, Woodrow Wilson lies buried there.

Photos by National Museum Tucson Sunshine Club Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Washington Cathedral

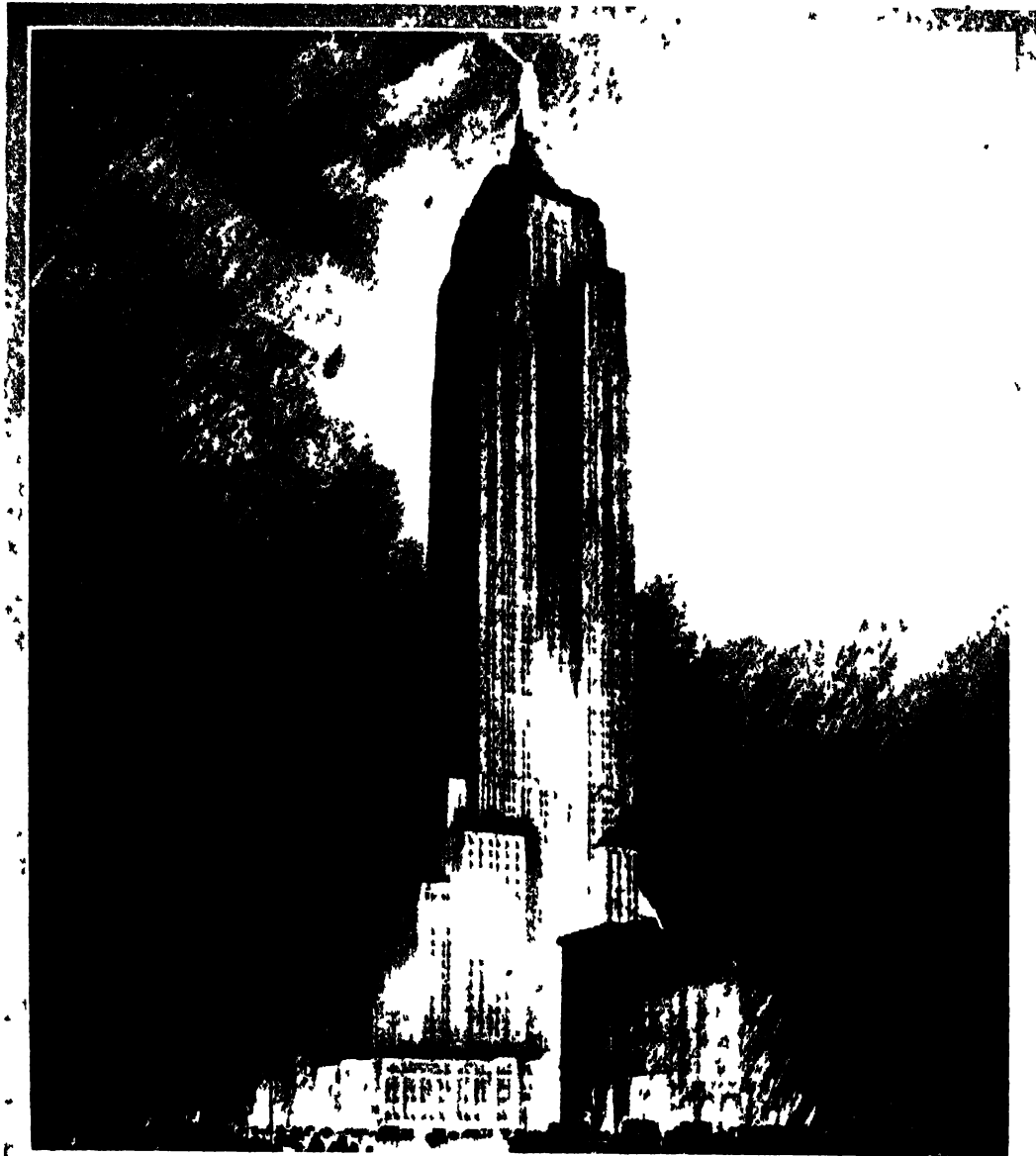


Photo by Empire State Building

This is the Empire State Building, the tallest structure ever reared by man. The Eiffel Tower (1'761), an open steel framework in Paris, is 995 feet high, the Chrysler Building is 1,046 feet high, but the Empire State rears its great beacon 1,248 feet above the street, and unlike other tall buildings is habitable to the very top of its 102 stories. The last seventeen of these are in the beautiful lantern, which serves also as a mooring mast for dirigibles. The architects who designed this great masterpiece of construction were the firm of Shreve, Lamb, and Harmon; and in the clean, soaring lines of their building they applied all those principles that builders of skyscrapers have worked out in the past few years. Everything in the design emphasizes the building's towering height and its inner steel structure. For only five stories does it go straight up. Then the tower is set back sixty feet from the line of the lot, which covers a little less than two acres. Long strips

of rust-resisting chrome-nickel steel run from the sixth floor to the lantern, slender polished surfaces that catch the sun. The rest of the outside of the building is Indiana limestone, except for the lantern, which is largely of glass. No great building in the world was ever erected so fast. The contractors had completed the structure in less than a year from the time that actual construction began, and the offices were ready for occupancy only a few weeks later, on May 1, 1931. At times as many as 3,500 men were at work on the job, but no one ever worked overtime. Every steel piece came from the factory with its position in the building marked upon it, and was in place eighty hours after it was made. In all, 1,500 trades were represented. The building contains 7 miles of elevator shaft and 51 miles of plumbing pipe, as well as 17,000,000 feet of telephone and telegraph wire. It will house 25,000 tenants without crowding any of them.

ARCHITECTURE



THE SUPREME COURT

Like our other government buildings the United States Supreme Court follows the style of ancient Greece.



This shows the entrance to the Archives Building, another of our government buildings at Washington.

ARCHITECTURE

architect must think of. And then besides making his building safe and durable and convenient, he must try to make it beautiful.

It took our architects quite a long time to learn how to do that. Some of the early skyscrapers were buildings about as ugly as one would care to see. For a long time designers were all on the wrong track. The "classic" style, brought into fashion by the World's Fair in 1893, had taken hold of men's minds, and builders could think of nothing but Greek temples and Roman baths and Renaissance palaces.

To be sure, there was a bold spirit in Chicago who wanted to get away from all this. His name was Louis Sullivan (1856-1924), and he and his followers were trying hard to make their buildings strong and free in design and new in ornament - using only forms that could be found in nature, like leaves or flowers or crystals. Those Chicago architects were much admired in Europe, and did a great deal to show people in this country that there were other ways to do a thing than the way the Greeks had done it.

But in spite of Sullivan and his friends, when the skyscraper came along architects did not know what to do with it except to build it after the same old patterns. They gave it columns and a cornice, just as if it had been a Greek temple or a Roman bath. The result was sometimes funny! There the great thing stood, like an awkward boy still wearing the little petticoats he had worn as a baby. From a building's high summit a great heavy steel cornice jutted out over the pavement - a constant threat to the thousands who walked below. And all this for no other reason than that people had used cornices in Greece and Rome!

Finally Mr. Cass Gilbert grasped the fact that a skyscraper reached into heaven in much the way a Gothic cathedral had tried to do, and that this was the thing to emphasize. So he designed the Woolworth Building with that fact in mind a great sky-reaching tower with everything pointing upward. No ugly, threatening, meaningless cornices here, but lovely Gothic detail and

an effect of great strength. It awoke other architects, as if from a bad dream.

And then once more Fate stepped in and took a hand in solving the problem:

This time she came in the shape of the New York Zoning Law. Great buildings had been springing up along narrow streets until, almost before people knew it, the roadway was changed into a twilight path at the bottom of a cold, dark canyon. Only for a few minutes a day could the sun get in. In order to give light to a building's lower stories a law was passed forbidding a building to go straight up for more than a given distance above the street. At that point it has to be cut back. And then at another height, it must be cut back again - and then again still farther up. Only a small tower in the center may go up as high as the builder pleases.

After that law the skyscraper was like a thing new-born. It was no longer a kind of Greek temple dragged up to an impossible height. It was not even a Gothic cathedral. It was something the world had never seen before - an arrangement of great blocks and masses, with everything carrying the eye up and up to the clouds in which the building's summit was lost.

Those are the buildings that make our great American cities as beautiful as a dream - they are America's "great gift to the art of building," another step in the long march into the future. We do not know what the end will be - what bewildering sights our grandchildren may see. Of late years Frank Lloyd Wright (1869) has been designing buildings that in theory at least have no single ornament or fundamental of design that does not serve a useful purpose. This theory of architecture has been called functionalism. Its bare but often beautiful simplicity, its free use of every sort of material metal, plywood, glass its enduring comfort have combined to make it welcome in nearly every land on earth. Like skyscrapers functional buildings are free and useful and original. They are typically American.